

Current Literature

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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

JULY, 1900

An Educational Experiment

The experiment of bringing one-third of all the school teachers of Cuba to the United States on a tour of observation originated with the American head of the Department of Education in Cuba, and should go a little way toward mitigating the unfortunate scandals which have developed in other parts of the trusteeship assumed by the United States Government. The purpose of this Cuban invasion is to give a practical illustration to the instructors of the island of the methods adopted here of teaching the young. The public school teachers will be brought here, will remain at Cambridge some six weeks or more, and will be taken back to Cuba free of all expense. Some 1,450 persons will make up the expedition, which should reach Cambridge, Mass., at the end of June. To quote from an account of the undertaking in the New York Sun:

The plans made for the teachers are interesting. They are to arrive in Boston on five Government transports on July 1, and so will witness a genuine American Fourth of July. They will be taken to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill and Boston Common and Plymouth Rock, they will have a look at Yankee schoolhouses, and schoolrooms, and school children and school ma'ams, and they will have a glimpse at the interior of New England homes and at American life. Forty Harvard students and Radcliffe girls will try to teach them a little English, and courses to be conducted in Spanish have been arranged in physical geography and American institutions and the history of the Spanish Colonies in America. Instruction has been provided for, too, by special gifts, in botany and in kindergarten methods. There will be excursions, scientific and historical, and lectures, and after Harvard has done what it can, provision will be made for a trip to Niagara and Chicago and Washington.

That serious direct results will be obtained from forty days' actual teaching, no one expects; the object of the expedition is much broader, and is to be attained rather "by the cordial and prompt hospitality shown by the community," as Mr. Adams puts it: "The effect on the minds and hearts of the

teachers is to be produced by the sight of our people and our homes, and through personal acquaintance with our modes of life and with the evidences of our civilization. The result of the undertaking should be to plant in every Cuban village a teacher who has seen the best side of American life, and who has learned a little about the organization of public instruction in the United States, and about the best methods in teaching in language, history and natural history." Who has seen with his bodily eyes, that is, that the great world has been moving during the centuries that Spain has dozed away, and that free Cuba cannot be a land of "mañana." Secretary Root says: "I believe that this body of teachers going back after their experiences here and scattering into every municipality in Cuba will carry back more of saving grace for peaceful and prosperous Cuba than the whole power of the Government could accomplish in any other way."

The Educational Drift

There has been no little debate in the past few years over the value of classics in the education of young men. Yet there has been little evidence that college faculties were prepared to abandon Latin and Greek either before or after a young man had entered upon his regular course. The modern American notion has been, however, that the classics have been cultivated to the exclusion of more useful studies, and that this idea has crept more profoundly into the minds of instructors than people imagine, may be inferred by the fact that Columbia College now announces that neither Greek nor Latin is required to enter the university. Among the subjects now available for entrance examination are Spanish, botany, zoölogy, physiography and other departments which have heretofore been taught in the later parts of the college course. The only two required things are English and mathematics, each of them counting three in a total of fifteen points. Of the rest selection may be made from a list including Greek and Latin, History, German, physics and other branches. Writing about

this marked change the Springfield Republican says:

It is not surprising that the conservative view with some alarm the upsetting of all the traditions of higher education, and fear that the result will be a hodge-podge of ill-assorted studies from which the student may get almost anything except a sound and well-planned education. But it seems clear that the tide is setting too strongly in the new currents to be checked, and the only thing that can be done is to plant some effective substitute for the ancient and valuable training in the humanities. To utilize the principle of individual option effectively it is manifest that effort must be made to give the student more individual attention. In the old highway of learning, dusty with the tread of generations, students could be herded like cattle and driven to their destination. Now that they are turned loose in the flowery meadows of knowledge they must be more carefully looked after and kept from straying among rank and unwholesome herbage. The present development was inevitable, but it is not a satisfactory or permanent substitute. It represents merely a revolt from the conventional standards, and will require much pruning and rearrangement.

The general argument against the classics is rather one in favor of English as the best groundwork for an education. It is perhaps well expressed in the following extract from a recent article in the New York Tribune:

Our London correspondent recently gave an interesting and most suggestive account of the experience of an American boy at one of the great preparatory schools of England, where he was practically rejected because, though he was well versed in general branches of study, he had not made a specialty of grinding out verses in Latin and Greek. At about the same time it was announced that the founders of a new English university had decided to model their institution largely after certain American examples, and also that one important American college had almost entirely dropped the classics from its regular course in "Arts," formerly known as the "classical course," at least to the extent of entirely omitting both Latin and Greek from the entrance requirements, and of omitting Greek from the course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. These facts were sufficient to set many a man to thinking seriously about the contrast between some English and some American educational methods, and about the tendencies which are now manifesting themselves so strongly in this country in the direction of breaking away from what has been called the "college fetish" of the classics. There can be no doubt, from the accepted

American point of view, that it is folly to make boys of from twelve to fifteen toil over machine-made Latin and Greek verse, to the neglect of the English language and the practical sciences. On that score there are hundreds of incomparably better preparatory schools scattered all over the United States than the famous English school to which our correspondent referred. Indeed, we can scarcely believe that the system there prevailing is general throughout English preparatory schools. The high standard and practical character of current English scholarship forbid it. So far as it does prevail, its supersession by the American system, or by what has hitherto been the American system, must seem desirable. For, as our correspondent reminds us, while the making of Latin and Greek verse is not a prerequisite to admission to an American preparatory school, the standard of scholarship required for admission to college is higher at the chief American colleges than at the great English universities. It seems not unreasonable to conclude, therefore, that it is actually wiser for young Englishmen to come hither for college education than for young Americans to go to English seats of learning.

This view of the English and foreign method is by no means reflected in an article by Professor Münsterberg upon School Reform, which lately appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. The article, which is eminently conservative, has attracted no little attention. The writer attacks the modern theories and declares that what our modern schools need is not "so-called scientific pedagogy," but more teachers who have "an inspiring enthusiasm for their science, which springs from a profound scholarly knowledge." To quote from remarks upon the article in the New York Evening Post:

After describing his experience at a teachers' meeting that ended with a lunch at which "some minor speeches were served up on the pernicious influence of the classical languages, and on the value of stenography and typewriting for a liberal education," he tells how he himself, entering the gymnasium at Dantzig when nine years old, left it at eighteen after a course of study which would have prepared him to enter the senior class of Harvard College. The entrance examinations at Harvard, the severest in America, he could have passed at fifteen. Nor to accomplish this was he at all overworked. He had three hours every day in the open air, besides music lessons; and "at every stage there were private theatricals, and excursions into the country, and dancing lessons, and horse-back riding." And withal he had time to have a passion for botany at nine, another for physics at twelve,

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and a third for Arabic at fifteen. Professor Münsterberg would hardly, it may be supposed, set forward a boy with such a variety and exuberance of intellectual taste as a type, but he does declare that he was no exception in his accomplishment at school; that at the end of the course in the gymnasium all his companions were as far ahead as he, all of them thinking "all the time that the work was a pleasure, that he had leisure for everything, and that every one of us was as happy as a fish in water." Now all this is nothing new under the sun. President Eliot, of Harvard, has called attention to the fact that a French or a German boy at sixteen is as far advanced as an American boy at eighteen; and every one knows that an English boy reads in Greek and Latin what only the fortunate youth who follows classics to the senior year in college gets with us. The service of Professor Münsterberg is in his pungent comparison between the achievements and the aims of his own teachers and those of the teachers he sees over here. In Germany, as a matter of course, and with delight and enthusiasm in their work, the teachers of the gymnasium prepared their boys at eighteen for what would be graduate work here; our teachers groan and grumble because at the same age their scholars must be brought to a point which is reached by the German boy three years earlier. This difference in accomplishment Professor Münsterberg explains by the difference in the aims of the teachers. In Germany the teachers have no aim apart from their enthusiasm for the subject which they teach; in America the teachers like to puzzle out "reflective theories on the aim with which they teach their subject, and the educational values which belong to them." In other words, the teachers in this country, instead of thinking that their first duty is to their subject, show more and more tendency, under the stimulus of conferences and teachers' meetings and talks on psychology and child-study, to put their chief interest into matters which should be decided by a distinct body of highly trained and widely experienced specialists.

From Poverty to Splendor

It may be that republics are ungrateful, but certainly they seem at times to leap from one extreme to another without a ruffle of excitement. A case in point is mentioned in the Springfield Republican, which calls attention to the fact that after comparatively neglecting the naval academy at Annapolis for fifty years, it suddenly becomes the recipient of almost lavish attention. The article says:

The naval academy was never given a home fit for young men to live in. The buildings were cheap

makeshifts, while many of them were unsafe for occupancy. Rear-Admiral Matthews, who graduated as early as 1855, tells a story illustrative of the architectural condition of the cadets' quarters when he was at the academy. One night, while studying with his comrade, a rumbling noise was heard, the lights went out, there was a terrific crash, and then came a rush of cold air. The astonished cadets soon realized that the side of the building had fallen and left them on a shelf looking out into the night. Two years ago an exposure of the buildings was made in the Baltimore press, and a disgraceful condition of affairs was revealed. Things had grown worse in fifty years, owing to the Government's policy of building in the poorest and cheapest style. The old armory building for some time has had to be propped up by timbers from the outside, while not long ago the tall dome over the cadets' quarters had to be removed lest it should drop through the roof. There is something ridiculous in the facts that stamping of the feet in the main building is not permitted, for fear the shock might cause the floors to collapse, and that the battalion is not allowed to march "in time" into the mess hall lest the weight of so many feet coming down in unison should imperil the equilibrium of the structure. Three years ago an important building was found to be split in two from roof to cellar, and to be held together only by the weight of the roof. In 1896 a naval board, headed by Commodore Matthews, recommended to Congress the complete rebuilding of the academy's home, in accordance with the plans submitted by Ernest Flagg, a New York architect. It may be said that from the extreme of cheapness and flimsiness the scheme of the Matthews board went to the opposite extreme of costliness and magnificence. The effort now seemed to be to make up in the architectural splendor of the new buildings and the landscape surroundings for the niggardliness of the past. Six millions of dollars make a large sum to spend in stone and mortar, and it must be said that to put \$3,500,000 into one structure, the new cadets' quarters, is sheer waste of public money. This building will be embellished as are few Government buildings in the United States. It certainly ought to be a grand piece of architectural and decorative work to consume \$3,500,000, but the waste of public money cannot be defended on such grounds. Congress, however, which provided shake-down shanties for half a century, now makes no objection to the \$6,000,000 project of reconstruction. It was committed to the new scheme in 1898, when it appropriated \$1,000,000 to begin the work of rebuilding. The House the other day appropriated \$2,000,000 more to continue the work, and the Senate is expected to make the

sum \$3,000,000. The remaining \$2,000,000 is expected from a later Congress, so that the new naval academy will be entirely finished according to the plans of the Matthews board within six years. Without discussing the extravagance of the reconstruction scheme, it may be said that George Bancroft's school will be one of the most beautiful in its architectural setting in the country.

Landlords in League

How the stranger will fare when once within the gates of Paris may be judged by the fact that the landlords and restaurant keepers of the city have agreed upon a tariff which the tourist will be compelled to pay. Needless to say, this fixed rate will be an exorbitant one, and those who go to see the wonders of the Exposition will be obliged to pay roundly for the privilege. The New York Tribune, in speaking of the possible difficulties the traveler will encounter, recalls the fact that such a combination at the World's Fair in Chicago was a failure, and expresses a hope that Americans will meet this effort in the same way. The writer goes on to remark:

The tourist will get things at a rational price, for, as Chicago and the World's Fair showed, the tourist when he makes up his mind to it, can win. If the landlords of the Windy City thought of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb at all, it was only on condition that they might themselves have the shearing of him in the first place. But he was not so innocent as he looked. He frisked about in obscure streets for lodgings; he carried his midday meal to the Fair wrapped in a piece of brown paper (to the undoing of the attendants who tried to keep the turf and roadways clean); and when, at night, the big restaurants on the grounds attempted to lure him within their gates he hied him back to Chicago, where he found that a good dinner was available at a tolerable price if only one looked for it long enough. We fancy it will be the same in Paris. At first the landlords and all the rest will stand together and as firm as a rock. Then in the more distant and less popular neighborhoods the prices of lodgings will begin to decline, and the demand for cheap food will make two eating houses spring up where only one stood before. The newer houses will have a civilized price list. The Parisian bourgeois is remarkable for nothing so much as for his common sense. To say that he knows on which side his bread is buttered is to put it mildly indeed. If he is hungry he will not wait for the butter. In plainer terms, he will swallow the tourist at the tourist's own price, with possibly a slight premium such as no right-minded tourist could object to paying. It is important to remember this when ruminating

on the trip to Paris, on a modest bank account, and on the forecasts of Parisian rapacity. Thousands will spend infinitely more than they ought to be asked to spend, of course, and in many cases will doubtless enjoy the experience. Other thousands, by using patience, judgment and an unbending will, may easily see the exposition and stay solvent. Let it be remembered also that Paris is one of the hugest cities in the world, possessing lodging houses, hotels and miscellaneous shelters in such abundance that it really resembles a colossal rabbit warren with a sign out, "To Let." In Paris one may live cheerfully and even proudly in neighborhoods which would be impossible elsewhere. In Paris one may eat horseflesh and never know it, so great is the transforming magic of the Parisian cook. It is needless to worry. Paris may be expecting to make apocalyptic millions out of her guests this summer. But if some of the latter will pluck up courage and persevere they will keep the figures down. The last thing in the world to do is to reach the city in a complaisant or timorous frame of mind.

Behind the Curtain

Clara Morris' article in a recent number of the Century has inspired one of the editors of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat to look into the question of the standing of those who take to the stage. He concludes that the modern rush to the stage door proves that there are hundreds of people nowadays who are anxious for notoriety and applause where there was one in the old days, when, as Miss Morris says, "the stage did not hold the place that it now does." To quote from the article in the Globe-Democrat:

Lax and tolerant—or, as they would express it, "unprejudiced"—they are contented to take the theatrical life as it is. Still, there has been a marked change for the better in that life—and it has come from within. It has been wrought not by the missionary efforts of those outside, but by the influence of a few actors and actresses who made themselves respected as well as admired. They had an ideal of what their art should be, and brought to bear upon it character and intellect as well as the mere mimetic gift. The final result has been a raising of the stage's status generally; and though it, like the rest of the world, yet leaves much to be desired, the actor's existence is not now of an inevitable "shiftless truantism," a reckless and profligate Bohemianism. Fiction has not, on the whole, treated the actor indulgently. Some years ago the pathetic broken-down actor, or the one who had somehow always missed success, was a favorite character; but a more modern fashion depicts the child of Thespis as a vain mummer whose only gift is that

of imitation, a creature compact of egoism, conceit and jealousy. W. D. Howells' Godolphin, in *The Story of a Play*, is a careful study of what might be called the actor-temperament, and makes an impression of reality upon the mind of the reader. Godolphin is a glittering and decorative figure; yet while this entirely respectable person has little in common with the empty-pocketed Bohemian of old times, he seems gentlemanly rather than a gentleman. He is not, in the least, a type of the scholarly actor. The Tragic Muse is another study of the actor temperament, but in its feminine form; not a sympathetic one—but sympathy has never been Henry James' strong point. John Barry, in a novel called—if memory fails not—*A Daughter of Thespis*, introduces us to some pleasant and likable stagefolk; and William Black, among his almost innumerable heroes, has a handsome young opera singer who is as manly, healthy-minded and frank as though he had never used grease-paint in his life. Doubtless there are other agreeable Thespians in English and American novels. It is a strange thing, that, in France, where the art of acting has reached such perfection, the tone of fiction writers toward actors and actresses is often that of contempt. Balzac, in several of his novels, gives ugly glimpses of the theatre; and Ohnet's *Lise Fleuron* represents the stage as a den where ravening hatred, envy and jealousy struggle and rend each other. Life behind the scenes, as beheld through the silver-rimmed spectacles of Halévy's *Madame Cardinal*, is full of unconscious comedy; but the same situations, taken seriously, might furnish the material of tragedy. One of Daudet's unfortunate "*Femmes d'Artistes*" finds that her husband regards her as his rival on the operatic stage where they sing together, and that he has begun to hate her because she is a little more applauded than he. Jules Claretie's *Brichanteau* is a pleasanter type than these; for though he is laughable, he is not despicable—indeed, he is lovable. Artlessly vain, he "wears in ordinary life the nodding plumes of the stage;" but his heart is good, and he has a real feeling for his art. In Francisque Sarcey's preface to this book he says of *Brichanteau*, "He is sincere, for he is an illusionist, or, as we would say now, he is a victim of self-suggestion." . . . Jules Lemaitre, whose *Impressions de Théâtre* fill many volumes, has often a note of scorn in his voice. He incorporates in a criticism of a modern play a short treatise upon the "cabotin"—the true mummer who has merely the gift of aping the emotions, and makes his effects by an effort of instinct, not of intellect; who leads a fictitious life at all times, so that he has no real feelings of any kind, except vanity. Lemaitre quotes some remarks made to him by a friend on the subject of the stage: "The

theatre is like a survival of the diversions proper to primitive societies. . . . One can live perfectly all the intellectual life of which a man is capable in our days without ever having seen played a drama by Victor Hugo or a comedy by Emile Augier." In another paper he suggests some changes in the methods of the Conservatoire, with a view to discovering whether the pupils understand thoroughly the dramatic passages they recite. But he imagines some one replying to these suggestions of his: "Intelligence is hardly necessary to players. At least, it is not, for them, the most essential gift. They have no absolute need to understand. The greatest actor is he who has the greatest force and truth of expression; it matters little whether that which he expresses has been divined by himself, or indicated to him by another." To regard actors thus is to put them on a level with dancing dogs, or educated birds;" and it is only just to add that Lemaitre considers such a standpoint insulting to the interpreters of the drama.

Long-lived Stories

What is it that constitutes longevity in fiction? George Moore, the brilliant English critic, recently made the sweeping remark that no novel could be really great which was not symbolic—meaning thereby that it must contain some important moral idea. Taking up the question at this point a writer in the *New York Times* says that—

This is a refreshing conception of the enduring and essential quality of story telling in these days of the cult of "art for art's sake," of realism, and of a philosophy generally that is singularly and conceitedly independent of any idea justly to be described as moral. But if we seek to trace Mr. Moore's notion of a moral idea by the novels in which he finds one, we are, in Mr. Spencer's phrase, "no farrarder." He denies its existence in any of Thackeray's work; he discovers in George Eliot only "an imitation in wax" of men's ideas; he searched in vain, apparently, in modern English fiction for his indispensable requisite, except a faint suggestion in Dickens, and has to go back to Richardson and *Clarissa Harlowe*, only to find there an almost grotesque intimation of the indefinable thing he is after. We need not, however, trouble ourselves too much about the exact nature of Mr. Moore's moral idea. Critics, like politicians, are not above the temptation of framing general theories to suit particular cases, and Mr. Moore, having on his mind a number of biting remarks to make about certain men and women—particularly women—whom he dislikes, had no difficulty in picking out a taking generalization on which to float those remarks. What really interests us is to in-

quire whether his theory, supposing it to be put forth in good faith, really throws any light on the lastingness of stories. We cannot see that it does. Probably the story that has lived longest and given most delight to English readers is *Don Quixote*, which can hardly be called symbolic, and is not an English novel at all. And this suggests that really we have no English novels that have survived long enough to afford any satisfactory test of what insures longevity. It is a matter largely of fashion, and though the cycle of change is longer, the change is apparently as sure to come for stories as for bonnets. As in bonnets, too, the fashion is sometimes recurrent. At the present moment the vogue is for the historic novel, as it was half a century since, when Thackeray turned to the Georgian era for material. We are yet too near to this beloved writer and his great contemporary and quasi-rival, Dickens, to be able to see them in true perspective, or to judge with any certainty what our grandchildren will think of them. About all we know is that we care very little for the stories that entranced our own grandparents. At present, at any rate, we have nothing approaching a well-defined tradition of what makes for excellence and long life in stories, such as, unquestionably, we have in poetry, both lyric and tragic. Indeed, we are almost driven to answer our question, "Why do novels live?" by the depressing Hibernicism, "They don't." At least it is hardly open to us to say that they do live in English. That, however, is no reason why we should not go on enjoying in our time and in our own way the novels that give us pleasure. If our grandchildren shall prove indifferent to our judgments, as, doubtless, they will, why should we spend too much time in guessing at theirs?

The Ad-Smith

There is no end to the literary capacity of the advertisement writer. His resources are simply wonderful and his vocabulary endless, as the dry goods advertisements of the daily newspapers indicate. The authors of these wonderful articles have voluntarily assumed the name of "ad-smiths," which suggests that they are not to be classed with the literary people, but with artisans. Nevertheless, they show an amount of imagination and an easy flow of diction which is at times remarkable. In spite of this their judgment is not infallible. This shows especially where they have to deal with foreigners. We of this country know their ways, see through their humor and appreciate their fads; but that which is meat for us is another man's poison may be judged by the following incident, as it is related in the columns of the Rochester Post Express:

A company making a line of agricultural machinery were anxious to extend their export trade in reapers and mowers, and were advised that a market existed in Germany. They were enterprising and liberal advertisers, and their first idea was to flood Germany with advertising pictures which would be hung up in stores and shop-windows, and which could not fail to attract attention. The design, which was executed in the highest style of color lithography, represented a mowing machine driven by the Goddess of Liberty in shining and polychromatic garments of scanty proportions, and drawn by a team of Bengal tigers. It was a brilliant placard. Any American country storekeeper would gladly have hung it up for its decorative value, and the average American farmer would have been greatly impressed by it, and would probably have understood its symbolism without any explanation. The net result of the effort to circulate it in Germany, however, was a letter from the company's agent in that country, from which the following extract is made:

"The picture of your admirable machine, of which I the receipt of 10,000 acknowledge, is not useful in this country, and it is of much regret to me that I request to return them permission. The women of our country, when by circumstances to do agricultural work compelled, do not dress as your picture shows is the custom in your wonderful country, and would not even deem such garments with modesty to consist. Also we do not tigers for draught purposes cultivate, they not being to the country native, nor in our experience for such work well suited. I have to my customers explained with earnestness that your picture is a 'sinnbild' (allegory), and does not mean that your admirable machine should be operated by women too little clothed, nor is it necessary that the place of horses shall be animals from the Zoologischer Garten be taken. I cannot use them as you instruct, and your further advices respectfully await."

Among a company of peasants capable of believing anything of America. we can imagine the excitement which would be created by the picture of a mowing machine driven by a thinly clad Goddess of Liberty and drawn by a team of rampant tigers. America being to the ordinary German outside the limits of the "Cultur-Voelker," or people of high civilization, nothing is too strange or wild to find place here. Mowing machines might at least be drawn by mechanical tigers, if not by the wild sort; and what costume the women might really wear in this land of "emancipation" would surpass the peasant imagination to conceive. They might well dread for their more modest and sober-minded people the introduction of such wild notions as the pictures of the new machines were calculated to encourage.

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Educational Topics of the Day

[We have this month compiled our Educational Department from a series of monographs, contributed by the State of New York to the United States Educational Exhibit, at the Paris Exposition.* These monographs, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University, have been prepared by men and women fully competent to explain our educational institutions. The work, which comprises nineteen monographs, is encyclopædic, and is a valuable book of reference, in that it gives a complete and succinct statement of the existing educational institutions in this country.]

Statistics of Public Education.....Nicholas Murray Butler

In 1897-8 the total estimated population of the United States was 72,337,000. Of this number 21,458,294—a number nearly equal to the population of Austria—were of school age, as it is called; that is, they were from 5 to 18 years of age. This is not the age covered by the compulsory education laws, but the school age as the term is used by the United States census. By school age is meant the period during which a pupil may attend a public school and during which a share of the public money may be used for his education. It is obvious, then, that persons who have satisfactorily completed both an elementary and a secondary course of study may still be returned as of "school age" and as "not attending any school." This fact has always to be taken into account in the interpretation of American educational statistics.

In 1897-8 the number of pupils entered upon the registers of the common schools—that is, the public elementary and the public secondary schools—was 15,038,636, or 20.68 per cent. of the total population and 70.08 per cent. of the persons of "school age." The total population of Scotland and Ireland is only about half so many as this. For these pupils 409,193 teachers were employed, of which number 131,750, or 32.2 per cent. were men. The women teachers in the common schools numbered 277,443. The teachers, if brought together, would outnumber the population of Munich. The women alone far more than equal the population of Bordeaux. No fewer than 242,390 buildings were in use for common school purposes. Their aggregate value was nearly \$500,000,000 (\$492,703,781).

The average length of the annual school session was 143.1 days, an increase since 1870 of 11 days. In some States the length of the annual school session is very much above this average.

*Education in the United States. J. B. Lyon & Co., Albany, N. Y. \$3.50.

It rises, for example, to 191 days in Rhode Island, 186 in Massachusetts, 185 in New Jersey, 176 in New York, 172 in California, 162 in Iowa, and 160 in Michigan and Wisconsin. The shortest average annual session is in North Carolina (68.8 days) and in Arkansas (69 days). Taking the entire educational resources of the United States into consideration, each individual of the population would receive school instruction for five years of 200 days each. Since 1870 this has increased from 3.36 years, and since 1880 from 3.96 years, of 200 days each.

The average monthly salary of men teachers in the common schools was \$45.16 in 1897-8; that of the women teachers was \$38.74. In the last forty years the average salary of common school teachers has increased 86.3 per cent. in cities and 74.9 per cent. in the rural districts. The total receipts for common school purposes in 1897-8 were almost \$200,000,000 (\$199,317,597), of which vast sum 4.6 per cent. was income from permanent funds, 17.9 per cent. was raised by State school tax, 67.3 per cent. by local (county, municipal or school district) tax, and 10.2 came from other sources. The common school expenditure per capita of population was \$2.67; for each pupil, it averaged \$18.86. Teachers' salaries absorb 63.8 per cent. (\$13,809,472) of the expenditure for common schools.

The commissioner of education believes the normal standard of enrollment in private educational institutions to be about 15 per cent. of the total enrollment. At the present time it is only a little more than 9 per cent., having been reduced apparently by the long period of commercial and financial depression which has but lately ended.

*Educational Organization.....Andrew Sloane Draper**

There was nothing like an educational system in the United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At that time there were four or five colleges, here and there a private academy or fitting school, and elementary schools of indifferent character in the cities and the thinly settled towns. In the course of the century a great system of schools has come to cover the land. It is free and flexible, adaptable to local conditions, and yet it possesses most of the elements of a complete and symmetrical system. The parts or grades of this system may perhaps be designated as follows:

*President of the University of Illinois.

(1) Free public elementary schools in reach of every home in the land. (2) Free public high schools, or secondary schools, in every considerable town. (3) Free land grant colleges, with special reference to the agricultural and mechanical arts, in all the States. (4) Free State universities in practically all of the Southern States and all the States west of Pennsylvania. (5) Free normal schools, or training schools for teachers, in practically every State. (6) Free schools for defectives, in substantially all of the States. (7) National academies for training officers for the army and navy. (8) A vast number of private kindergartens, music and art schools, commercial schools, industrial schools, professional schools, denominational colleges, with a half dozen leading and privately endowed universities.

Kindergarten Education.....*Susan E. Blow*

Since the aim of the kindergarten is not instruction, but development, its results cannot be tested by examinations or expressed in statistical tables, but must be gathered from the testimony of experts who have had time and opportunity to study its influence. Kindergarten children must be judged by elementary teachers and principals of schools, and unless, upon entering the primary grade, they show superiority to children coming direct from the home, the kindergarten cannot be said to have justified its adoption into our national system of education. Conversely, if the mental and moral superiority of kindergarten children prove to have converted primary teachers and school principals from enemies into warm friends of the Froebelian method, this fact should be accepted as convincing evidence of the merit of the work.

Before presenting the testimony which I have collected, it is necessary to call attention to the fact that, in the kindergarten, talking is not forbidden, but, on the contrary, children are encouraged to share with the kindergartner and with each other all their happy experience of effort and success. It is, therefore, natural that pupils promoted from the kindergarten should not at first understand the law of silence imposed by the character of the work in the elementary grades, and hence that, without any bad motive on their own part, they should prove troublesome pupils during the first weeks of school life.

The most extensive and carefully collected information which I have received with regard to the characteristics of kindergarten children came from Miss Laura Fisher, director of the sixty-nine public kindergartens of Boston, and consisted of 163 letters from teachers of the first grade sent in reply to a circular communication from Mr.

Edwin P. Seaver, superintendent of the Boston schools.

From the 163 letters received in reply to this circular I eliminated those reporting that less than ten per cent. of the children attending the given primary room had received kindergarten training. I also omitted several letters based upon experience with children who had been only a few weeks or months in the kindergarten. The total number of letters omitted was 36. Of the remaining 127 letters 102 are favorable and 25 unfavorable to the kindergarten. Among the letters which I have classed as unfavorable one only is unqualified in its disapprobation. All the others admit some distinctive merits in kindergarten children, those most frequently specified being increased power of observation and linguistic expression, greater manual skill, and more general information. The most frequent criticisms are that kindergarten children are talkative and not easily amenable to school discipline. I quote from two letters which represent the general trend of unfavorable criticism:

"About fifty per cent. of my children came from the kindergarten. I find the kindergarten children are less inclined to obey quickly. They have acquired the habit of whispering over their work which has seriously hurt my other children. I find they understand in some cases more quickly than the other children and are more deft with their fingers. My kindergarten children are evenly scattered over my class. Owing to limited experience I think I am hardly competent to make a trustworthy estimate of the work of kindergarten children as compared with others. The children who came from home were nearly seven years of age, and as the children who came from the kindergarten were in most cases younger, there has been but little difference in the results of their work."

"I have noticed that kindergarten children observe much more closely than ordinary children, that they are skillful with their hands in any kind of work that calls for skill, as drawing, clay work, science, etc. That in the arrangement of material, such as busy work, they are more orderly and careful in arrangement. I have found by looking the matter up that the children who have passed through kindergarten now present in my room are among the worst behaved and troublesome in the whole room. I also notice a habit to watch each other's work too much. I cannot say that I have found them any more able to take the work than ordinary children. I do not know that their minds are any more fitted for the retention of new ideas. I think, in some cases, the work is better done by these children than it

would be without such training. But I do not know that some of the others would have done any better work with the kindergarten training. For some children I think it a great help, for others I might say unnecessary. . . ."

Contrasting the 102 favorable with the 25 unfavorable letters, the first fact which thrusts itself upon the notice of the reader is that the majority of their writers seem to have had little difficulty in solving the problem of discipline. A large proportion of these letters make no direct reference to this question, while the account given of the moral characteristics of kindergarten children precludes the thought that they have been found difficult to control. Most of the varying shades of opinion expressed by the remaining writers are indicated in the following extracts:

"The kindergarten has done so much that is of great value to the children, that I am willing to overlook the only little difficulty that I have found. During the first few weeks of school the children like to go about and show their little friends what they have succeeded in doing or finding out and whisper or talk about it. But they soon learn that we can all work better when each one takes care of his own work and the inclination to move and talk diminishes."

"Kindergarten children are alert and active, with eager questioning minds and eyes that see and note everything. They know how to use their hands and how to talk and are lovable and sympathetic. They come to the primary room happy, self-confident and talkative. On the other hand, the discipline of such children is very hard and it requires the greatest effort on the teacher's part to accustom them to the quiet, independent work of the primary room."

"As a matter of fact the children who have had the full kindergarten training advance much more rapidly than do the children who come to the primary room without such training. In certain schools the kindergarten children have been separated from the other children entering the first grade, and have been taught by teachers who understood the work of the kindergarten. In almost every instance these classes have completed the primary course in two years instead of three."

"I have taught children in the first grade thirty-two years. Since the kindergarten was established in our district, about four years ago, about fifty per cent. of my pupils have come to me from that grade. Before that time, I received only a few children from the kindergarten. The characteristics of kindergarten children consist of trained powers of observation, skill in using the hands, a knowledge of number, form, color

and music. A great deal has been done for some children in teaching them self-control. I think the effect of the kindergarten training has been decidedly favorable to the progress of the children in my own grade. Their progress in point of time has not been much quicker, as I have had very few who have had more than one year of kindergarten training, and several of the bright ones have been delicate children who could only attend half a day or quite irregularly. I have a class of children whose parents are not anxious to have them pushed. The character of the work done has been much improved."

"The normal child who has had a thorough kindergarten training does rapidly, and with ease, understanding, joy and appreciation what the normal child without this training does slowly and with difficulty."

"In my present class the kindergarten children are all to be promoted with one exception, and they are ten months younger than the other children. Their average age is eight years and ten months, while that of the non-kindergarten children is nine years and eight months, or practically a year of school life. I find the difference is about the same in favor of kindergarten children for several years back, as far as I examined."

Two great dangers assail the kindergarten and threaten to impede its progress toward the realization of Froebel's ideal. The first of these dangers is reversion to instinctive games and traditional toys. In some kindergartens, children are taught to play street games, while it has recently been urged that "peg boards, tops, bean bags, kites, dolls, jackstraws, hoops, spool, chalk and wire games and the whole toy world" should be added to the Froebelian instrumentalities. Tendencies such as these indicate a complete failure to comprehend what Froebel has done. He recognized in traditional games the deposit of unconscious reason; preserved what was good and omitted what was crude and coarse in these products of instinct; supplied missing links and presented a series of games wherein each is related to all the others and which, by means of dramatic and graphic representation, poetry and music, win for the ideals they embody a controlling power over the imagination. In like manner, from among traditional toys he selected those which possessed most educative value, ordered them into a related series and suggested a method by which they might be consciously used to interpret the child's experiences and develop his creative power. If this transfiguration of traditional games and toys is valueless, then the kindergarten has no "raison d'être." But if Froebel has translated the hieroglyphic of instinctive play and found means

which, without detriment to the child's spontaneity, influence the growth of character and the trend of thought, then the clamor for street games and promiscuous toys is educational atavism.

Elementary Education.....William T. Harris*

In the report of the National Bureau of Education of 1888-89 (pp. 373-410), from a selected list of 82 of the most important cities of the nation, statistics are given showing the amount of time consumed in the entire eight years of the elementary course on each of the branches constituting the curriculum. The returns included 26 branches, one of which was spelling. The total number of hours of instruction in the entire eight years varied in the different cities from 3,000 to 9,000, with a general average of about 7,000 hours, which would mean that each pupil used about four and a half hours per day for 200 days in actual study and in recitation or class exercises. The amount of time reported as used by pupils in studying and reciting spelling during the eight years varied from about 300 to 1,200 hours, with an average of 516. This means that from 37 to 150 hours a year, with average of 77 hours a year for eight years, was devoted to spelling. The English speaking child who learns to read has to use an inordinate amount of time in memorizing the difficult combinations of letters used to represent English words.

This report of the bureau of education gives the time devoted to reading in 82 cities as ranging from about 600 to about 2,000 hours, and the average as 1,188 hours. Thus from 75 to 250 hours a year, with an average of 150, are spent in learning to read.

Geography is reported as using from 200 to 1,000 hours, with an average of about 500, or 25 to 125 hours per year, the average being rather more than 60 hours a year. This, we see, is less than the time devoted to spelling.

Arithmetic, as shown by the report, still receives more attention than any other branch. The amount of time used varies from 600 to 2,240 hours, with an average of about 1,190 hours—that is to say, from 75 to 280 hours per year—an average of 150 hours a year. No other nation gives so much time to arithmetic. The question naturally arises whether corresponding results are obtained in the mastery of this difficult branch, and whether so much arithmetic strengthens or weakens the national character on the whole.

Turning from arithmetic to grammar, we find a great falling off in the amount of attention it receives compared with the time assigned to it

a few years ago. The 82 cities report a very large substitution of "language lessons" for technical grammar. Grammar proper gets from 65 to 680 hours of the course, with an average of about 300 hours. This would allow from 8 to 80 hours, with an average of 38 hours per year, if distributed over the entire course. But it is evident that grammar proper is, as a study, not profitable to take up until the seventh year of the course of study. But the language lessons, which are practiced in all the grades above the lowest two, more than compensate for any curtailment in technical grammar and "parsing."

Mathematics gives an insight into the nature of matter and motion, for their form is quantitative. But the form of mind on the other hand is shown in consciousness—a subject and object. The mind is always engaged in predicating something of something, always modifying something by something, and the categories of this mental operation are the categories of grammar, and appear as parts of speech. The child by the study of grammar gets some practice in the use of these categories and acquires unconsciously a power of analysis of thoughts, motives and feelings which is of the most practical character.

History, which gives an insight into human nature as it is manifested in social wholes—tribes, nations and peoples—is a study of the elementary school, usually placed in the last year or two of the course, with a text-book on the history of the United States. The returns from the 82 cities show that this study everywhere holds its place, and that it receives more than one-half as much time as grammar. Considering the fact that grammar is begun a year earlier, this is better than we should expect. With history there is usually joined the study of the Constitution of the United States for one-quarter of the year. Besides this, some schools have taken up a special text-book devoted to civics, or the duties of citizens. History ranges from 78 to 460 hours, with an average of about 150.

The "Accrediting System".....Elmer Ellsworth Brown

Under this system, the university admits to its freshman class, without examination, such graduates of approved secondary schools as are especially recommended for that purpose by the principals of those schools. This system has met with great favor and has had widespread application. The United States Commissioner of Education reported in 1896, that there were then 42 State universities and agricultural and mechanical

*United States Commissioner of Education.

*Professor of Education in the University of California.

colleges, and about 150 other institutions in which it had been adopted. It depends upon a purely voluntary agreement between the secondary schools and the higher institutions. The college or university satisfies itself that the secondary school applying for such recognition is properly taught. Usually a committee of the faculty is sent to inspect the school, and the school agrees to submit itself to such inspection. It is the school rather than the individual that is examined; and the inquiry relates to the vitality, intelligence and general effectiveness of the instruction.

The purpose of a well-considered accrediting system is not primarily to provide a means whereby applicants for admission to college may escape a dreaded examination. It is rather to encourage and build up strong and efficient schools of secondary grade. This result the system has undoubtedly tended to bring about. It has drawn our secondary and higher grades of instruction into closer articulation and sympathy one with the other. It has tended to release the teachers in secondary schools from the domination of merely formal examination requirements, and has turned their attention to vital matters in the domain of education.

On the other hand, the system has had and still has serious disadvantages. It tends to foster a too prevalent disposition to dispense with or evade all tests of accurate scholarship in the shape of definite examinations. It entails a heavy burden upon the higher institution; it demands large expenditures of money and of the time of university instructors. In the University of California, the actual cost in money for the traveling expenses of the inspectors is about equal to the salary of an assistant professor. The aggregate of the time required each year by all departments for the purposes of the examination of schools is not far from three full academic years. Counting the average salary of the inspectors as that of an associate professor, we have here an approximate total cost for services and traveling expenses of between \$8,000 and \$9,000 annually. It is, moreover, impossible so to conduct the inspection that all departments of all schools shall be tried by uniform or even consistent standards of excellence. Nor does the accrediting system wholly obviate the evil of subjecting the secondary schools to tests and influences somewhat foreign to the real purposes of secondary education. It cannot be regarded and is not generally regarded as a final solution of the problem with which it deals. But it marks a very great advance toward that end; and it is safe to say that its present advantages greatly outweigh its obvious disadvantages.

University of State of New York.....Elmer Ellsworth Brown

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, new State systems of education began to be established, in which special provision was made for secondary schools. The earliest and most remarkable of these was the University of the State of New York, erected in 1784 and remodeled in 1787. This institution is a notable example of the strong and increasing influence which French thought then exercised in American affairs. The conception of a university put forth by Diderot and others of the great French writers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, was first realized in the State of New York. The New York university embraced the whole provision for secondary and higher education within the State, with the exception of schools of a purely private character. It seems to have been intended at the outset to embrace elementary schools as well, but these were organized later under a separate administrative system. The university was placed under the control of a board of regents, consisting of the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, ex-officio, together with nineteen others, elected by the State Legislature. At first this board of regents had been identical with the board of trustees of Columbia College. But this arrangement was unsatisfactory for many reasons: because of the ecclesiastical character of the college, for one thing; and also because of the growing belief that the interests of the college were distinct from, if not opposed to, those of the new academies. The reorganization of 1787 accordingly made the board of regents a body distinct from the trustees of any institution included in the university. The trustees were to exercise control over their several institutions. But this control was made subject to the general and not at all rigorous supervision of the regents.

In 1813 the Legislature of the State established a permanent fund known as the literature fund, the income of which was to be applied wholly to the support of secondary schools. The distribution of this fund was made subject to the control of the regents of the university.

This university set up by the State of New York appealed to the imagination of men by its comprehensiveness and novelty. It exercised great influence on later systems; but only one State and one Territory seem to have modeled their scheme of public instruction after the New York pattern. An act of the Legislature of Georgia, passed in 1785, provided that "All public schools instituted, or to be supported by funds or public moneys in this State, shall be considered as parts or members of the university."

But the university of Georgia never realized the large and liberal plan proposed for it.

*The College in America.....Andrew Fleming West**

The college lies very close to the people. Distinctions of caste may manifest themselves occasionally, and yet the college is stoutly and we believe permanently democratic. Its relation to the better side of our national life has been profoundly intimate from the beginning. The graduates of Harvard and Yale in New England, of Princeton and Columbia in the Middle States, and of the College of William and Mary in Virginia contributed powerfully to the formation of our republic. Edmund Burke attributed the "intractable spirit" of the Americans to "their education," and by this he meant the college education. "The colleges," wrote President Stiles of Yale shortly after the Revolution, "have been of signal advantage in the present day. When Britain withdrew all her wisdom from America this revolution found above two thousand in New England only, who had been educated in the colonies, intermingling with the people and communicating knowledge among them." John Adams of Harvard delighted to find in President Witherspoon of Princeton "as high a son of liberty as any in America." Hampden-Sidney College in Virginia, founded about the time of the Revolution, incorporated in its charter the following clause: "In order to preserve in the minds of the students that sacred love and attachment which they should ever bear to the principles of the ever-glorious Revolution, the greatest care and caution shall be used in selecting such professors and masters, to the end that no person shall be so elected unless the uniform tenor of his conduct manifest to the world his sincere affection for the liberty and independence of the United States of America." And from that day to this the collegiate spirit and the national spirit have been at one. Rightly, indeed, did our appreciative French visitor, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, perceive that the place to find "the true Americans" is in our college halls; "les vrais Américains, la base de la nation, l'espoir de l'avenir." Scarcely one in a hundred of our white male youth of college age has gone to college. But this scanty contingent has furnished one-half of all the Presidents of the United States, most of the justices of the Supreme Court, not far from one-half of the Cabinet and of the National Senate, and almost a third of the House of Representatives. No other single class of equal numbers has been so potent in our national life.

*Professor of Latin in Princeton University.

College students are found in greatest numbers in the belt beginning in New England, passing southwestward through the middle States, and thence extending broadly across the middle West. These Northeastern and Northcentral portions contain 70 per cent. of the college students and 63 per cent. of the population of the whole country; 114 colleges, exclusive of colleges for women, enrolling 31,941 students and generally possessing the largest endowments, are under no ecclesiastical control; 59 colleges, enrolling 5,954, are Roman Catholic; 284 are under the control of various Protestant denominations and enroll 29,104. It thus appears that the division of student enrollment between non-sectarian and sectarian colleges is not very uneven, but the non-sectarian colleges show an average enrollment of nearly three hundred and the church colleges of about one hundred.

The number of professors and instructors in all colleges, except colleges for women only, is 7,228; 749 of these are women. So far as reported there were 31,762 students pursuing the course for the degree of bachelor of arts; 11,812 the courses leading to the degree of bachelor of letters and bachelor of philosophy; 12,711 the course leading to the degree of bachelor of science, and 4,190 the courses leading to various other first degrees of minor importance. The total is 60,475. These figures indicate that a little more than half our collegiate undergraduates, who seek any degree, are studying for the degree of bachelor of arts, which still generally means, with some important exceptions, that they have had a classical education.

The College Course.....Andrew Fleming West

It was an easy thing a generation ago for young men to graduate at twenty, and a bright man could do it earlier without difficulty. After two or three years spent in studying law or medicine he was ready to practice his profession, and then began to earn his living at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. This was within his reach. But to-day a college student is twenty-two years old at graduation—as old as his father or grandfather were when they had finished their professional studies. If he follows in their steps, he must wait until he is twenty-five to begin earning his living. Accordingly boys are now passing in considerable numbers directly from secondary schools, which do not really complete their secondary education, to the professional schools, thus omitting college altogether. If this continues the effect both on colleges and professional schools will be discouraging. The problem is an economic one, and it is affecting college courses of study.

One solution is to shorten the course to three years. This has been advocated by President Eliot of Harvard. Three years is the length of the course in the undergraduate college established in connection with the Johns Hopkins university. Another proposal is to keep the four-year course and allow professional in place of liberal studies in the last year, thus enabling the student to save one year in the professional school. This experiment is being tried at Columbia. A third proposal is to keep the college course absolutely free from professional studies, but to give abundant opportunities in the last year or even the last two years to pursue the liberal courses which most clearly underlie professional training, thus saving a year of professional study. That is, teach jurisprudence and history, but not technical law, or teach chemistry and biology, but not technical medicine, or teach Greek, Oriental languages, history and philosophy, but not technical theology. This seems to be the trend of recent experiments in Yale and Princeton.

*The State University.....Edward Delavan Perry**

At the present time, in each of twenty-nine of the States of the Union, there is maintained a single "State university," supported exclusively or prevaillingly from public funds, and managed under the more or less direct control of the Legislature and administrative officers of the State. In some cases private benefactions have notably supplemented the support given from public revenues. These States are the following: Alabama, California, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming. The organization of these institutions, while more similar than that of the universities which are autonomous corporations, yet shows many points of divergence; and their extent and standards of scholarship vary even more widely. The larger among them exhibit a very complete development of technical and professional schools, with the exception of schools of theology, which naturally have no place in a country where State aid is not extended to religion. The professional schools of law and medicine, however, are generally supported, at least in greater part, by the fees received from students, and up to the present time none of them has been put on a true university basis. Other-

wise, the sources of income of these universities are mainly the following: The proceeds of land-grants made in 1862 by the Federal Government, in accordance with the famous "Morrill Act" of 1862, for the maintenance of colleges whose leading object should be instruction in those branches of learning relating to agricultural and mechanical arts, including military tactics, and not excluding other scientific and classical studies; State taxation, whether by way of annual appropriations from the general taxes of the State, or by continuous appropriations from a permanent special tax; tuition fees (only in some of the universities, while in many instruction is entirely gratuitous); private gifts and endowments—the least common source of revenue, although some brilliant exceptions are to be noted.

The universal verdict of public opinion, in the States where such institutions are maintained, is that they, as State organizations supported directly by public taxation from which no taxable individual is exempt, should be open without distinction of sex, color or religion to all who can profit by the instruction therein given. Each forms the uppermost division of the general system of public education of the State in which it is maintained, and is managed with a view to completing the scheme of instruction begun in the primary and carried on in the secondary schools. Control is vested in a board of public officials, generally called "regents." For example, the board of regents of the University of Minnesota consists of the Governor of the State, the superintendent of public instruction, the president of the university, and seven members appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. In Michigan the regents are elected by popular vote for terms of eight years—an unusual feature. The composition and mode of choice of these boards varies greatly in different States, and not less their fitness for the responsibilities entrusted to them. In some States, as in Michigan and Wisconsin, the result of many years' endeavor has been, though after many vicissitudes and bitter struggles, the creation of noble schools of training; in others the constant changes in political complexion of the Legislature, and the self-seeking of party leaders, have made the universities mere shuttlecocks of public or party opinion, and not only has their development been hindered, but in some cases their usefulness deliberately crippled. Instances are not unknown where particularly able and courageous professors, who would not cut their scientific opinions after the prevailing fashion in politics, have been driven from their chairs, even by outrageously underhanded methods.

*Edward Delavan Perry, Jay Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, Columbia University.

Of the State universities the most prominent and successful are those of Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and California. The first mentioned is the oldest and perhaps the best known. Under the direction of a series of singularly able men it has grown, since its foundation in 1837, into a position of commanding importance. The three others, while considerably younger, have shown a surprisingly rapid growth.

*Agricultural Education.....Charles W. Dabney**

In December, 1861, Justin S. Morrill of Vermont introduced a bill into the House of Representatives bestowing 30,000 acres of land for each Member of Congress upon the several States for the establishment of industrial colleges. The bill passed both Houses in spite of an adverse report by the House Committee on Public Lands, and was approved by President Lincoln July 2, 1862, the day of McClellan's retreat after the battle of Malvern Hill in Virginia. In the midst of the excitement of the great war little attention was paid to this most remarkable gift of about 13,000,000 acres of land to promote the cause of education. Having been passed during a war, it is not surprising that the act provided that every college receiving the benefits of the land-grant should give its students instruction in military science. This great grant, the greatest ever made to education, was the foundation of industrial education in America.

The object of the grant is expressed in remarkably broad terms, as follows: "The endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

By "liberal" education was always meant in those times a literary and classical education. The act recognized fully the correlation of all knowledge and the necessity of subordinating all to the great objects of the law, by forbidding the exclusion of "other scientific and classical studies." But it was to be "a college where the leading object should be to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts"—not practical agriculture merely, or practical mechanics merely, but the branches of learning related thereto.

*President of the University of Tennessee.

These institutions were to educate, not exclusively, but especially, the industrial classes. At the time they were founded almost the only institutions for higher education were classical colleges patronized by the sons of the wealthy, who usually became literary men, teachers, preachers, lawyers and physicians. For years the great demand had been for instruction in the branches of learning which qualify men in the industrial pursuits. Therefore these colleges were designed especially to fill this great gap in our educational system and to give the sons of the industrial classes the opportunity to get any kind of an education they wanted. The sons of these industrial classes, however, were not to be limited to agriculture and the mechanic arts, for the law says they shall receive "a liberal and practical education."

These colleges established another new principle in education in America, the principle of free tuition in the highest schools of learning. Liberal education is a necessity in a free government; heretofore only the sons of the rich were able to get it. A government of the people, for the people and by the people can be perpetuated only by educating all the people. It is not sufficient that we have in America a magnificent system of common schools. The highest education must be within the reach of all.

It is also to be noted that these colleges are not class institutions. Though designed to guarantee them these opportunities they are not limited to the industrial classes. They are intended to supplement existing institutions and provide free tuition for all classes, the sons of professional men, as well as mechanics. As Senator Morrill has said in another place, "I should hope that no farmer or mechanic would be so illiberal as to wish to have the monopoly of education in any of these land-grant colleges." They are, in brief, the colleges of all the people, of every class and profession, and they are intended to give all alike the opportunities for the broadest education. As Ezra Cornell expressed it, they are institutions "where any person can find instruction in any subject." This purpose has been wonderfully well accomplished by the majority of them in the thirty years of their existence. By giving the higher education to rich and poor, these colleges have done more to render permanent American institutions than any other institution founded by Congress.

A very wise provision of the act is the one which makes the exact character of the institution and the nature of the instruction to be given a matter for the decision of the Legislatures of the States. The instruction should be adapted to the

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needs of the people and the character of the industries of the several States. The sciences related to the mechanic arts hold just as important a place in this law as those related to agriculture; and this term is evidently intended to be interpreted in the same liberal sense in which we have interpreted the terms "agriculture" and "branches of learning related to agriculture." The branches of learning related to mechanic arts comprehend all the sciences not included among those related to agriculture. In some of our States agriculture is the chief industry, while manufacturing is the largest interest in others. Under this provision the State may itself determine which group of sciences shall receive the chief attention. The act has been properly interpreted thus to provide courses of industrial education to suit the needs of the different States and has rarely been abused.

Believing that the time had arrived when the agricultural and mechanical colleges should have additional support, Mr. Morrill and the other friends of industrial education in the United States began in 1889 to formulate plans to secure a second appropriation from the National Treasury. Mr. Morrill introduced another bill in Congress providing for the further endowment of the colleges, which passed and was approved by President Harrison on August 30, 1890. This act, generally known as the second Morrill act, provides that there shall be appropriated annually to each State out of the funds arising from the sale of public lands, as in the case of the agricultural experiment stations, the sum of \$15,000, for the year ending June 30, 1890, and an annual increase by the additional sum of \$1,000, to such appropriation for ten years thereafter until the appropriation shall become \$25,000, at which figure it shall remain fixed. The act says that this appropriation shall be applied "only to instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, the English language and the various branches of mathematical, physical, natural and economic science, with special reference to their applications to the industries of life, and to the facilities for such instruction." Provision was made at this time for separate institutions for white and colored students in such States as desired to make this arrangement. Being limited in its application this act has done even more than the original one to stimulate industrial education.

The early agricultural colleges and schools have in nearly all cases been merged into the colleges established under the land-grant act of 1862. The act establishing colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts was a broad one, and was framed purposely so as to permit the States to

organize colleges adapted to their particular needs. As a result it is very difficult to classify them. Under this law there have been organized almost all grades of agricultural schools, from those of the high school grade to great universities with extensive departments.

Sixty-five institutions have been organized in the several States and Territories under the acts of Congress of July 2, 1862 and August 30, 1890. At least one institution is now in operation in each State and Territory except Alaska. Of the sixty-one colleges having regular courses in agriculture, twenty-seven may be classified as separate colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts, and nineteen as universities having departments of agriculture and engineering. Separate institutions for colored students have been established in accordance with the act of 1890 in eight Southern States. Instruction in them has usually been limited for the most part to courses below the college grade and to the industrial arts suited to the needs of the negro.

Perhaps the colleges and universities having departments of agriculture are doing more immediate good to the largest number of persons through their short courses and their special schools for dairying, horticulture, etc., than through the long course. These short courses are designed to meet the wants of young farmers who desire practical, helpful instruction in agriculture after leaving the high schools and before taking up their chosen vocations. A number of the colleges maintain courses in agriculture of twelve weeks beginning the first of January of each year. They usually include lectures on feeds and feeding, breeds of live stock, elementary agricultural chemistry, physics of soils, meteorology, elements of vegetable physiology, the chief facts of veterinary science, dairying, horticulture, and some of the leading facts of bacteriology. Courses are selected from these to meet the needs of special classes of students from different districts. Laboratory practice is usually given in soil physics, stock judging, dairying, vegetable physiology, and practical horticulture. Other short courses are limited to the chemistry and bacteriology of milk and practical dairying, or to plant propagation, grafting, pruning and practical horticulture. These courses are more largely attended than the four years' course. The tendency at present seems to be to split up the four years' course into special courses or to distribute among the different short courses students who cannot attend the institution more than a few months at a time. It is encouraging to note that such students frequently return winter after winter for additional training.

American Poets of To-Day: Edwin Markham

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852. He was the youngest son of pioneer parents, who, shortly before his birth, had crossed the plains from Michigan. - Having lost the care of his father before reaching his fifth year, he settled with his mother and brothers in a wild and beautiful valley near Sinsun, in central California, where he grew to young manhood inured to every kind of labor required on a Western cattle ranch, and depending for education on the rude country schools and his own ceaseless reading. In 1871 Mr. Markham entered the State Normal School at San José, and later pursued a classical course at Christian College, at Santa Rosa. After leaving college he read law for a time, but has never practiced at the bar. As superintendent and principal of schools at various places for many years he has rendered important services in the educational progress of California. His contributions to literature are chiefly poetical. Edmund Clarence Stedman has described his verse as "truly and exquisitely poetical." Another critic says that "one of its distinctive features is its breadth of range. This gives it greatness—a greatness unknown to the singers of the flowery way. He breaks open the secret of the poppy; he feels the pain in the bent back of labor; he goes down to the dim places of the dead; he reaches in heart-warm prayer to the Father of Life." The selections which follow are taken from *The Man With the Hoe* and *Other Poems*, published by Doubleday, McClure & Co. in 1899, and are reprinted with the permission of the poet and his publishers. *The Man With the Hoe*, Mr. Markham's greatest poem, and one of the most popular written by any poet in recent years, is omitted because it appeared in *Current Literature* about a year ago.

THE POET.

His home is on the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim,
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day
Will some time be a trodden way.

But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.*

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

A MEETING.

Softly she came one twilight from the dead,
And in the passionate silence of her look
Was more than man has writ in any book:
And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
Calls them to the Dim Land discomfited;
Far down the leafy ways her white feet took,
Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?

God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
That quiet face? Had it grown old or young?
Was it sweet memory or sad that stung?
Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?
What do the dead find in the Silence—grace?
Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?

THE JOY OF THE HILLS.

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
A bee looms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

A SONG AT THE START.

Oh, down the quick river our galley is going,
With a sound in the cordage, a beam on the sail:
The wind of the canyon our loose hair is blowing,
And the clouds of the morning are glad of the gale.

Around the swift prow little billows are breaking,
And flinging the foam in a glory of light;
Now the shade of a rock on the river is shaking,
And a wave leaping upward grows suddenly white.

The weight of the whole world is light as a feather,
And the peaks rise in silence and westerly flee:
Oh, the world and the poet are singing together
And from the far cliff comes a sound of the sea.

THE CRICKET.

The twilight is the morning of his day.
While Sleep drops seaward from the fading shore,
With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,
Until the dark east softens into gray.
Now as the noisy hours are coming—hark!
His song dies gently—it is growing dark—
His night, with its one star, is on its way!

Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats—
Sleep, little brother, sleep: I am astrir.
We worship song and servants are of her—
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow time;
Lead thou the starlit night with merry notes,
And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme.

PAYMASTER.

There is a sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse.

TO WILLIAM WATSON.

After reading The Purple East.
That hour you put the wreath of England by
To shake her guilty heart with song sublime,
The mighty Muse that watches from the sky
Laid on your head the larger wreath of Time.

A SATYR SONG.

I know by the stir of the branches
The way she went;
And at times I can see where a stem
Of the grass is bent.
She's the secret and light of my life,
She allures to elude;
But I follow the spell of her beauty
Whatever the mood.

I have followed all night in the hills,
And my breath is deep,
But she flies on before like a voice
In the vale of sleep.
I follow the print of her feet
In the wild river bed,
And lo, she calls gleefully down
From a cliff overhead.

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,

Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

TWO TAVERNS.

I remember how I lay
On a bank a summer day,
Peering into weed and flower:
Watched a poppy all one hour;
Watched it till the air grew chill,
In the darkness of the hill;
Till I saw a wild bee dart
Out of the cold to the poppy's heart;
Saw the petals gently spin,
And shut the little lodger in.
Then I took the quiet road
To my own secure abode.
All night long his tavern hung,
Now it rested, now it swung;
I asleep in steadfast tower,
In our hearts the same delight
In the hushes of the night;
Over us both the same dear care
As we slumbered unaware.

SONG OF THE FOLLOWERS OF PAN.

Our bursting bugles blow apart
The gates of cities as we go;
We bring the music of the heart
From sweet wells in Lillimo'.
We break in music on the morns—
Sing of the flower to stirring rods;
Apollo's cry is in the horns,
And Hermes' whisper in the flutes.
We come with laughter to the Earth,
And lightly stir the heading wheat:
Our God is Poesy and Mirth,
And loves the noise of woodland feet.
When dancers beat the air to sound,
After the time of yellow sheaves,
He stops to watch the merry round,
His pleasing face looking through the leaves.

A LOOK INTO THE GULF.

I looked one night, and there Semiramis
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles! they are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the night of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.

Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill!
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind!"
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

Manual Training*

One of the strongest arguments which justify the recent popularity of manual training is that, by means of it we are able to offer an opportunity for the development of special talents and aptitudes for which there is no adequate scope in the ordinary school course. Every school numbers among its scholars some who dislike books, who rebel against merely verbal and memory exercises, but who delight in coming into contact with things, with objects to be touched and shaped, to be built up and taken to pieces—in short, with the material realities of life. And a school system ought to be so fashioned as to give full recognition to this fact. We cannot permit ourselves, of course, to be wholly dominated by the special preferences and tastes of individual scholars; but we ought to allow them fuller scope than has usually been accorded to them in educational programmes. Every wise teacher knows that in the most perverse and uninteresting scholar there are germs of goodness, aptitudes for some form of useful activity, some possibilities even of excellence, would men observingly distill them out; and that it is the duty of a teacher to discover these, encourage their development and set them to work. We make a grave mistake if we suppose that all good boys should be good in one way, and that all scholars should be interested in the same things, and reach an equal degree of proficiency in all the subjects of our curriculum. This is, in fact, not possible. Nor, even if it were possible, would it be desirable. So one of the strongest arguments in favor of the recognition of manual and artistic exercises in our schools is that by them we call into play powers and faculties not evoked by literary studies, and so give a better chance to the varied aptitudes of different scholars. School-boys do not always like the same things. The world would be a much less interesting world than it is if they did. A school course, therefore, should be wide enough, and diversified enough, to give to the largest possible number of scholars a chance of finding something which is attractive to them and which they will find pleasure in doing.

I think, too, that a legitimate argument in favor of more hand work in schools may be found in the fact that by it we may, if it is wisely managed, overcome the frequent and increasing distaste of many young people for manual labor. In

progressive countries there is often a vague notion that such labor is in some way servile and undignified, and less respectable than employments of another kind. In America, especially, this feeling prevails even to a larger extent than in this country. Perhaps the stimulating climate, the general restlessness and eagerness with which life is carried on, the numerous opportunities for rapidly acquiring wealth, have had a tendency to discourage young and aspiring men and to repel them from handicrafts. There is much in our common conventional phraseology which implies that physical labor has been imposed on man as a curse, and is a sign of the degradation. It is hard under these conditions, to awaken in any active-minded community a true respect for the dignity of labor. How is it to be done? Mainly, in my opinion, by associating manual work with intellectual work; by recognizing in our systems of education that all art, even the humblest, rests ultimately on a basis of science and that handwork, when guided and controlled by knowledge, becomes ennobled and takes a rank among the liberal employments of life, even among the pursuits of a gentleman. Take a single example. A century or two ago blood-letting was part of the business of barber-surgeons. They were tradesmen and their trade was not one of the highest repute. But in time it came to be understood that the operation of bleeding was one which ought neither to be recommended nor practised by any but a properly qualified surgeon; and the art, such as it was, ceased to belong to a trade and became part of a profession, and in this way lost all ignoble associations. And, in like manner it is argued with some truth that, when you make manual dexterity and the right use of tools a part of general education, and duly connect it with a study of form, of beauty, of the properties of the materials employed, and of the laws of mechanical force, you are doing something to surround handicraft with new and more honorable associations, to disarm vulgar prejudice and to impress the young with a true sense of the dignity of skilled labor.

Such are some of the considerations which justify the fuller recognition of finger-training and sense-training generally as parts of a liberal education. But these very considerations are, at the same time, well calculated to warn us not to expect too much from such training if it is not duly co-ordinated with discipline of another kind. The true teacher will not seek to make physical

*Reading from *Educational Aims and Methods*. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., L.L.D. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

training a rival or competitor with intellectual exercise, but will desire rather to make the whole training of his pupil more harmonious. He will hold fast to the belief that, after all, mental culture is the first business of a school, and ought never to be permitted to become the second. The reaction from excessive bookishness, from the rather abstract character of mere scholastic teaching, is, on the whole, well justified. But the opposite of wrong is not always right; and it would be very easy to make a grave mistake by emphasizing too strongly the value of manual exercise by making too great claims for it.

What, after all, is the main function of the teacher who is seeking to give to his pupil a right training and a proper outfit for the struggles and duties of life? It is, no doubt, to give a knowledge of simple arts, and of those rudiments of knowledge which, by the common consent of all parents and teachers, have been held to be indispensable; but it is also to encourage aspiration, to evoke power and to place the scholar in the fittest possible condition for making the best of his own faculties.

If this be so, we have to ask what, among all possible exercises and studies, are the most formative and disciplinary? It has been before shown that, by the law of what are called "concomitant variations," there is such a relation between powers and organs that the cultivation of one leads, by a reflex action, to the strengthening of the other; you cannot, in fact, call into active exercise any one power without, *pro tanto*, making the exercise of other powers easier. But here we must discriminate. This correlation and this mutual interchange of forces do not act uniformly. Take an example. You want, it may be, to give a large number of recruits, none of whom have had any previous practice, a knowledge of military evolutions, the power to handle a rifle and to do the duties of camp life. Say that half of them are clowns fresh from the plough, and the other half are men of similar age who have had a liberal education. Both groups are equally unfamiliar with what you have to teach, but there is no doubt as to which group will learn most quickly. The clowns will need hard work to bring them into discipline. They will misunderstand commands and be clumsy in executing them. The greater intelligence of the second group will be found to tell immediately on the readiness with which they see the meaning of the manœuvres, and on the promptitude and exactness with which they perform them. Here the mental training has been a distinct help to the mere physical exercise. But it cannot be said in like manner that the handicraftsman is a likelier person than another

to take up intellectual labor with zest, and to be specially fitted to do it well. Intelligence helps labor much more than labor promotes intelligence.

Ever since the time when Socrates paid his memorable visit to the workshops of Athens it has been a familiar fact of experience that your mere workman may, though skilled, be, so far as his understanding is concerned, a very poor creature, "borné" right and left by the traditions of his craft, and by rules of thumb, and with very confused and imperfect ideas about matters outside the region of his own trade. The truth is that the constant repetition of the same mechanical processes, when practice has enabled us to perform them without further thought, may be rather deadening than helpful to the personal intelligence and capability of the worker. The use of tools, though a good thing, is not the highest nor nearly the highest thing to be desired in the outfit of a citizen for active life. The difference between a handy and an unhandy man is no doubt important all through life; but the difference between an intelligent, well-read man and another whose mind has been neglected is fifty times more important, whatever part he may be called on to play hereafter. It is quite possible so to teach the use of tools that the teaching shall have little or no reflex action on other departments of human thought and activity, that it shall appeal little to the reflective, the imaginative, or the reasoning power, and that it may leave its possessor a very dull fellow indeed.

Let us revert for the moment to the experience of Socrates as it is recounted in the *Apologia*. "I betook myself," he says, "to the workshops of the artisans, for here, methought, I shall certainly find some new and beautiful knowledge, such as the philosophers do not possess. And this was true, for the workman could produce many useful and ingenious things." But he goes on to express his disappointment at the intellectual condition of the artisans; their bounded horizons, their incapacity for reasoning, their disdain for other knowledge than their own, and the lack among them of any general mental cultivation or of any strong love of truth for its own sake. He thought that mere skill in handicraft and mere acquaintance with the materials, and with the physical forces employed in a trade, could carry a man no great way in the cultivation of himself and might leave him a very ill-educated person; that, in fact, the man was more important even than the mechanic or the trader, and that in order to be qualified for any of the employments of life, and to be prepared for all emergencies, mental training should go on side by side with the discipline needed for the bread-winning arts.

Intellectual Education*

As we face intellectual education, several questions as to the purposes, methods and results of schooling at once confront us. Is there in the child's mind an order in which the faculties develop? Should all children then be taught the same things in the same order or should each child come to its own in its own way? Should education equip the child with knowledge, that is, facts, or with discipline, that is, training? Is there an order in which knowledges have worth, and does this order correspond to the development of faculties? Is the educated man after all better equipped for actual life than the "self-made man"? All these questions converge to a single focus and have one answer if we can answer the all-embracing question, "What is true education?" For a true education is in fact that which, keeping pace with the general order of development of the child-mind, answers the need of each child, by giving facts in their true relations, knowledge disciplined into wisdom, in the order in which knowledges are of most worth, and thus affording all, and more than, the advantages of the self-made man.

At the age of maturity, Nature notifies by certain external signs that sexuality, hitherto passive, has become active. None the less the several faculties, intellectual as well as physical and moral, have their times when they come of age. Nature provides for development of the child in due order, and a true education follows Nature's order. To blunt Nature's keenness, and to thwart her methods—as to teach grammar before language—is the greatest mistake possible to education and "civilization," the sin against the holy spirit of child-life. We find that faculties develop in the child-mind in due order, an order uniform in succession though not parallel in time, and of consistent and rational evolution, in the case of every child, not bereft of its complement of senses and faculties, born into the world. The child asks in succession "What?" "How?" "Why?"—the question of fact, the question of relation, the question of cause. None of us indeed live long enough to know all the "What?" but it is not long before the child begins to ask "How?" and to learn of method and relation. At last it asks "Why?" and begins to learn of cause. "What is it?" "What is it like?" "What made it?" are the child's touchstones.

The basis of intellectual education is, in this sense also, physical education. The senses, not the reason are first called upon; the first requisite is that the child shall see, hear, touch, taste, smell, i. e., observe truly. This truth of sense-observation, in itself a moral education, becomes in due course accuracy of thought-observation, in obtaining and co-ordinating the data for sound judgement—so that the early need of the child is also the final need of the man of large affairs, in business organizations or in concerns of state.

The child, like the man, needs facts first. Facts are the food, the fuel of the mind. The engine must carry its store of coal, of water, of oil; otherwise its direction is of no avail. A wise teaching selects facts, supplies more facts, and puts them in proper relation. These facts, the child compares, by likeness and difference, associates, assimilates, organizes—until in this very setting forth of related facts in due order, the mind is trained to reproduce them in like related order as material for new judgments. The "meaning" of facts becomes evident. In due course the senses are supplemented by "instruments"; the eye is trained to keen distinctions of color and tint by help of prism and color-films, the ear by tuning-fork and water-glasses. Facts are put together and taken apart; analysis and synthesis prove each other. In this way, facts are not dumped into the brain as a heap of rubbish—nor is the child required to swallow dictionary or directory, to clutter the brain-chambers with useless knowledge, as names of forgotten kings, days of battles, numbers of troops. To the mind as to the body, that food should be supplied which can be properly digested. . . .

And in true education each life must be trained after its own pattern. Each child has the right to be treated as itself, by parent and by teacher. The farmer does not treat alike potatoes, corn, wheat; sheep, cow, horse. The gardener will not bed together, not treat alike, his roses, his lilies, his orchids—nor will he treat alike one kind of rose and another. Each must be nurtured after its kind. But human seedlings do not come to us ready-labeled, like pots from the florist; each life must be studied, to know the needs of its own character. Nature divines for us. In the light of general laws, the law of each child's life—temperament, tastes, capacities trend—must be separately discerned and studied, for no two children, born of the same parents, are the same or even alike.

*Reading from *The Arts of Life*, by R. R. Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Contemporary Celebrities

The following sketch of the hero of Mafeking appears in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer:

Col. Robert Stephenson Smith Baden-Powell, whose heroic and picturesque defense of Mafeking has been no less remarkable than that of Sir George White, at Ladysmith, is a seasoned frontiersman. At the beginning of the Transvaal war Col. Baden-Powell undertook the defense with a force consisting of a part of the First battalion of the Lancashire (Royal North) regiment, the First battalion Munster fusiliers and 1,000 colonials—in all probably 2,000 men.

The siege began on October 15, 1899, and was led by Gen. Cronje in person until he went to Kimberley to oppose Methuen. Baden-Powell was bombarded almost daily. He made occasional sorties, but his force was too small and his weapons too ineffective to make headway against the besieging force. Col. Plumer, who was stationed at Fort Tuli, in Rhodesia, raised a force of 2,000 to go to the relief of Mafeking.

Col. Baden-Powell is a cavalry officer who joined the Hussars when he was nineteen, and is now a lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of dragoon guards. His life has been spent in the army and in special service and travel, and he is an authority on cavalry tactics, having written manuals on reconnaissance work and scouting. He is a natural leader of men, and rallied around him at Mafeking not only a well-known group of officers of high social position, but also a seasoned band of frontiersmen and adventurers.

Like Cecil Rhodes, Col. Baden-Powell was born in a rectory. He is the son of the late Prof. Baden-Powell, of Oxfords and Langton manor, and was born on February 22, 1857. Educated at Charterhouse, he joined the Thirteenth Hussars in 1876, and, as adjutant, served with his regiment in India and Afghanistan and in South Africa. Early in his military career he became familiar with the parts of the African continent with which his name will hereafter be associated. In 1887 he was again at Cape Town as assistant military secretary to Gen. Sir Henry Smyth, and during his two years' stay there he served in the Zululand operations and was mentioned in the dispatches. After serving three years at Malta, he again returned to Africa, charged with the special service of raising and commanding the native levies in the Ashantee operations.

For his brilliant work in this campaign he received the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. After

the Jameson raid, when the Matabeles rose a second time, he was chosen as chief staff officer of Gen. Sir Frederick Carrington. Promotion as brevet-colonel followed this campaign, and he was placed in command of the Fifth Dragoons.

In Harper's Weekly we find this account of how Baden-Powell obtained his commission:

In surveying the career of a man who has thus proved his calling, it is always of interest to note how he came by it, and what share chance had in shaping his career. Baden-Powell was from the outset destined for the army, but his early expectations missed fulfillment in one particular that may have changed the whole current of his life and led up to the event which has made him world-famous at forty-three. His father, a theologian of some eminence with a genius for mathematics, was most anxious to have him take two years at Oxford after leaving the Charterhouse school. This was in 1876, and the lad had the prospect of an idle summer before him; so, to test his proficiency in certain branches of study, he entered himself for the July examinations for commissions in the army. He had made no special preparation, but answered simply those questions on his papers which seemed easiest of solution; then, having satisfied himself that the examination which he proposed to take two years later had no special terrors, he dropped the matter from his mind and went yachting with his brother. Arrangements had meanwhile been made for beginning work in Oxford in October; his surprise may be imagined, therefore, when, one fine September day, he received an official notification from the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the army, that of the 718 candidates who had taken the examinations that year, he stood fifth in the order of excellence, and actually second among those to be assigned to the cavalry. This news was accompanied with the announcement that he had been appointed a lieutenant in the Thirteenth Hussars.

Naturally, that ended the Oxford plan, and with all practicable speed the young soldier joined his regiment in India. Almost from the day of his arrival he was a marked man among his associates. In all the garrison sports, in-doors or out, he was a leader. He could ride, box, wrestle, run, jump or swim with the best of them. He could fence as well with his foil in his left hand as in his right, and was equally skilful in handling pen and pencil. He could sing a rollicking song,

tell a good story, take part in a comedy either as actor or as manager, write a book, draw a clever caricature, or paint from nature well enough to convey a picture to the mind of one who had not seen the subject. But with these accomplishments he had nothing of the self-exhibitor about him. Whatever he did was for the amusement of all.

Concerning the Chief Engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission in New York City, the Home Journal has this to say:

While public attention has been drawn recently so strongly to the opening of the new tunnel for rapid transit in New York City, the character and personality of its chief engineer is an interesting study. While the political battles over the project and the financial controversies have been waged, the tremendous problems of underground engineering, the responsibilities and dangers to property, health and life, have been faced and coped with by the chief engineer.

It will take four years of most difficult engineering—digging, arch-building and track-laying—to make real the ideas that have been slowly and painstakingly evolved in the brain of this one man. The tremendous responsibility of this enterprise rests easily, to all outward appearances, upon Mr. Parsons, and he takes quietly the complete confidence given him by the commission.

Mr. Parsons is a characteristic New Yorker by birth and habit of mind; he is representative of the best elements of American metropolitan life. He was born and educated in the city, and his name has been an honored one here before his. His simplicity of manner is combined with a capacity for despatching a great amount of work easily, and the fact that he is so accessible socially, and has so many other interests outside of his own particular work, illustrates the fact that it is only the busy people that have time for things. Although quiet and perfectly self-controlled in manner, one realizes by his alert and incisive speech that it conceals a strong and highly organized nervous disposition. Mr. Parsons has literary as well as scientific tastes and his reading in general literature is wide. His engineering experience is large and he has constructed railroads in nearly all the States between Maine and Texas. The largest pier shed in New York, No. 13, North River, was constructed by him, and he is the consulting engineer of the New York Zoological Society. Mr. Parsons has been working upon systems for underground tunnels in New York City for many years. In 1891 he was appointed Deputy Chief Engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, and helped to plan

the Broadway route. In 1898 he was made its Chief Engineer.

Like the typical New Yorker, the field which has engaged the activity of Mr. Parsons is a wide one. The metropolis has been merely his headquarters. He was consulting engineer to the railroad system of the English island of Jamaica during the period of construction. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he was made chief engineer with the rank of brigadier-general, State of New York. In 1898 as chief engineer of the American-Chinese Development Company, in which the late Senator Brice was interested, Mr. Parsons made an exploring tour through eastern China, making a survey of the line of railway from Hankow to Canton, the longest railway yet projected in China.

Mr. Parsons is of English descent on both sides. His grandfather was an officer of the English navy and saw service against this country in the war of 1812. During this war his ship was wrecked on the Long Island coast, and he was captured when he came ashore, all the other officers being drowned. On the maternal side Mr. Parsons is descended from Dr. Henry Barclay, second rector of Trinity. Mr. Parsons was born in this city in 1859, was graduated from Columbia College in the class of 1879 and from the school of mines in 1882.

Chief Joseph

One of the last survivors of the notable Indian chiefs is Joseph, Chief of the Nez Percés. His recent visit to Washington is thus referred to by the New York Tribune:

That picturesque and noble Indian statesman Joseph, Chief of the Nez Percés, whose proud boast has always been that they are the faithful friends of the white man, has come, after an absence of many years, to visit the Great Father and petition the authorities for those civil rights his people still hope will be granted them. Chief Joseph is accompanied by a delegation, among whom are his nephew and interpreter, Steven Reuben, a brother of General Miles' faithful scout, who was killed by his own tribe, and an alumnus of the school at Carlisle, Chief Showeway. The other day an Indian, one of Chief Joseph's associates, was brought before the local police court on the charge of carrying concealed weapons and threatening a negro. The Chief testified in behalf of his friend, who was released on Joseph's unsupported word. In announcing the prisoner's discharge, the Judge paid a high tribute to the Chief of the Nez Percés, referring to his dealings with Howard and Miles and his honorable action both during and after the famous

war, concluding his laudation by saying he deserved and had won the respect of every one.

Chief Joseph has lost much. His tribe, through the greed of the white man, were hunted from their old homes, and their present holdings are not those handed down to them by their fathers, but lands allotted the tribe by the Government. Conventions made have been repeatedly broken, and there must be in the heart of this proud descendant of a noble tribe a feeling of bitterness and chagrin; but it is doubtless some compensation to know that when he was weighed in the balance he was not found wanting, and that he succeeded, misrepresented and misquoted as he often was, in winning the regard, respect and esteem of his old enemies.

Chief Joseph commanded in that war which the official accounts term "one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which there is any record." The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise. They abstained from scalping, let the captive women go free, did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual, and fought with almost scientific skill, using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines and field fortifications, and one thinks of him at that time, 1877, as a middle-aged man and now as a patriarch. This veteran warrior is, on the contrary, just turned fifty, his face is the face of a man in the prime of life, his head sits proudly on his shoulders, and his eyes look into the eyes of his white brother with truth and sincerity as of old. He wears, as a rule, the garb of civilization, but has always at hand his chief's costume, and is a brave figure in his paint and feathers.

Hiram S. Maxim

The inventor of the Maxim gun describes his early life and work in the New York Press.

At the age of fourteen I had become a big and strong boy, and my father put me out as an apprentice to learn the carriage-making business. This was at East Corinth. The place was a hard one, and the food and manner of living rough indeed. I stood it for about six months, and then ran away, in the autumn. I went to school all that winter at Sangerville village, and the next spring I entered the service of Daniel D. Flynt, of Abbot, Me., who at that time had a carriage factory, which was equipped much better than a great many European factories are to-day. Mr. Flynt made the greater part of the machinery in his works himself, and it was certainly creditable to him. There were many things he did at that time and systems which he established that were

infinitely better than those which obtain in many shops to-day.

In Mr. Flynt's works the whole carriage was made, from beginning to end, and at that time both carriages and sleighs were decorated with landscapes, bunches of flowers, scrolls and stripes. I took a great interest in this, and also made a study of drawing, and I had not been long in the place before I did all the decorative painting. At eighteen I determined to make myself a tricycle, but the only time I could work on it was on Sundays or holidays, or perhaps an hour or so on Saturday afternoons after five o'clock. It took a long time to make, but in the end it was finished, and it is now known that this particular tricycle was the first one ever made on the American continent in which the weight of the carriage was suspended by the tension of the spokes on the top side of the hub, instead of being supported by the thrust on the bottom side.

Having served my time in Abbot, I went to Dexter, which was a larger town, where I soon became foreman. My next work was in a threshing machine factory in northern New York, and finally, at about the second year of the war, I found myself in Fitchburg, Mass., where I got a situation in the engineering works of my uncle, Levi Stevens, who at that time was building gas machines. I had not been long in the factory before I could do more work than any man save one, and that one was a Scotch Canadian, who is now in business in New York City. It must be remembered that in those early days the workmen, instead of trying to see how many hours could be put in on a job, or how long a job could be made to last, as is the case in England nowadays, tried their utmost to beat the record.

When I left the employ of my uncle I entered the service of Oliver P. Drake, of Boston, who was one of the finest gentlemen and cleverest mechanics I ever met. From Boston I went to New York, where I received high pay as a draughtsman. I lived economically and laid up money, but in the meantime my father had been taken ill and was unable to work. The family being large, and I being the eldest, it became necessary for me to put my shoulder to the wheel, and to aid them, which I did. But, notwithstanding this, I succeeded in putting considerable money in the bank. It was the first time in my life that I had had a bank account, and I felt proud. Each dollar represented a good deal of work done. It was at this time that I received a letter from my father in which he had much to say of the advantages of buying a certain house and little farm for the family. I did not hesitate. I drew every penny of my savings from the bank; it

was just sufficient to buy the place, and I do not think I have ever felt happier than I did then.

It was while I was working on electricity that I conceived the idea of making a gun that would load and fire itself by energy derived from the burning powder.

James B. Dill

The name of James B. Dill has come prominently before the public, he having conducted the legal details incident to the reconciliation of the Carnegie and Frick interests in the manufacture of steel. For these services Mr. Dill is said to have received the largest fee ever paid to an attorney in the United States. The Providence Journal thus describes him:

He had already had a fine training for work of this kind. He has been the counsel for some of the more important corporations of New York, and as counsel has been brought in contact with powerful rivals, who were not merely business rivals but who had the pride of emulation, some of them to a marked degree, that vanity of personal ability which after all characterizes so many men who have been successful.

He came to New York from New Jersey and is to-day quite as well known to greater corporate interests in and around that most busy hive of industry of which Newark is the centre as he is in New York. In appearance he suggests none of the traditions or the ideals of the lawyer who has been successful beyond the most rosy dream. He has none of the suave dignity that distinguished Evarts; none of that genial and yet, after all, reserved quality that made Choate both admired and feared. There is not an expression or a mannerism that suggests the profound student or which causes every one who sees James C. Carter to suspect that he spent the night before over black letter law books, delving into the profounder mysteries of the science of which he is master.

To see Dill hurrying through Wall street one would surmise that he was the Clearing House or Stock Exchange representative of some one of the greater financial institutions. He has all of the alertness, the nervous eagerness and hurry, the intensity of preoccupied thought which so often causes men of great affairs to go along Wall street muttering to themselves in a manner which in a more secluded environment would cause their mental balance to be suspected.

He has none of the grandeur of figure that distinguished Conkling or the charm of personal appearance that is characteristic of Choate or that petite elegance of manner which is the quality of Coudert. Everything betrays the nervous, intense, active man of affairs. And it is as a business

man who practises business law in a business way that Mr. Dill is especially distinguished.

Whoever employed him to act as the common friend, the intermediary in the arrangement of the Carnegie differences, knew that he had in addition to his profound understanding of the complications and technicalities of corporation law another quality which would have given him success in any vocation in which he was compelled to meet and persuade men. He had a quality that is peculiarly characteristic of Henry Villard; that was one of Jay Gould's possessions, although he did not always employ it, and to a marvelous degree was the gift of Thurlow Weed, enabling him to become, perhaps, next to Lincoln, the greatest of American politicians. Some call it an almost hypnotizing capacity.

A distinguished financier of New York once said that he did not dare go into the presence of Henry Villard alone, since Villard had a power of fascination, of dominating a man's intellect so that he compelled men to see things as he saw them or as he wanted these men to see them.

While Thurlow Weed could not make a public speech, he could sit in the presence of men of diverse opinions, some of whom were personally antagonistic, and by purring over them, by approaching each of them through his weaker side, intuitively perceived by Weed, he was at last able to bring them not only into concert of action, but also such concert as represented Mr. Weed's own purpose. That quality Mr. Dill has, but he probably had never greater demands made upon it than when he undertook to make the minds of Andrew Carnegie, Henry Frick and the others meet.

David B. Henderson

The office of Speaker of the House of Representatives demands a very wide acquaintance with parliamentary procedure as well as personal qualities of adroitness and tact. To succeed so eminent an authority as Hon. Thomas B. Reed would not seem an easy task. The present Speaker is thus portrayed in the New York Sun:

What manner of man is he who in these strenuous days of legislation growing out of the serious problems following in the wake of war and conquest has the power of creating not only the all-powerful Committee on Rules, but as well all the other committees of the House to whom is confided the solemn trust of legislating for 74,000,000 of people and several millions more, who, as a matter of choice or necessity, are about to become their fellow-countrymen? What manner of man is he who holds the gavel once wielded by a Clay, a Hunter, a Winthrop, a Cobb, a Banks, a

Grow, a Colfax, a Blaine, a Randall, a Carlisle, a Crisp and a Reed? What are his abilities, his attainments, his characteristics and his personal appearance? In short, what kind of a man is David Bremner Henderson of Iowa and how does he measure up to his high office of Speaker of the House of Representatives?

In some respects, Col. Henderson is the same man that he was before greatness was so suddenly thrust upon him, but in other ways he has changed, whether for better or worse depends largely upon the point of view. An assumption of dignity when performing the duties of his office is about the only outward sign of the restrictions of the executive power upon a heretofore free and independent spirit.

As a presiding officer Speaker Henderson is a success, a fact that will be readily admitted even by his critics, and, of course, he has a few. He has a commanding presence, fine voice and ready tongue. He has been long enough a member of the House to know the rules thoroughly, and what is more important, he is conversant with the precedents and with the rulings of his predecessors. He is patient and good-natured and can "sit down" on a member without causing a row. The Democrats like him in the chair as much as they did when he was leader.

Speaker Henderson takes a conservative view of public affairs and is sincerely desirous of keeping governmental expenses within the lowest possible figure consistent with faithful and efficient service and the exercise of a broad and liberal national policy. His advice is freely sought and he keeps a steady, intelligent hand upon the conduct of business in the House. He is a loyal party man, and it was in no small degree owing to his appeals and influence that the defection of Republicans on the Puerto Rican tariff bill was no larger.

Col. Henderson has a full appreciation of the honor and integrity of the House of Representatives and is keenly jealous of anything that tends to lower or detract from it. He does not think it proper for the House to dignify any event by adjournment save the death of one of its own members. When Gen. Lawton's funeral occurred here last month a suggestion was made that the House should adjourn to permit its members to attend, but it met no encouragement from the Speaker. Similarly, when Gen. Shafter was in Washington, Gen. Wheeler, then a member of the House, asked Speaker Reed to consent to a recess during which Shafter was to be presented to the members. Speaker Reed said: "Wheeler, the House of Representatives is a good deal bigger than any Major-General."

Mrs. Arthur Paget

To carry out successfully great philanthropic undertakings requires not only the impulse of generosity but a large degree of executive ability as well. Mrs. Arthur Paget has been signally successful in such undertakings. She is the daughter of the late Paran Stevens of New York, and married Colonel Arthur Paget, son of Lord Alfred Paget. Of her work in behalf of the soldiers in South Africa, The London Gentlewoman says:

Her first undertaking after the outbreak of war was to assist the movement for the American hospital ship. She was one of the six ladies on whom fell all the work of organization and raising money, and it is a noteworthy fact that no male hand had anything to do with the sending out of The Maine as a hospital ship. It is from beginning to end purely a woman's work. Thirty thousand pounds were subscribed, chiefly in America, but this amount will, it is feared, prove inadequate, and Mrs. Adair has gone to the United States to obtain further funds.

Mrs. Paget is now working for the wounded men of the Guards and their wives and families. Her first thought was to provide lint, bandages and necessities of such a kind, but after seeing Lord Wantage, Chairman of the English Red Cross Society, who explained that such articles could be readily obtained by purchase, she decided on the plan which culminated in the recent entertainment at Her Majesty's Theatre. Such a choice was wise, because it not only secured the money that was needed, but gave subscribers the privilege of enjoying a unique entertainment. Complete success attended Mrs. Paget's effort. Seven thousand three hundred pounds were realized. This result was not achieved without tireless energy, but Mrs. Paget thinks the end justifies the efforts, and has decided to repeat the experiment in June, when she hopes to raise ten thousand pounds.

The intention at first was to expend the money on the widows and children of fallen Guardsmen. But after all the majority of the men are single, and other agencies are at work to provide for the widow and orphan. The young soldier, permanently disabled by loss of limb, and handicapped in his future career, was very much to be pitied, Mrs. Paget thought, and her wish is to help these as much as possible, and assist them by every possible means in their struggle to earn a living. There are already many young soldiers of the Guards who are thus permanently disabled on the threshold of manhood, and the number may possibly be increased before the war ends. However, the colonels of all the regiments of the Guard will have a voice in the matter, and doubtless each case will be treated on its merits.

Cyrano, Rostand, Coquelin*

"About four years ago," said Coquelin, "Sarah Bernhardt asked me to her 'hotel' to hear M. Rostand read a play he had just completed for her. I accepted reluctantly, as at that moment we were busy at the theatre. I also doubted if there could be much in the new play to interest me. It was *La Princesse Lointaine*. I shall remember that afternoon as long as I live! From the first line my attention was riveted and my senses were charmed. What struck me as even more remarkable than the piece was the masterly power and finish with which the boyish author delivered his lines. Where, I asked myself, had he learned that difficult art? The great actress, always quick to respond to the voice of art, accepted the play then and there.

"After the reading was over I walked home with M. Rostand, and had a long talk with him about his work and ambitions. When we parted at his door, I said: 'In my opinion, you are destined to become the greatest dramatic poet of the age; I bind myself here and now to take any play you write (in which there is a part for me) without reading it, to cancel any engagements I may have on hand, and produce your piece with the least possible delay.' An offer I don't imagine many young poets have ever received, and which I certainly never before made.

"About six weeks later my new acquaintance dropped in one morning to read me the sketch he had worked out from a drama, the title role of which he thought would please me. I was delighted with the idea, and told him to go ahead. A month later we met in the street. On asking him how the play was progressing, to my astonishment he answered that he had abandoned that idea and hit upon something entirely different. Chance had thrown in his way an old volume of *Cyrano de Bergerac's* poems, which so delighted him that he had been reading up the life and death of that unfortunate poet. From this reading had sprung the idea of making *Cyrano* the central figure of a drama laid in the city of Richelieu, d'Artagnan and the *Précieuses Ridicules*, a seventeenth-century Paris of love and duelling.

"At first this idea struck me as unfortunate. The elder Dumas had worked that vein so well and so completely, I doubted if any literary gold remained for another author. It seemed foolhardy

to resuscitate the Three Guardsmen epoch—and I doubted if it were possible to carry out his idea and play an intense and pathetic role disguised with a burlesque nose.

"This contrasting of the grotesque and the sentimental was of course not new. Victor Hugo had broken away from classic tradition when he made a hunchback the hero of a drama. There remained, however, the risk of our Parisian public not accepting the new situation seriously. It seemed to me like bringing the sublime perilously near the ridiculous.

"Fortunately, Rostand did not share this opinion or my doubts. He was full of enthusiasm for his piece and confident of its success. We sat where we had met, under the trees of the Champs Elysees, for a couple of hours, turning the subject about and looking at the question from every point of view. Before we parted the poet had convinced me. The role, as he conceived it, was certainly original, and therefore tempting, opening vast possibilities before my dazzled eyes.

"I found out later that Rostand had gone straight home after that conversation and worked for nearly twenty hours without leaving the study, where his wife found him at daybreak, fast asleep with his head on a pile of manuscript. He was at my rooms the next day before I was up, sitting on the side of my bed, reading the result of his labor. As the story unfolded itself I was more and more delighted. His idea of resuscitating the quaint interior of the *Hotel de Bourgogne Theatre* was original, and the balcony scene, even in outline, enchanting."

"*La Princesse Lointaine* was, in the meantime, produced by Sarah, first in London and then in Paris. In the English capital it was a failure; with us it gained a 'succes d'estime.'

"Between ourselves," continued Coquelin, pushing aside his plate, a twinkle in his small eyes, "is the reason of this lack of success very difficult to discover? The Princess in the piece is supposed to be a fairy enchantress in her sixteenth year. The play turns on her youth and innocence. Now, honestly, is Sarah, even on the stage, any one's ideal of youth and innocence?" This was asked so naively that I burst into a laugh, in which my host joined me. "Unfortunately, this grandmamma, like Ellen Terry, cannot be made to understand that there are roles she should leave alone, that with all the illusions the stage lends she can no longer play girlish parts with success.

"The failure of his play produced the most

*Reading from *The Ways of Men*, by Eliot Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

disastrous effect on Rostand, who had given up a year of his life on its composition and was profoundly chagrined by its fall. He sank into a mild melancholy, refusing for more than eighteen months to put pen to paper. On the rare occasions when we met I urged him to pull himself together and rise above disappointment. Little by little, his friends were able to awaken his dormant interest and get him to work again on *Cyrano*. As he slowly regained confidence and began taking pleasure once more in his work, the boyish author took to dropping in on me at impossible morning hours to read some scene hot from his ardent brain. When seated by my bedside, he declaimed his lines until, lit at his flame, I would jump out of bed, and wrapping my dressing gown hastily around me, seize the manuscript out of his hands, and, before I knew it, find myself addressing imaginary audiences, poker in hand, in lieu of a sword, with any hat that came to hand doing duty for the plumed headgear of our hero. Little by little, line upon line, the masterpiece grew under his hands. My career as an actor has thrown me in with many forms of literary industry and dogged application, but the power of sustained effort and untiring, unflagging zeal possessed by that fragile youth surpassed anything I had seen.

"As the work began taking form, Rostand hired a place in the country so that no visitors or invitations might tempt him away from his daily toil. Rich, young, handsome, married to a woman all Paris was admiring, with every door, social or Bohemian, wide open before his birth and talent, he voluntarily shut himself up for over a year in a dismal suburb, allowing no amusement to disturb his incessant toil. Mme. Rostand has since told me that at one time she seriously feared for his reason if not for his life, as he averaged ten hours a day steady work, and when the spell was on him would pass night after night at his study table, rewriting, cutting, modelling his play, never contented, always striving after a more expressive adjective, a more harmonious or original rhyme, casting aside a month's finished work without a second thought.

"If Rostand's play is the best this century has produced, and our greatest critics are unanimous in pronouncing it equal, if not superior, to Victor Hugo's masterpieces, the young author has not stolen his laurels, but gained them leaf by leaf during endless midnight hours of brain-wringing effort—a price that few in a generation would be willing to give or capable of giving for fame. The labor had been in proportion to the success; it always is! I doubt if there is one word in his 'duel' ballad that has not been changed

again and again for a more fitting expression, as one might assort the shades of a mosaic until a harmonious whole is produced.

"As our rehearsals proceeded I saw another side of Rostand's character; the energy and endurance hidden in his most effeminated frame astonished us all. He almost lived at the theatre, drilling each actor, designing each costume, ordering the setting of each scene. There was not a dress that he did not copy from some old print, or a passage that he did not indicate to the humblest member of the troop. The marvelous diction that I had noticed during the reading at Sarah's served him now and gave the key to the entire performance. I have never seen him peevish or discouraged, but always courteous and cheerful.

"The news was somehow spread among the theatre-loving public that something out of the ordinary was in preparation. The papers took up the tale and repeated it until the whole capital was keyed up to concert pitch. The opening night was eagerly awaited by the critics, the literary and the artistic worlds. When the curtain rose on the first act there was the emotion of a great event floating in the air." Here Coquelin's face assumed an intense expression I had rarely seen there before. He was back on the stage, living over again the glorious hours of that night's triumph. His breath was coming quick and his eyes aglow with the memory of that evening. "Never, never have I lived through such an evening. Victor Hugo's greatest triumph, the first night of *Hernani*, was the only theatrical event that can compare to it. It, however, was injured by the enmity of a clique who persistently hissed the new play. There is but one phrase to express the enthusiasm at our first performance—'une salle en délire' gives some idea of what took place. As the curtain fell on each succeeding act the entire audience would rise to its feet, shouting and cheering for ten minutes at a time. The coulisse and the dressing-rooms were packed by the critics and the author's friends beside themselves with delight. I was trembling so I could hardly get from one costume into another, and had to refuse my door to every one. Amid all this confusion Rostand alone remained cool and seemed unconscious of his victory. He continued quietly giving last recommendations to the figurants, overseeing the setting of the scenes, and thanking the actors as they came off the stage, with the same self-possessed urbanity he had shown during the rehearsals. Finally, when the play was over, and we had time to turn and look for him, our author had disappeared, having quietly driven off with his wife to their country house, from which he never moved for a week."

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

The Fruits of Pain.....The Independent

When modern science began to examine critically the ladder by which man has climbed to his present position it was found that every step was stained with blood. That life was war and suffering the common lot of all; that animals preyed upon plants and man upon animals and bacteria upon man, a cycle of suffering; that every species was an Ishmael; that birds and butterflies were not the careless, joyous things the poet thought them, living only for beauty and pleasure, but were engaged in a terrible struggle for existence; that the song of birds was a war-cry and the adornment of the butterfly was merely war paint. It was found that there was an awful waste in nature, waste of time, waste of work, waste of life. Of a million seeds sown by the wind only one lived. A thousand eggs were cast upon the waters to produce one fish. A hundred men labored and sweat that one might rise. It was an awful revelation, that of science fifty years ago. No wonder that it drove men insane; made them pessimists, atheists. If science had stopped here it would have been a gospel of despair.

But it did not stop; another step changed it to a gospel of hope. It was discovered that this suffering, that looked to a casual glance like an impediment to progress, was really its cause; that pain was the mainspring of the universe; that war was the mother of all things, as the Greek had said long ago; that the rod of affliction was the modeling tool by which God created all living things; that there could have been no happiness now if there had been no suffering in the past; that joy is the offspring of sorrow, out of war comes peace and through death comes life. This changed the whole view. It put optimism in the place of pessimism. Man could see the uses of adversity.

There was a time when there was no suffering in the world. But that was when there was no life; when the earth was void and without form and darkness was upon the face of the deep. With life came suffering, and increased with it. Progress may be defined as increase in the capacity for suffering. A stone does not feel pain, probably a plant does. Ancient animals suffered less than their descendants. The gigantic saurians that used to creep across the Rocky Mountain plains were as big as a house, but their brains could have been put into a tea cup. Not much chance for pain there. And finally man came, a

creature built upon a new and improved plan; but his chief endowment was that he was able to suffer more.

Now we see more clearly what is meant by the many mysterious sayings in the Bible, that benefits arise from afflictions, that good comes out of evil and life comes from death. People used to believe these statements; yes, they were doubtless true, but in some hazy mystical sense, nobody knew how. Now we know that they are not imaginative, but plain statements of fact; they are not figurative, but literally true.

Disillusions.....Nineteenth Century

Arrived at middle age, it is very possible that most of us will have been called upon to renounce a good deal; we started, probably, with the conviction that our heads would strike the stars, and we have become strangely reconciled to the fact that they do not reach the ceiling. But it was, no doubt, better to start with the loftier idea; a man should allow a good margin for shrinkage in his visions of the future. And it is curious, it is pathetic, to see with what ease we may accomplish the gradual descent to the lower level, on which we find ourselves at last going along, if in somewhat less heroic fashion than we anticipated, yet on the whole comfortably and happily. We have accepted a good deal, we have learnt how to carry our burdens in the way that is easiest. We are no longer storm-tossed; we know pretty much, arrived at this stage, what we are going to do, those of us who thought they were going to do anything. The fact of taking life on a lower level of expectations makes it all the more likely that those expectations will be fulfilled. We have, with some easing of conscience, accepted certain characteristics and manifestations on our own part as inevitable, secretly and involuntarily cherishing a hope that where these do not fit in with those of our surroundings, it may yet be possible that other people should alter theirs. We are, some of us, arrived at this stage, still in the relation of being younger, with reference to persons surviving of the generations which preceded us, and are beginning to understand a little, now that we have a grown-up generation following us, what the difficulties and trials of the older people may have been in their relation to ourselves. We have a certain number of friends, a still larger number of acquaintances, of our own standing, of whom we observe with interest and note with

some surprise that in many respects they do not remain as they were when we were all younger. Is this time, then, under these conditions, as happy as that which preceded it? Is it even, as some of the contented would have it, likely to be happier? If it is, then one drawback, I fear, it must have, that of approaching more nearly to its happiness. At any rate the question, however often debated, has not much of a practical bearing; we are not called upon fortunately to choose at which stage of life we would prefer to be. We may, therefore, enjoy the peace that comes from the inevitable. But one thing is probably certain: that, on the whole, this stage of existence is pre-eminently important as a factor in our intercourse with our fellow creatures. The government of the family life in the large majority of cases is mainly in the hands of the middle-aged; it is they who determine its general tone, spirit and atmosphere. This is a heavy responsibility to bear, and those upon whom it is laid can claim indulgence neither on the score of youth nor on that of age; they are old enough to perceive their mistakes, but not too old to correct them. It is they who create the atmosphere which surrounds their little community. And the atmosphere—figurative as well as actual—breathed by human beings during their passage from infancy to maturity is of incalculable importance; it can save, or it may destroy. The young, it is true, carry an atmosphere of their own with them through these early years, full of brightness and color, precious, indeed, to their surroundings. But, as time goes on, a gradual individual differentiation takes place; the bright, dancing glow, which shed a general radiance over everything, fades away; and we are seen, each of us, as we are, as we have made ourselves during the passage of the years, surrounded by our own special atmosphere, unsoftened by the golden haze of youth on the one hand, or by the silvery mists of age on the other.

Living in Ruts.....Forest and Stream

A man with a habit of life whose parts are made up of repetitions of acts day by day and year by year may in time become almost automatic. He who so lives may have some powers of adaptation to new changes or may not, but in either case the habit of life which cramps his thoughts, restricts his narrow field of action to certain places and acts through an indefinite time, and engenders prejudices against all else that is different comes from living in a groove instead of living in the world.

All men are more or less subject to the dominion of habit, but there is a wide difference be-

tween the habits of thought and action which give men greater breadth of view mentally with greater usefulness in the material affairs of life, and those which reduce men to a life within a horizon limited by their homes and their business interests.

In an environment of life made up of repetitions of daily acts which are unchangeable a man will necessarily become more or less automatic in thought and action. His standards of measurements and values are all within his own narrow world. Things outside his little horizon are seen through glasses which distort. The sailor, long at sea, has a supreme contempt for the landsman, and the older the sailor and the more he is at sea the more firmly is he convinced that the landsman is an inferior creature worthy of nothing but contempt. The environment of the sailor has so engrossed his mind and his attention, and he has come to know his trade so well, with the immense benefits and value of ships constantly in his mind's eye, that the rest of the world suffers by the comparison as he views it. On the other hand, the landsmen consider with amusement the whims of the sailor, though they may have equally ridiculous ideas concerning each other.

The farmer may believe that the dwellers in cities are effeminate and given to certain financial jugglings which are unjust to him. If he lives in a rut he will grow to believe that his prejudices are facts as immutable as the laws of matter.

Habit may become so strong after a time that it is beyond the power of the man to break it. He thinks in certain lines as he has been habituated to think, reasons after a certain habitual fashion, and reaches conclusions he has already established and believed from habit.

Nothing is more conducive to life in a rut than living in the same way day by day without change. A man rises, eats, works, returns home, sleeps, meets the same people and hears the same things said in the same way day after day, till there is no stimulus to thought or action. There is no novelty because there is no change.

There is no great breadth of mental horizon needed to the man who lives in a rut. He may be prejudiced in favor of so living because the rut is in evidence before him, while all other ruts must necessarily be worse because he does not use them and cannot see them.

Sections drift into a rut as men do. The West may, by self-communing, exalt itself above the East; the East may, by like process, consider that elsewhere all else is lacking in the essentials of civilization. The South may look upon the North as a section filled with men who swap

jack knives and whittle out gimcracks, while the North, on the other hand, may be sure that the chief industry of the South is the making of mint juleps and the oppression of the humble black.

The man in a rut and the section in a rut are lifted out of their narrowness by change of environment. Railroads and steamboats are breaking up the ruts of sectionalism and individualism. People go east and south and north and west, and find there is no ground for prejudice, and that there was much that was misunderstood and much more to admire.

The growth of sport has in like manner served the purpose of broadening views, destroying prejudices, correcting opinions and cultivating a greater charity for men and women who journey to waters where fish are caught, or cruise in yachts, or penetrate into the wild haunts of game, break away from the narrow lines which mature into narrow lives, and thus avoid the dwarfed life of him whose horizon never changes, and which bounds his own house and interests.

Castles in the Air *Baltimore Sun*

An unbridled imagination which is allowed to set up unattainable ideals may be a source of unhappiness, because it pictures conditions never realized; whereas, a well-ordered imagination only serves to gild realities. The idea, when attained, becomes a reality and thus loses its charm as a fancy of the mind, but it may serve a useful purpose while still an ideal, because it is an incitement to effort. In the practical sense men deal only with realities, and they are of prime importance, but it would be a mistake to reject altogether the benefits that may be obtained from a proper use of the imagination in dealing with realities or in forecasting a future which, when it becomes the present, may be made up of realities that have been ideals. Much of the happiness of youth is derived from joyous anticipation of the future, from the building of castles in the air. Only in rare cases do the castles become well-founded realities, but they have served a useful purpose when they have given pleasure to those who pictured them and have incited in the builders a desire for advancement.

There are Gradgrinds who will insist upon the importance of facts and seek to curb the aspirations of the young, but they accomplish no useful purpose and simply reduce the sum of happiness by permanently depriving the young of the solaces of imagination. The realities of life need no herald. They press upon men from the moment the latter enter upon their individual work, but the ideals are evanescent; they last

only as long as the heart remains young, buoyant and hopeful, and should not be disturbed unless they have become the subjects of possible abuse. It is, of course, folly for a man to set up an ideal that can never be attained and to abandon effort because of the evident impossibility of attaining the place upon which he has set his aspirations.

But it is wisdom for the young man to set before himself an ideal that he may by his own efforts make a reality. He has, then, something to work for—a definite purpose to which he may devote his mind and his energies. And when his early ideal has vanished because it has become real he can establish another still higher and thus have before him at all times something superior in its inspirational power, at least, to the dull realities with which he has to deal day after day. The great writers and artists have all been inspired by ideals; sometimes by ideals not altogether attainable, but always by ideals of a character to incite study and effort. Imagination has pictured for them possible works of art, and in fitting themselves to do the ideal work they have produced essays or stories, poems or pictures of great merit and of value to mankind. Imagination thus employed not only sweetens the lives of those who make intelligent use of it, but is of service to humanity, because it leads to the production of the great works that make for progress and tend to lighten the burdens of a world filled with hard realities.

Amiable Anarchists *The Raven*

Everybody knows who Julian Hawthorne is. His name has weight enough to anchor attention no matter what subject he discusses. In a recent issue of the *Denver Post* he has something to say of anarchists.

"It may not have occurred to you that all the really nice people—the people whose society truly refreshes you, when you seek out with some eagerness, whose absence you sincerely regret, whose conversation delights you and goes to the right spot—the people who have initiative, who are original, whose praise praises, whose criticism illuminates, whose rebuke discredits—the people who possess vitality, spiritual if not also physical, who have a sense of humor, who do not get discouraged, who do not get scared—all the good and strong and juicy and hearty fellows in short, and the women corresponding with them—it may not have occurred to you, I say, or you may not have happened to discover the fact that they are always Anarchists. You will always find that your delightful, amiable, benevolent, easy-going friend is at heart anarchic; that he believes in obeying no laws; that he desires absolute free-

dom to do as he pleases, and that he is convinced that on no other terms can the human race be happy or realize its millennium. To be an anarchist requires a well-balanced organization and a heart and brains. There are numerous creatures calling themselves anarchists who have no more right to the august title than you have to enjoy civil rights in the planet Mars. These creatures are prone to assemble in beer saloons, to wear their hair and beards unkempt, to be poverty-stricken and envious, and to plot and occasionally to do cowardly acts of violence and disorder. These are not genuine anarchists, but bogus. True anarchy begins at home; the man denounces the outward restraints of law, because the law is written in his own heart, and he obeys it unflinchingly. He does not want chaos, and will tolerate it far less than will many of the professing exponents of legality. This law in his heart is love, charity, disinterestedness, generosity, unselfishness. By appealing to his good nature or mercy you may get almost anything out of him; it is only when you assume to hector and domineer that you find yourself in trouble with him, and very serious trouble, too. It is also characteristic of him that he will fight for the rights of others more stubbornly than for his own; he will fight for his own, indeed, only as he is the representative of others or of the oppressed in general. And he does not fight you personally or as an individual, but only in so far as you embody the abstract principle of oppression. For the anarchist loves all men as ardently as he hates all evil; he distinguishes between the evil and its subject as does a doctor between the disease and the patient; and his effort is always to expel the evil, not to destroy the victim of it. Whether true anarchists always believe in God I cannot affirm; perhaps not, since the idea of God has been so much bedeviled by commentators and the orthodox."

Now, when one comes to think of it, what Mr. Hawthorne says is not new by any means. Countless others have said virtually the same thing, and many times; and almost invariably they have stirred up trouble for themselves. Talk about the "straw man" in religion all you like. If you run up against him you will find something more than straw—you will find he is capable of ejecting a strong smell, and if you don't watch out, some of it will get on your clothes. So as to freedom of speech! Where is it, who exercises it? How many of us are brave enough to freely speak our honest thought? To fight self-interest and public prejudice, to ridicule the fetish of custom is all uphill work. Very few are strong enough to do it and fewer still have the inclination.

Does National Character Change?.....London Spectator

A good many people are asking in all sincerity, and even with some anxiety, whether it is possible that the character of the English people is materially changing. They are, such inquirers say, becoming less grave, less restrained, more like a people of the Southern type. They display their feelings much more, they rush more in crowds, they are more swayed by rumor, by fear, and by emotion. It is unlike the English, they say, to have taken up this war with such enthusiasm, to be so unreasonably angry if any one speaks against it; above all, to be so explosive in their gladness at good news. The difference has produced such an impression on the Continent that men talk of the English as of a people changed beyond recognition.

We wonder, from an acute interest in history, whether the character of any nationality strong enough to have one has ever greatly changed. It is a most perplexing question. On the other hand, the people who are best known and who have kept themselves most secluded from the world—the French—have scarcely changed at all. They are the Gauls as Cæsar knew them. Our people too are in all essentials very like the Saxons, though more receptive, as men become when they are educated and prosper in life. We seem to see, also, that the Greeks of to-day are very like the Greeks of the time of Pericles, though the extinction of the aristocracy of Attica, with its perfectly separate intellectual powers and perception of the beautiful, such as has never been granted to others of the sons of men, confuses and blurs the vision. On the other hand, it is difficult to discern the fierce energy of the Norsemen who conquered West France, and Britain, and Sicily, and Constantinople, and probably Russia, either in the sentimental Scandinavians or the stolid Germans of the Baltic shore. And there are keen observers who maintain—the late Mr. Hutton was one of them—that the Jew is a radically changed man, having become from the least impressionable of mankind the one who takes most readily the impress of those among whom he dwells. For ourselves we doubt that opinion, perceiving all through Jewish history a tendency in the people to be unduly impressed by foreign feeling, first by the Tyrians, then by the Babylonians, then by the Greeks, and now by all the nations of the world, yet retaining amidst it all the deep and separate stamp which divides them from mankind. On the whole, as we look at the facts and remember how completely some races have been swept away or absorbed by their inferiors, we incline to the belief that where the blood is pure national character is unchangeable.

Choice Verse

Canadian Camping Song.....James D. Edgar.....Canadian Magazine

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out of the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

War.....Arthur StringerAinslee's Magazine

"From hill to hill he harried me;
He stalked me day and night.
He neither knew nor hated me;
Not his nor mine the fight.

"He killed the man who stood by me,
For such they made his law.
Then foot by foot I fought to him,
Who neither knew nor saw.

"I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leapt up in the air.
My screaming ball tore thro' his breast,
And lay embedded there.

"It lay embedded there, and yet
Hissed home o'er hill and sea,
Straight to the aching heart of her
Who ne'er did wrong to me."

*A Ballad of True Love.....Sarah W. Brooks.....The Search of Ceres**

She laid for him the golden plate,
She set for him the carven chair—
"Who whispers death to love?" she said,
But now his step was on the stair!

The drawbridge groaned, as 'neath the sun
The plumed knights rode fond, and bold—
Rode in to woo her, one by one.
(Oh, love is warm as death is cold!)

In scorn she waved them from her door;
"No widow's coil I wear," she said,
"His wife am I for evermore;
Who dares to whisper he is dead?"

*A. Wessels & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Distraught she went by hill and dale,
She drooped not in the summer sun,
She braved the winter's snow and hail,
Nor stayed her step till day was done.

Each morning she climbed with patient tread
The lonely turret, old and gray,
She looked across the sea, and said,
"Mayhap my true-love comes that way."

One eve her soul went forth to God,
Prone on the earth her body lay,
They raised her smiling from the sod,
"She found her lord (they cried) to-day."

The Bishop of Amida.....E. Tallmadge Root.....The Outlook

[This act of Acacius, Bishop of Amida (the modern Diarbekr), in A. D. 422, helped forward negotiations of peace between Varahran V. and Theodosius, Emperor of the East; and was the more remarkable since the war had been undertaken to save Armenian Christians from "Persia's bigot king." See Rawlinson's *Seven Monarchies*, vol. III., p. 399.]

A sound confused, like tramping feet,
The clank of chain on chain!
The Bishop half rose from his seat,
Then sat him down again.
Eyes fastened on the vellum page
And mind absorbed, he read
Of one who stilled the tempest's rage
And hungry thousands fed.

The sound of countless stumbling feet,
The clank of chain on chain,
Grew louder in the narrow street,
Mingled with groans of pain.
Those groanings pierced the Bishop's ear;
"Who moan? who pass?" he cried;
Stepped quickly to the window near,
The lattice pushed aside.

Like dark flood in a mountain glen,
Down the deep street there surged
A stream of wretched, ragged men,
Driven manacled and scourged.
"Sir Count! Ho! What does all this mean?
What pris'ners do ye bring?"
"Captives we took in Arzanene
From Persia's bigot king!"

"What is their number? what their fate?"
"Seven thousand lead we here
To mines and galleys of the State,
To slave-marts far and near."
Home left, hope dead, long years begun
Of pain and toil and shame,—
What words could paint the woe of one?
And lo! seven thousand came!

The Bishop turned and clapped his hands;
Attendants who obeyed
Received his strange and strict commands,
Respectful but dismayed.
"Go ye, bid every parish priest
And abbot in my see
His altar-vessels, last and least,
In haste to send to me.

"Ben Ibrim summon. Dark his ways?
Aye! but his wealth is great.
A million soldi must I raise
On gold and silver plate.
Steward, on thee the duty rests
To buy clothes, meat, and wine
Sufficient for seven thousand guests,
This day with me to dine.

"Our Lord the Duke encampeth near.
My groom and palfrey call.
He holdeth many a prisoner;
I ride to ransom all.
Ransomed and fed, we will release
To seek their homes again.
And Christian love may win the peace
Which battles cannot gain."

"But they are ruthless Parsees, Lord!
Sufficient mercy, then,
That they escape our righteous sword!"
He answered: "They are men!"
"Shall Christ be robbed for such as these?"
A priest cried, waxing bold.
"His life He gave: shall it displease
Our Christ to give His gold?"

Acacius, thy bold words search
Our hearts like winnow's fan!
Make we an idol of the Church,
And sacrifice we man?
It is Christ's body? But He brake,
Yea, His own body gave!
Then let the Church her ease forsake,
Spend and be spent to save!

The Poet's Lay..... John Vance Cheney..... Atlantic Monthly

He that has sipped from the honey-cell,
O listen him, and wish him well!
His are the thoughts that live with roses,
With cloud-shapes where the sun-gate closes;
The glintings through green summer leaves
Are in the measures that he weaves;
There all the secrets murmured, purled
By brooks, or in the rosebud curled,
Or in the winds o' the nesting-tree,
Not sleep can keep from melody.
Light fancy has he, frail and fair,
Like the orchid, rooted in the air;
And yet so searching is his art,
Gray earth grows happy at her heart,
And wonders he, the while he sings,
At strangest bright, eternal things.
The accent is not all his own.
Betimes the god sings on alone.

Vietì Salutamus..... Alice Van Vliet..... Lippincott

We who have lost the battle
To you who have fought and won:
Give ye good cheer and greeting!
Stoutly and bravely done!

Reach us a hand in passing,
Comrades,—and own the name!
Yours is the thrill and the laurel:
Ours is the smart and shame.

Though we were nothing skillful,
Pity us not nor scorn!
Send us a hail as hearty—
"Stoutly and bravely borne!"

Others may scorn or pity;
You who are soldiers know.
Where was the joy of your battle,
Save in the grip with the foe?

Did we not stand to the conflict,
Did we not fairly fall?
Is it your crowns ye care for?
Nay, to have fought is all.

Humbled and sore we watch you,
Cheerful and bruised and lamed.
Take the applause of the conquered—
Conquered and unashamed!

*A Fo'cas'le Ballad..... Nixon Waterman..... A Book of Verses**

I've sailed as far as the winds dare blow,
And I've bunked a while in many a port;
The ships may come and the ships may go,
I've always found the time to court.
And I've learned one thing, and I swear it's true,
That, old or young, or black or white,
If you're good to her she's good to you,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.
Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her she's good to you,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

I've not been half what a sailor should;
But the lads are a careless lot of men,
For the gales they blow us away from good,
And seldom they blow us back again.
Yet never I've met with a sailor lad
Who was true to his lassie day and night
But he found her waiting, good and glad,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.
Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her, she's good to you,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

When the winds are low and the watch is long,
And our ship's asleep in a lazy sea,
I weave me many an idle song
For those who were better than I could be.
As I sing the words I swear are true,
That, old or young, or black or white,
If you're good to her, she's good to you,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.
Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her, she's good to you,—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

Vox Militantis..... B. Paul Neuman..... London Spectator

On the wide veldt, beneath the vaster sky,
The graves of battling Boer and Briton lie.
By day the sunlight watches o'er their sleep,
By night the stars their solemn vigil keep.

Cold, calm, and brilliant, from that awful height
They ask: "Were ye so weary of the light?
Ours the slow æons, yours the flying day,
Why reckless fling its noon and eve away?"

And lo, the answer: "Nay, but life was sweet,
Death a grim horror that we loathed to meet,
But Duty spurred us to the foremost place,
And Honor beckoned with a shining face."

*Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago. \$1.25.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

The Historical Novel.....Commercial Advertiser

The latest American historical novel reached its hundredth thousand in three weeks, and its three predecessors are still at high tide in the matter of sales. If these facts do not give what Adam Smith calls a fillip to the trade it will be because authors lack the commercial sense. By starting in time any man with a literary temperament and a capacity for compilation stands a very good chance of success in this field. The critics are bland and the public cordial, and there will be plenty of people to say that the fifth historical novel is better than any of the preceding four, and the sixth is more wonderful yet. And while hard work is necessary, it is a kind of work that can be systematized and makes comparatively slight drain on the creative force. It is a good, straightforward, definite job, with materials ready to your hand. A part of it consists in rearranging certain well-tried properties, and some parts could almost be let out on sub-contract. Almost any one will soon be able to handle the George Washington scenes, and duels will become a mere matter of clerical routine.

The public thus far has shown no disposition to discriminate between what a man invents and what he reproduces. This is what makes it easy. You do not have to create an atmosphere. It is already made for you. Historical associations will help you out when your art fails. Rig a man up in small clothes and silk stockings, give him a sword and a peruke and four or five old expletives and a hot temper and a brave heart, and the thing is half done. Put in a few "ans" and "tweres" and "tises" and "say I's" and the conversation will fit any past century you like. In the older historical novel they reproduced the spirit of ancient Rome or Jerusalem by making all the characters say thee and thou and talk generally like the Book of Common Prayer, but at present one or two archaisms suffice, and there need be no consistency in their use. Richard Carvel's conversation often spans three centuries in a single sentence. But none of these things are noticed if enough happens. That is the one relentless law of the present historical novel. The hero must be kept busy from beginning to end, with never an instant's pause in heroism. There is no interest in him apart from what happens to him. The art that can so build a character that he holds you whether he is doing anything worth mentioning or not is not needed here. For the business of clinging to the masts

of sinking ships, hurling back insults in other people's teeth, standing unmoved amid fearful carnage and waiting for a proud, capricious beauty to recognize his worth there is scarcely any need of a character at all. He is not a man but a literary storm centre, and requires only four or five large, plain virtues and a good physique.

This is nothing against the historical novel in itself, or against the latest examples of it, which in their own field do a very useful work. They leave no reader the worse for them; they are monuments of diligence, and they fix some facts of history (on the whole, more facts than fallacies) in people's minds. It is only the current comment on them that does the harm. Their value is mainly educational, and they are not the best types of the literary art. People do not stop to think where the creator begins and where the note book leaves off; what effects are due to the writer and what to the momentum of his subject. Hence, a vast deal of praise for things with which the author had nothing to do. Jean Paul Jones, for example, will run along very well by himself, and the veriest stick of a hero will make headway when George Washington pats him on the back.

The Decline of the Memoir.....London Spectator

We confess to a catholic liking for memoirs of every sort, provided they be done well. From the small craft of anecdote-books and table-talk, and the elegant brigantines of diaries and collections of letters, to the great three-deckers of a Horace Walpole and a Boswell, we find the class one of the most entertaining in literature. We would sharply distinguish the memoir from the biography. The latter is a stiff and comprehensive work, conducted in a scientific spirit, with excursions in psychology and dissertations on ethics, and, speaking generally, a rounded philosophy. The true biographer must not make an idol of his subject; he must discriminate and criticise; and he must make a laborious search after truth. Hence biography—in this severe sense—is rarely abused, for only the great are its objects, and the man who essays it is, as a rule, a serious and competent person. But the memoir is a lesser work, though not necessarily in avoirdupois weight, for it may run to a dozen volumes. It is biography in undress, the private, domestic, temperamental side of life, depicted from a near point of view, and not with the scientific aloofness of biography. It may take the shape of reminiscences, when from a record

of preferences and impressions a man's character stands revealed, or its form may be the impersonal memoir published after death. It is a chronicle of little things, since three parts of life are made up of them, but the little things must have the meaning which Dr. Johnson claimed for them. "There is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

The memoir has become too common and too careless, and all grievances culminate in the great complaint that it is rarely literature. For literature involves distinction, conscience and a nice discrimination. Its bounds are very wide, but for that reason its limits, when they appear, are impassable. There is all the difference in the world between the gossip of a Pepys and a Boswell and the chatter of the hack journalist. In the case of men who have filled a great place, there may be an historical interest apart from the artistic. It may be valuable for the future student to know where Metternich or Bismarck dined on some particular night, though the dinner itself was dull. But such cases must be the exceptions; with the common celebrity we want a direct human interest. We would not for the world miss one of Johnson's comments or Pepy's confessions. When the little Secretary to the Admiralty chronicles his repentances and his peccadilloes, the humors of Lady Castlemaine, the excellence of his wife's pasties, and the glories of his "new summer black bombazine"; when Swift talks of Sir Patrick and Lady Masham's children, and the dinners at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; when Horace Walpole draws his acrid, unforgettable portraits of the men and women he knew; when Boswell builds up from scattered anecdotes and broken conversations the most complete figure of a man in English letters—then we know the value of the "little things" which are the foundation of a memoir. But the detail must be illustrative of character, that illuminating commonplace which cannot be overvalued, and it must be in itself a contribution to the gaiety or edification of the world. Greville gives us the stock-pot of history; Mr. Froude's memoir of Carlyle, with all its faults, has a profound psychological interest; while Sir Algernon West—to descend to lesser instances—has a keen eye for humor and the proper manner. These are instances of detail which are justified; but how often is all justification absent? The shoals of biographies of dull, pompous, priggish people, which have no possible historical interest, and none of the savor of wit, books without form or true matter, sandy deserts of infinite triviality—what is to be said of them?

Even when the subject is all that can be desired and the author capable, the modern custom of haste leaves the work crude and incomplete. Now and then the perfect memoir, such as Sir Henry Cunningham's sketch of Lord Bowen, arises to point the contrast; but for the rest, we have our Church dignitaries, our minor travelers, our heroes of the turf, and our inconsiderable litterateurs—each in two volumes with portraits.

Some day, we venture to predict, there will be an estate-duty upon this form of wealth; but till that enlightened hour, let us insist upon the fact that memoir-writing is an art and not a catalogue. The memoir is an essay in the science of selection, as difficult a form as any in literature. In our own country it has been done supremely well; all the more reason, therefore, why we should protest against its decline. In the first place, let it be restricted in subject. In the second place, let it be regarded as literature, and not as the casual skimmings of daily journalism. And above all things, let its matter be compressed and assorted. The touchstone of selection may be as varied as possible, but let the selection be there. A man (or his biographer) must be indeed possessed of extraordinary self-conceit if he thinks that every petty detail of his daily life is of interest to posterity when crudely and boldly set forth. If life "demands an art," so does the memoir.

The Rank of Fiction.....Morley Roberts.....Literature (London)

The influence of writers is undoubtedly great, but curiously enough it has been greatest upon themselves. They absolutely believe they are a necessary portion of the universe, and can as hardly imagine a world without a printing press as a Turk can think of a universe without tobacco. And those who write fiction suffer from megalomania with even less reason than the historian, the dramatist, or the poet. The vocal necessarily and always outweighs the dumb. The silent door kicks the beam when the loud hero of his own romance bounces into the scale. The writers insist day in and day out that they are the elect and the salt of the earth and have a certain monopoly of brains, until at last the world believes it. Advertisement always tells, and when the whole Press exalt the pressman (not only the journalist) those drugs which are recommended become necessary. And who, except in a wilderness, can raise his voice against such an outcry?

Personally it has always seemed to me more than absurd that so many writers should hold an exaggerated view of their necessity in the scheme of the universe. But they were once among the

public, and were wrought on by other and earlier fictioneers; so that at last, when they come into their kingdom, they, too, are as gods. They are immortal and have claims to rare immortality. And the poorer of them combine faith in both worlds. They will run with the literary hare and hunt with the world's hounds. If any, unselected by the gods, take their stand merely as sensible purveyors of fiction and endeavor to establish themselves in a remunerative business with a cash basis, the very papers, dominated by a love of pure Art, denounce them, and the children of both worlds are sorry. It never occurs to them or the journals that a novel having any real connection with literature is as rare as a blue moon, or as the four-leaved shamrock. No, they declare a writer is somebody sacrosanct, who walks in laureled Academe, and has a house, if possible, in the paradise of Park Lane. He must sit on a tripod, or a piece of furniture by Sheraton, and pretend that gas is inspiration and that all his six-shilling books are as full-bodied prophecy.

A thing has only to be repeated with sufficient frequency and emphasis to be believed. Mud will stick, but so will guilt on any ginger-bread elephant of the toy-books of fiction. When there is no contradiction falsehood goes easily. And then all writers join together in an organic chorus to declare they are the salt of the earth. As everybody who can construct a paragraph is thereby of the brotherhood of the saints of the pen, not a soul remains to write or print "nay." The real men who do things, though they may have a lingering suspicion, natural to the silent, that a bridge is a better thing than a ballad, and an energetic engineer a finer God's gift than the most firmly established novelist, end in believing the lofty traditions of literature. Possibly they do not even smile when they read, or hear, that poor Hume declared a mediocre success in letters more desirable than the highest rank in other professions. What fustian it all is, but then where motley is not worn, fustian is in fashion.

It is perhaps possible that Hume's keen and clear intellect was not so obfuscated as this pronouncement would seem to imply. He may have even understood that a mediocre success implied a moderate acquaintance with literature, and that it was really necessary to be original in some small way to attain it. The poorest writer who does or thinks something not done or thought before may yet remain as a monument. But if that is so, it is not his writing but his thinking that made him memorable. After all it is only what is really done by the writer that is good. If he is anything he is the doer after all. Most of our modern books, and especially our fiction,

are fairly good talking. They are certainly not the best talking and rarely have anything of newness in them. And some of the best talkers are unaware that they are speaking literature. I have met a young American woman who talked better and fresher literature than most new books that I have read for years. She did not know it, and thought letters a far-off, splendid, visionary career. But most people now talk about novels. They discuss the tenth-rate talk of a tenth-rate talker.

If there is anything eternal in a book the world will be the better for it. But there is little that is eternal in most talk, except that it hardly ceases. If ten good men might save a city, even half a truth may sometimes preserve a book from present corruption. The writer and the book must justify themselves. What makes a book or novel literature is that it is literature. What this is we know at last with difficulty, but we cannot declare it. It is the open secret of incorruption, known only by its remaining when others are dust. The glory terrestrial, that is exhibited in a catarract of editions, may be nothing. For this is the letter, and literature is of the spirit. And though many books, that are dead, yet remain, they are as sarcophagi. Their style may be marmorean, or of basalt or granite, but they can only remain in a museum. And those with neither style nor matter only exist for a moment in the windy mouths of passing men.

Few books, indeed, are necessary. And fewer writers. The annihilation of any class of real workers would disturb the world's economy till the loss was repaired. A law to abolish novelists would have no startling effect. It would perhaps set a number of able-bodied men working at something that was wanted. And in a year or two the public would have forgotten that it ever needed novels. Any one with anything to say would still say it, and we might have more real teachers among us.

American Letters.....William P. Trent.....The Dial

With comparatively little trouble I have made out a list of one hundred and fifty authors living to-day within the United States—with the exception of one or two exiles—all or nearly all of whom would, I think, deserve to have their work considered, to a fair extent at least, by a literary historian working on the scale adopted by Professor Moses Coit Tyler. The writer of a handbook or a school manual could undoubtedly afford to pass over a third or more of these names; but a real investigator of the period would not omit nearly so many. It is needless to say that before this article is printed my list will

have been destroyed, and that I have no intention of giving it here. After all, the individual names do not matter much; what does matter is the large total and the classes into which it may be distributed.

I find that of my one hundred and fifty names twenty-seven are poets; twenty-seven critics and essayists; sixty-seven novelists; nineteen historians; and ten miscellaneous writers whom it is difficult to classify. Of course some of these authors, like Mr. Howells and Dr. van Dyke—for I do not mind saying that both are on my list—might easily be included under three of the above heads, but I have placed them where they seem primarily to belong. Now what conclusions do these figures seem to suggest?

In the first place they tell us what we already knew, that fiction is the dominant literary form of the day. They show also that criticism and history are holding their own well, as we should naturally have inferred. They prove, too, that writers still own allegiance to poetry, even if most readers do not. They show furthermore, I think, that the tendency to specialization of scholarship, so marked of late years, has not had quite the deleterious effect upon the production of real literature that might have been expected. Not a few of the critics, historians and miscellaneous writers included above are specialists whose minute studies have not prevented them from acquiring a broad, liberal culture. Finally, our figures seem to prove that in spite of or perhaps in reaction from our utilitarian character as a people, a decided majority of our writers who have made their marks have striven to succeed in the highest regions of imaginative literature. These aspiring souls may not in the end invalidate the judgment passed upon our literature, and more especially its prose, by Professor George R. Carpenter, to the effect that its sound, common sense, wholesome qualities make it essentially a "citizen's literature"; but they are doing their best to set it beside literatures rich in imaginative works, such as those of Great Britain and France. The literature in which such a tendency can be discovered is surely in no unhealthy state, even if it can at the time boast of few living writers of eminent originality.

But the figures given are susceptible of other manipulations—more or less instructive. The list was made out with no thought as to the respective proportions of the two sexes represented; at the end it was found that they stood as five to one in favor of the sex that has hitherto dominated literature. This seems to be on the whole not a bad showing for our women, and the disparity is likely to decrease in the future in view of the large

amount of reading done by women, the spread of higher education among them, and the remarkable literary activity of their various clubs. The showing made by them appears to be still more noticeable from the fact that with practically only one exception every woman counted is doing work in either poetry or fiction—that is, in the highest ranges of literature. The more ideal sex has the more ideal aims.

From some points of view literature should know neither section nor country, but it is interesting to observe that of the one hundred and fifty names selected nearly one hundred should be credited to the North and East, and the remainder almost evenly divided between South and West. New England is still influential, but does not dominate our literature as formerly. The Middle States have at last equaled her or surpassed her—perhaps in consequence of the growth of a distinct school of literary New Yorkers; the West has proved that business prosperity is not its only ideal; and the New South has distinguished itself in no way so much as by finding in its young writers an articulate voice. It is true that many of the authors credited to the West and South have found it desirable to join the important group of writers that has wrested the primacy from Boston and made New York the literary centre of the country; but they still, like Mr. James Lane Allen, continue in their writings to smack of the soil upon which their youth was spent. On the other hand, this setting of the literary tide toward New York, which is paralleled by the similar movements toward London, Paris and Berlin, is somewhat counterbalanced by the facts that in the past few years Boston has shown increased activity in publishing, that Chicago has become a centre of the trade in the Northwest, and that even in comparatively smaller cities numerous important firms are stimulating the energy of local authors and scouring the country to discover fresh talent. It seems quite certain that from Boston to San Francisco the future is likely to witness a fair development of local writers and publishers.

This matter of local centres is more important than it appears at first sight. The great centres of artistic and literary production in the past, from Athens to the Boston of the Transcendentalists, have been also centres of a homogeneous population. Can a really great literature grow up in the midst of a heterogeneous population, and how far are we Americans a heterogeneous people? These questions confront every serious student of our literature, and it would at least seem that our literary future would be more assured if we could be certain that the growth of

New York, which is quite inevitable, would not prevent the development of local centres. Even as it is, we may find profit in noting that the comparatively homogeneous population of the South has made the greatest relative advance in the last twenty years, and that in the South, as elsewhere, it seems in the main to be the comparatively homogeneous stocks or strains of population, like those of Tennessee and Kentucky, that have furnished both writers and subjects for literary exploitation.

The Milton Manuscripts.....Edmund Gosse.....Atlantic Monthly

In 1691—seventeen years after the death of Milton, and when his poetry was just beginning to be recognized as a national glory—Sir Henry Newton-Puckering, a considerable benefactor to the library of the college, presented to it nearly four thousand volumes. At this time the Master was the Hon. John Montague, the immediate predecessor of Bentley. It appears that among the donations of Sir Henry Puckering was one which outweighed all the others in value, but was entirely unobserved. This was a packet of thirty loose and tattered folio leaves, almost covered with the handwriting of Milton. During the next forty years these leaves must have brushed the very confines of dissolution; at any moment the caprice of an ignorant custodian might have condemned them to the flames. It is odd to think that the great Bentley, deeply interested alike in texts and in Milton, had these originals at his elbow for forty years, and never suspected their existence.

It is supposed that about the year 1735 they attracted the notice of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Charles Mason, who had succeeded Conyers Middleton in 1731, and who was an investigator of books and libraries. He put a note upon them—"Milton's Juvenile Poems, etc., seemingly the original"—and he drew the attention of a person more purely literary than himself to the value of his discovery. Thomas Clarke—afterwards Sir Thomas, and Master of the Rolls—"was always a lover of the Muses," and he was at the expense of a handsome shrine for the disjected members of "the most learned and almost divine Poet." But Clarke left Trinity soon after, and the guardianship of the richly bound, thin folio seems to have passed back into the hands of Mason until his death in 1762. During the eighteenth century, from the year 1738, when Birch first made reference to them, the manuscripts were frequently appealed to as authorities by the annotators and editors of Milton.

Mr. Aldis Wright speaks ruefully of the advantages which these early critics had in con-

sulting the folio before it had "suffered from the carelessness with which it was too freely shown to visitors." Even Lamb—the unthankful Elia—had an opportunity of glancing at what we shall never see. During the present century—indeed, not more than (I believe) forty years ago—a slip fastened on the inside of one of the pages of the manuscript of Comus, and containing seventeen lines of that poem intended to take the place of those on the opposite page, was stolen. It was securely gummed or pasted on, and it resisted so successfully the snatch with which the thief tore at it that the initial letters of thirteen of the lines remained on the fragment which is left. A great mystery is involved in this remarkable and useless theft, and there are old men who shake their heads, and "could tell, an' they would," strange tales about it.

The Milton book at Trinity is the most precious manuscript of English literature in the world. Nothing of Shakespeare's work remains in his own handwriting; nothing important, so far as we know, of Chaucer's or of Spenser's. Of later poets, indeed, we possess manuscripts of more or less value and interest. But in no other case that I can recall, ancient or modern, has it been our privilege to examine the sheets in which, through several years of the highest creative intensity, a great poet has left on record the very movement of his mind and the hesitations and selections of his art in the act of its production. When that poet is Milton, the most splendid artist in verse whom the English race has produced, the importance of the document stands revealed beyond any need of emphasis or insistence. In the Trinity manuscript everything is the unquestioned handwriting of Milton, except some of the sonnets, which have evidently been copied by successive amanuenses.

The authorities of Trinity College, divided between the sense of the solemn trust which the possession of the most interesting of all English manuscripts lays upon them and the wish not to act like dogs in a manger, have at last hit upon an admirable solution of the dilemma. Under the superintendence of that great scholar, to whom English literature and Cambridge alike owe so much, Mr. Aldis Wright, they have issued, in a limited edition, in very sumptuous form, an exact and complete facsimile of their Milton manuscripts. They may now inclose their treasure in a crystal casket; the excuse for its being touched by even the most learned scholar is gone. Now, too, for the first time, we can examine in peace, and without a beating heart and blinded eyes, the priceless thing in its minutest features.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Herbert Spencer, whose portrait appears on the cover of *Current Literature* this month, was eighty years old on April 27 of this year. The crown and glory of English thought in the nineteenth century, the philosopher who will unquestionably mold the intellectual advance of the twentieth, Spencer devoted forty years to the perfection of his Synthetic philosophy, undaunted by poverty and ill health. He was forced to publish the early volumes of his system at his own cost, finding recognition first in America, where Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. had the far-seeing courage to undertake their publication. It is just a little more than forty years ago, in March, 1860, that Spencer formulated the programme of his life-work, which was to begin with *First Principles*, knowable and unknowable, and continue through the *Principles of Biology* down to the *Principles of Ethics*. It would be vain to attempt an outline of this gigantic work here, beyond the general statement that the Synthetic Philosophy traces the law of evolution in both animate and inanimate life, in nature and man, in the animal and vegetable as well as the human world, in the sphere of sense and in that of conscious and moral aspiration, in biology and psychology, sociology and ethics. The strength of the synthetic philosophy lies in its basis, which is science, or rather, the discoveries of science. It does not recognize the existence of an extraneous vital, or moral, or intellectual principle, wherewith other philosophers have tried to account for the difference between man and the rest of creation, but sees the workings of but one law—that of Evolution, of progress, in all. It does not distinguish between the material and the spiritual world, holding both subject to the same course of development, but acknowledges the existence of the Unknowable. It is concerned with phenomena, leaving the power behind them unexplored. "Like Job, Goethe and Carlyle, and all kindred thinkers, Mr. Spencer stands uncovered before the power behind phenomena—the awe-inspiring power, the infinite and eternal, before which, now as of old, the fit attitude of the human soul is one of great silence and devout humility." The reign of the atheistic scientist, who blazoned forth his atheism rather than the results of his scientific studies, is past. It did not endure long, for Huxley led the way toward the corrector, the modester attitude when he coined the admirable word "agnostic" to describe his own relation toward Spencer's Unknowable.

Perhaps man will progress until some day he shall stand face to face with the Infinite, but speculations of such magnitude must be left to the future. A book on the philosopher and his philosophy, Herbert Spencer, by Mr. Hector Macpherson, from whose pages we have just quoted, was recently published with Mr. Spencer's consent. It must have been no easy task to secure, not only his acquiescence in the publication of this work but his assistance, in a certain sense, in its preparation, for the philosopher has all his life been averse to publicity of any kind. He has declined consistently all academic honors, English and foreign, all the decorations which European rulers would so gladly bestow upon him, and there is something imposing in this rule, made for sound philosophic reasons, of the master-mind of the century. The book is an excellent piece of work, not blindly following subject in all details, an able exposition of the philosophy of the coming century. Mr. Spencer has lived, against his own expectation, we believe, to complete his work. In one of its recent numbers the Academy, congratulating Mr. Spencer on his eightieth birthday, paid this tribute to his style, which, warm as it is, is not extravagant. For Spencer, like Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, is a model of the possibilities of the English tongue in clearness and strength:

"There are others who, like Prof. W. H. Hudson, would have us believe that Spencer's writings are 'couched in a singularly condensed and unattractive style.' But surely such individuals have paid little attention to authors and the styles appropriate to different kinds of subject-matter. From historians who mostly treat of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of men we expect the free gait of a Macaulay or a Froude, and from prophets who generally pass large judgments on the universe without being at the trouble of trying to ascertain what it consists of we look for the tingling rhetoric of a Ruskin or a Carlyle. And Spencer has always been careful to vary and adjust his style according to circumstances, using clear, measured sentences when engaged in exposition, becoming at times placidly severe when dealing with critics, playfully ironical when handling palpable absurdities, and rising to grave and sober eloquence when face to face with the mystery which lies at the heart of things. There are passages in his writings as stately as anything in Milton's prose, while there are occasional little side-thrusts which pierce as deeply as any

of Voltaire's winged arrows. The infinite, eternal energy which underlies all phenomena, the awful periodicity of the universe, and

"The moving row

Of magic shadow shapes that come and go

are never far from his thoughts, and prompt him at times to utter words which are not far removed from the emotional language of the poet. His lighter side is equally effective. Nothing could be neater than the passage where, after contrasting the conduct of rude tribes with that of Europeans during the greater part of the Christian era, noting in the one case the peaceful daily life and the resulting virtues, and in the other the political burglaries to acquire territory, and the long list of individual and national sins, he exclaims, 'What a pity these heathens cannot be induced to send missionaries among the Christians!' If Spencer's profound views fly over the heads of most people, it is not for lack of style in presenting them, but simply because the road to the popular mind is so obstructed that bolts of close reasoning cannot be driven into it no matter how deftly the bolts are molded. And yet Spencer has triumphed, and triumphed unmistakably. When he finished his task, four years ago, he expressed surprise at his audacity in having undertaken it, and still greater surprise at having completed it. He might fittingly have added his surprise at the deep mark his teaching has made. For his dominant note has caught on and leavened the thought of our time."

While recently visiting a Chicago friend Miss Beatrice Harraden, the English novelist, gave this account of her experience as an author: From the start my aim was high. When only seventeen I made my first serious literary attempt. It was a short story called *The Voice of the Violin*, and I summoned the bravery to send it to Blackwood's Magazine, wherein George Eliot and many other great British authors had made their fame. Oh, how eagerly did I watch the post for something from the celebrated editorial office which should make known the fate of my first effort! Finally the token came. The bulky envelope told me the whole story of rejection and disappointment. With the impulsiveness of an irritated schoolgirl, I threw the packet unopened into my trunk and turned my thoughts in other directions. Weeks later, in obedience to another impulse of the moment, I went to my chamber, took the envelope from the trunk and tore it open. There was the ill-fated story, to be sure, but with something which was destined to exercise a strong influence upon the bent of my life.

It was a long and kind autograph letter from William Blackwood himself, in which he said that, though the first little story could not be given place in the pages of the magazine, he saw in it the promise of things to come so excellent that he felt convinced that experience would make me a real Blackwood writer. This compliment was not lost on me, for I was familiar with the rich literary traditions of the Blackwood house. The letter also invited me to continue sending stories until acceptance should finally be the reward of perseverance, and assured me that Mr. Blackwood would give me the benefit of personal criticism. That first story was sent to Belgravia and accepted; but my ambition was to get something into Blackwood's. Time after time I sent to the famous Edinburgh house the best work of which I was capable—only to receive it back again with a generously painstaking letter pointing out its defects and giving definite advice for future efforts. One day I posted an unpretending sketch called *The Umbrella Mender*, thinking it would return to me in due season as my other efforts had done. Instead, I received a characteristic note from Mr. Blackwood telling me, in happy terms, that I had fairly won a place in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. After that I had fair sailing until I offered *Ships That Pass in the Night*. Mr. Blackwood at last gave it as his opinion that the book would not sell. This forced me to look elsewhere for a publisher who would take it. The sale was very large. Not in the least, however, did this experience shake my sense of loyalty to Mr. Blackwood, and I gave him my next story as readily as if there had been no such episode. Beatrice Harraden confesses herself a "fiery British patriot," and just before sailing for England, a few weeks since, she declared: "I'm eager to get back so that I can go down to the docks and welcome the victorious soldier boys as they come home from fighting the Boers. Why, I haven't had so much as a chance for one good, rousing, patriotic cheer. But I'll make up for lost time when I get back to the dear old town where the air is full of just that sort of thing." Miss Harraden has probably the shortest working day of any writer who labors systematically. She permits herself to work but ninety minutes a day. In this brief time, however, she accomplishes a marvelous amount of work. When asked if she did not do any mental work outside of her appointed hour and a half of labor she answered: "Unconsciously, perhaps; but not to focus anything. During all the remainder of the time I try to be diligently idle so far as literary thought is concerned." Of her own novels, Miss Harraden is

said to regard The Fowler as a much stronger piece of work than Ships That Pass in the Night.

The Critic says some true and pretty things of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, the beloved wife of the novelist. She has had a varied life, such as might have tried the endurance of an ordinary woman. But if she ever fainted under the primitive conditions of existence in the South Seas, no one knew it. She was equally at home upon a well-appointed yacht or a "cockroach steamer," beguiling the time with infinite resources when the ship lay becalmed, undismayed by tempests and sudden squalls, and whether upon a lonely atoll or under the palms in an island village, setting up her household gods, and making each spot a home. She has begun more than one voyage as an unwelcome passenger. The captain and crew wanted "no fine ladies" aboard. There was "no accommodation for ladies." In short, they were afraid of having to wear their company manners every day. But invariably the end of the voyage found every man on board, from the captain to the Chinese cook, her devoted friend and servant. Her courage in an emergency, her uncomplaining fortitude in the matter of rats and cockroaches, her calm acceptance of South Sea customs, called forth enthusiastic approval. She could cook like a French chef, bind up a wound as well as a surgeon, devise sports and invent games, and had invaluable remedies stowed away in a little old medicine chest. She looked after the health and comfort of the wild-mannered native sailors as kindly and unaffectedly as she taught Ah Foo to make bread, with cocoanut toddy for yeast, or drew out the captain or mate to talk of his home and family. A half-caste sailor once said: "Mr. Stevenson is good to me like my father and his wife is the same kind of man." King Tembinoke said of her: "She good; look pretty; plenty 'chench'" (sense). Perhaps, says the Critic, they both meant what Edmund Gosse, the poet, so well expressed when he wrote of her as "dark and rich-hearted, like some wonderful wine-red jewel." But her husband caps all praise to her in some stanzas ending:

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

Dinners given by publishers to their favorite authors are not infrequent, but there are few instances in which prosperous writers have returned the compliment. One of the most notable cases of late years, says the Saturday Evening Post,

was the dinner given to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, in New York, on the occasion of the publication of Penelope's Progress. This feast was made memorable by the recitation by the author of the following poem composed expressly for the occasion:

Publication dinners now are somewhat out of style;
The publishers themselves believe it's hardly worth
the while
To feed a man whose books don't sell with food he
cannot earn,
And as for the successful man, they plausibly affirm
That when they've paid a fortune down, they really
do not feel
As though an author, gorged with gold, deserves an
extra meal!
And so the jubilant young scribe who loves his
latest book;
And longs to celebrate its birth by some means,
hook or crook,
Invites his friends, leaves out his foes, and spreads
the festal board
With flowers fair and viands rare (the which he
can't afford!),
And nothing does he grudge of this expenditure of
wealth,
Because it titillates his pride to have you drink his
health,
But it is not my health to-night that I would have
you drink—
Though 'twould be sweetest flattery to hear your
glasses clink—
I toast the best of publishers an author ever had;
Their royalties are always good, when sales are not
too bad;
They never grow too rich themselves, nor fail and
sell your plates;
They always settle with you at the highest
(author's) rates!
Their manner is as cordial when your last book
fell below
The fifty-thousand-copy-mark as if it were not so;
And if perchance a hundred thousand volumes have
been sold,
They never gush; are not surprised; your triumph
they'd foretold.
So fill your glasses, raise them high, 'tis not a usual
toast;
Poor publishers! the dish they get is commonly a
"roast!"
Be true to Harper's, Scribner's, too, to Dodd &
Mead also,
But for the moment pledge with me the Houghton-
Mifflin Co!

My first book, says Israel Zangwill in Success, was written while I was a student at London University, and when I was about seventeen years of age. A fellow-student suggested that I should write a Jewish story, the proceeds from the sale of which would finance a proposed comic paper. I was quite willing. If he had suggested an epic, I should have written it. So I wrote the story in four evenings (I always write in spurts) and within ten days from the inception of the idea

the booklet was on sale in coverless pamphlet form. The printing cost ten pounds. I paid five and the friend who had suggested the book paid five, and we divided the profits. My first book (price one penny, net,) went well. It was loudly denounced by those it described and widely bought by them. It was hawked about the streets. One little shop in Whitechapel sold four hundred copies. It was even on Smith's bookstalls. There was curiosity among Jews to know the name of the writer. Owing to my anonymity, I was enabled to see those enjoying its perusal who were afterward to explain to me their horror and disgust at its illiteracy and vulgarity. I do not possess a copy of my first book, but, somehow or other, I discovered the manuscript when writing *Children of the Ghetto*. The description of market-day in Jewry was transferred bodily from the manuscript of the first book. My advice to struggling fellow-scribblers is: If you are blessed with some talent, a great deal of industry and an amount of conceit mighty enough to enable you to disregard superiors, equals and critics, as well as the fancied demands of the public, it is possible, without friends or introductions, or bothering celebrities to read your manuscripts, or cultivating the camp of log-rollers, by dint of slaving day and night for years, during the flower of your youth, to attain to fame infinitely less widespread than a prize-fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might, with far less trouble, have been born to.

Edmund Gosse gives an interesting account in the *Atlantic* of what he considers the most interesting of all English manuscripts, thirty loose and tattered folio pages almost covered with the handwriting of John Milton, and regarded as the chief treasure of the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. A facsimile of these manuscripts has recently been published. They contain the originals of some of the minor poems, written after he left Cambridge and was at Horton during some five years of happy retirement and intellectual culture. On these sheets he had written the first drafts of his poems and what a revelation of loving literary care they are! One can see even Milton struggling for the right word, correcting false starts in his opening lines, cancelling a whole poem with strong cross pen marks, trying seven variants before he finally settled on "endless morn of light," as it is in the ode *At a Solemn Musick*, piecing out his harmonies here and there with a word that was more musical than the word discarded, improving always with each change. The manuscripts are a veritable little workshop of one of the greatest

of geniuses. It is interesting to know, for instance, that the fine line

"And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies,"

was originally

"To hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies."

To see *Comus* and *Lycidas* in their original idea and fashioning is no light literary privilege. *Comus* in these manuscripts was in the rough; *Lycidas* had been written down in nearly its final form. Page after page has hints and suggestions for dramas on Biblical subjects, and there is the scheme of a great epic to be called *Britain's Troy*, the contents of thirty-three books on scenes having been indicated. "He sketches in this manuscript," says Mr. Gosse, "more or less freely, a *Paradise Lost*, an *Adam Unparadised*, an *Abram in Egypt*, a *Deluge*, a *Sodom Burning*, and names or suggests innumerable other themes."

It is said that Miss Corelli the novelist has relaxed her austerity somewhat, and that under her own supervision and with her own approval a volume is to be prepared giving an account of her life and the story of her literary career and its aims. The book, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, will be extremely interesting, for even those who deny Miss Corelli's right to claim permanent literary merit cannot deny that she has been a striking and forcible figure. Those who know her say she is a most interesting personality as well. They are not many, however, for, even when she lived in London, Miss Corelli's life was a retired one and she went little to the regular haunts of writers and journalists. Her habits of work led her to the quiet of the country. It was tucked away in a corner of Hants that an American visitor, on one of those literary pilgrimages to which Americans are so faithful, asked of the broad-faced landlord if it was not under his roof that Keats had written his *Endymion*, and might she not see the room. "Keats—Keats!" The landlord scratched his grizzled head—and then, with a sudden brightening: Ah! but he could show the room where Marie Corelli had written *The Sorrows of Satan*. For the last few years Miss Corelli has been living in Stratford-on-Avon, less than ever in touch with literary-London. A few friends come to see her, that is all. Miss Corelli's first house in Stratford was a very ancient one, said to have been built by Shakespeare's son-in-law. Later she has moved to a house called *Avon Grange*, which, if less rich in historical memories, is a no less charming house. Miss Corelli is an acquisition

to Stratford, and is ready to help in any public or charitable enterprise. London could not make her leave her retirement, but Stratford has induced her even to open bazaars with a speech for the charity in aid of which the sale was held.

Clinton Ross, who was for some time a more or less conspicuous figure in New York literary life, left this city about a year ago in poor health to rest at his home in the northern part of the State, and since that time little has been heard of him here. Now news comes, according to the New York Sun, that his condition has become much more serious, and that he is not likely for some time to resume his activity as a writer. Mr. Ross' work was very popular for a few years, and his success as a novelist was the more surprising because he had little or no preparation for a literary career. He belonged to a family of independent means, and sudden financial disaster compelled its members to support themselves after they had for years believed that such a thing would never be necessary. Before that time Mr. Ross had published one book as an amateur writer, and it did not seem likely he would undertake anything much more ambitious. But under necessity he proved that he could work with great rapidity and sustain a degree of merit which made his tales for a while among the most popular of their kind. Two years ago he was struck and injured by a large sign which was blown from the roof of a building in upper Broadway. He recovered from this accident apparently, and the memory of it survives to-day only through a story in which he embodied his experiences at that time.

William Sage, the author of Robert Tourney, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, is the youngest son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, who is known as a writer of works on American history and English literature. Mr. Sage descends from a long line of Massachusetts and Connecticut ancestors, but was born in the State of New Hampshire. When about twelve years old he was sent to the Gunnery, a school first made famous, many years ago, by one of Dr. Holland's novels. From there he went to France as a schoolboy, and afterwards to Stuttgart, Germany, where he finished his education. On his return to America he began a business life, entering as a clerk the banking house of Baring, Magoun & Co., New York City, where he remained several years; but his health failing, he went again to Europe, and on his return attempted literary work. He first wrote short stories and sketches, some of which were published in

Short Stories and the New York Ledger. But he shortly began to entertain the idea of writing a novel. His interest in history, especially in American and French history, has always been very great, and his knowledge of the localities and the incidents of the French Revolution very naturally furnished him with suggestion.

Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet), who has recently been in this country, tells a good story at his own expense: "I was lecturing to the students of a religious college," said O'Rell; "but, before I began, one of the professors, a very solemn man, stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he asked the Lord to permit the audience to see the point of my jokes. This was the petition, as it fell upon my astonished ears, and it impressed me so much that I afterwards wrote it down as a souvenir or keepsake: 'O Lord,' said the petitioner, 'Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have to-night with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them.' I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether those particular auditors were so dull that they needed Divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

The Boston Transcript is the authority for the following new story about the poet Walt Whitman: Whitman's grandmother was a Quaker, and the bard had been all his life used, Quaker fashion, to sitting in the house with his sombrero on, if it suited him so to do. One day, with a friend, he entered the gloomy and half-empty precincts of Trinity Church, New York, and took a back seat in the obscurity, and for a moment forgot to remove his hat, or was probably just about to do so when an officious verger stepped up and requested him to take it off. Walt, a man of immense pride, not seeing fit to do so instantaneously, or being very slow in his mental processes, was taking the matter into consideration for a second when the verger knocked the offending hat off his head. Walt picked up the huge felt, and doubling it together, smote the fellow vigorously twice or thrice with it on the head, and slowly left the church, the red-faced sexton following and threatening him with the law!

Our Negro Types*

By N. S. SHALER.

Dean of the Scientific School of Harvard University.



The proportion of the negroes in our Southern States who have white ancestry in any degree does not, in my opinion, exceed one-tenth, and may be as small as one-twentieth of the whole number. Judging only by the hue of the skin, the observer will be likely to make the proportion larger, for the reason that he will include many persons who, because they come from stocks that were not black-skinned, appear at first sight to be mulattoes of some degree. These Eu-African as we may term them—imitating in the term the useful word Eurasian, which is applied to the mixture of European and Asiatic people in India—are in appearance exceedingly diverse, the variety being caused by the varying share of the blood of the two races, as well as by the diversities of the stocks to which the parents belong.

Besides the mixture of the European and black, we have another less well known but not uncommon between the negro and the Indian. This is often met with among the remnants of the Indian tribes in all the eastern part of the United States. The two groups of primitive people appear to have found their despised lot a basis for a closer union.

Coming to the diversities of the stock among the pure Africans, we may first note the type which, in the rough judgment of the public, is the real or Guinea negro. That he is so taken is doubtless because he is the most distinctly characterized of all black people. The men of this well-known group are generally burly fellows, attaining at a relatively early age a massive trunk and strong thighs; they have thick necks and small though variedly shaped heads. The bridge of the nose is low, and the jaws protruding. The face, though distinctly of a low type, very often has a very charming expression—one in which the human look is blended with a remnant of the ancient animal who had not yet come to the careful stage of life. The women of this group are well made, but commonly less so than the men. In general form the two sexes of the group are much alike, a feature which also indicates an essentially low station. The people of this type form perhaps one-half of the Southern negroes.

Along with the Guinea type goes another much rarer, which at first sight might by the careless observer be confounded with the lower group. The only common features are the burly form

of both, the deep-black hue, and the general form of the features. The men we are now considering have a higher and in every way better head. Their foreheads are fuller, and the expression of the face, to my view, quite other than that of the Guinea men. In place of the sly, evasive child-animal look of the lower creature, this fellow has rather a lordly port, the expression of a vigorous, brave, alert man. This, which I am disposed to term the Zulu type, from the resemblance to that people, is on many accounts the most interesting of all the groups we have to consider. My idea that it may have come from the above-named tribe is based on an acquaintance with a party of Southern Africans who some forty years ago were brought to this country by a showman. I came to know them well. They were attractive fellows, of the same quality as certain blacks I had known in Kentucky. When I saw these strangers I perceived their likeness to certain able blacks whose features and quality had made impressions on my mind that remain clear to the present day. It is likely that this element of the negro people I have termed Zulu is not of any one tribe; it may be of several diverse stocks with no other common quality than that which vigor gives. They may, in part, be from Bangora tribes of the Congo Valley, or even Soudanese. The proportion of this group to the whole is small; because it merges into the other it can not well be estimated. I find that I have reckoned it in my notes as one-twentieth of the whole black population.

Set over against these robust blacks, but also of high quality, is a group less distinctly limited, which has for its characteristics a rather tall, lean form, a slender neck, a high head, and a thin face, usually with a nose of better form than is commonly found, sometimes approaching the aquiline. The skin of these people is often as black as that of the Guinea folk, yet it is of another hue—a deader black, perhaps due to some difference in the skin glands. Usually, however, there is a trace of brown in the complexion. Now and then the relative straightness of the hair and their facial profiles suggest that the peculiarity of this people is due to an admixture of Semitic (probably Arabian) blood. Negroes of this type are most abundant in the northern part of the South, particularly in Virginia. They are rare

*Popular Science Monthly.

in the plantation States. This is mayhap due to the fact that in the selection of people to be sold to the traders such delicate folk were retained where they belonged—as house servants. These rare negroes, which for lack of a better name will be termed Arabs, are few in number. They cannot be reckoned at more than one per cent.

Besides the comparatively recognizable types above reckoned, there is another which puzzles the observer. They are of varied shapes, generally, however, rather smaller than the average. Their peculiarity consists in the reddish-brown hue of their skins, which at first suggests that they are mulattoes. Their faces and hands are often distinctly blotched with darker patches, in the manner of freckles. At times I have been inclined to regard their features as indicating a tendency to albinism, or that change of pigment such as now and then gives silver foxes or white blackbirds. All things considered, it seems more likely that we have in these red negroes the remnant of a people once distinctly separated from the other black Africans. In favor of this view is the fact that the members of the group are very evenly distributed, as they would be if they were a distinct race, and not as we should expect to find them if they were the result of albinism or of a mixture of white blood. The number of this folk probably does not exceed one per cent.

When the observer has made the divisions above noted he has set apart a little more than one-half of the blacks he has tried to classify. Among the remainder he will have remarked other but indistinct types in a way that appears to indicate that several other fairly characterized groups might by close scrutiny be established. The greater part of this remainder, however, evidently consists of mixed people, who have come from a mingling of the original diverse stocks.

Imperfectly founded and inadequate as are the results of my rough inspection of the Southern negroes, they fairly serve to show some facts of importance to those who would helpfully foresee the future of the black people in this country. We may first remark that, notwithstanding the many distinct racial qualities and diversity which, to my eye, far exceed what we may observe among the whites of the United States, they are, with the exception of the mulattoes, in excellent physical condition. They are of curiously even, serviceable size, dwarfs and giants being very rare—much rarer than among the whites. The percentage of deformed persons is, so far as the eye can determine it, very low. I am fairly well acquainted with the peasant class in most of the European states, and I know of no region where the average condition of the folk appears to be

so good as it is among the Southern blacks. In fact, this state is doubtless due to the rigid selection which was had when the Africans were chosen for export; in part to the care of their bodies during the time when they were slaves. This results in a distinctly chosen people, well-fitted to carry the burdens of this world.

The variety of physical quality which appears to exist among the negroes is important, for the reason that it appears to be associated with mental differences even as great, thus affording a basis for the differentiation of the people as regards occupations and consequent station in life. It is even more difficult to get at the mental peculiarities of the several groups of black folk than it is to ascertain those of their bodies, so what I shall now set forth is stated with much doubt. It represents my own opinion, qualified by that of others whose judgments I have sought. In the Guinea type we have a folk of essentially limited intelligence. The children are rather nimble-witted, but when the body begins to be mature it dominates the mind. It seems likely that thus the largest element of the race is to find its place in the field or in the lower stages of craft work. The Zulu type appears to me fit for anything that the ordinary men of our own race can do. They remain through life alert and with a capacity for a vigorous reaction with their associates. From them may come the leaders of their kindred of less masterful quality. From the Arab type we may expect more highly educable people than is afforded by the other distinct groups. They have more delicate qualities. They lack the wholesome exuberance of the ordinary negro, which is commonly termed "bumptiousness." Their nature is often what we may term clerical. They are inclined to be sombre, but are not morose in the manner of a "musty" elephant, as is frequently the case with the Guinea and Zulu types. Of the red or freckled negroes I have no sufficient grounds for an opinion, yet they as a whole impress me less favorably than any other of the distinct groups. As for the unclassified remainder, it can only be said that they seem to be as varied in their mental as in their physical character.

The mulattoes of this country appear to be of less importance to the future of the people with which they are classed than they are in other parts of the world, where the white element of the mixture is from other than the Teutonic stock. They are in general of feeble vitality, rarely surviving beyond middle age. My father, an able physician, who had been for nearly all of a long life in contact with negroes, was of the opinion that he had never seen a half-breed who was more than sixty years old.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

Anti-Vivisection.....C. W. Eliot

[The following letter was sent by President Eliot, of Harvard University, to the Hon. James Mc-Millan, chairman of the committee of the anti-vivisection bill now before Congress.]

Harvard University,
Cambridge, March 19, 1900.

Dear Sir: I observe that a new bill on the subject of vivisection has been introduced into the Senate, Bill No. 34. This bill is a slight improvement on its predecessor, but is still very objectionable. I beg leave to state very briefly the objection to all such legislation.

1. To interfere with or retard the progress of medical discovery is an inhuman thing. Within fifteen years medical research has made rapid progress, almost exclusively through the use of the lower animals, and what such research has done for the diagnosis and treatment of diphtheria it can probably do in time for tuberculosis, erysipelas, cerebrospinal meningitis, and cancer—to name only four horrible scourges of mankind which are known to be of germ origin.

2. The human race makes use of animals without the smallest compunction as articles of food and as laborers. It kills them, confines them, gelds them and interferes in all manner of ways with their natural lives. The liberty we take with the animal creation in using utterly insignificant members of them for scientific researches is infinitesimal compared with the other liberties we take with animals, and it is that use of animals from which the human race has most to hope.

3. The few medical investigators cannot probably be supervised or inspected or controlled by any of the ordinary processes of Government supervision. Neither can they properly be licensed, because there is no competent supervising or licensing body. The Government may properly license a plumber, because it can provide the proper examination boards for plumbers; it can properly license young men to practise medicine, because it can provide the proper examination boards for that profession and these boards can testify to the fitness of candidates; but the Government cannot provide any board of officials competent to testify to the fitness of the medical investigator.

4. The advocates of anti-vivisection laws consider themselves more humane and merciful than the opponents of such laws. To my thinking these unthinking advocates are really cruel to their own race. How many cats or guinea-pigs

would you or I sacrifice to save the life of our child, or to win the chance of saving the life of our child? The diphtheria antitoxin has already saved the lives of many thousands of human beings, yet it is produced through a moderate amount of inconvenience and suffering inflicted on horses and through the sacrifice of a moderate number of guinea-pigs. Who are the merciful people—the few physicians who superintend the making of the antitoxin and make sure of its quality, or the people who cry out against the infliction of any suffering on animals on behalf of mankind?

It is, of course, possible to legislate against an improper use of vivisection. For instance, it should not be allowed in secondary schools, or before college classes for purposes of demonstration only; but any attempt to interfere with the necessary processes of medical investigation is, in my judgment, in the highest degree inexpedient and is fundamentally inhuman.

Very truly yours, C. W. Eliot.

Loss of Hair.....George Thomas Jackson, M.D......Medical Record*

In the present study I have not endeavored to touch upon any pathological or bacteriological question, but have simply tried to find out what my clinical experience teaches. I have chosen the term loss of hair rather than alopecia so that it would be readily understood that baldness was not present in every case. Most of the patients who consult us are losing their hair, and have not lost it.

Of the three hundred cases, a study of which forms the basis of this paper, 158 occurred in men and 142 in women.

A history of baldness in the family was found in 132 of the 300 cases. The most interesting fact brought out by these statistics is that the hereditary tendency to loss of hair runs in sex. So far as I know I am the first to draw the attention of the profession to this. When the father and father's family only show a tendency to loss of hair, there are 75 men and 21 women; while when the mother and mother's family only are concerned, there are 18 men and 32 women. When it was the father only who was bald, there are 27 men and 6 women; while when it was the mother only who was bald, there are 3 men and 13 women.

*Instructor of Dermatology in the Columbia University Medical School.

It seems to me that it is a fair inference to draw from the above that heredity is a factor of marked influence, a strong predisposing cause of loss of hair at least, if not in many instances the actual cause of baldness.

What influence does occupation have in causing loss of hair? My statistics show a great variety of occupations among those who are losing their hair. Two facts come out prominently, namely: (1) The great majority of my patients lead indoor lives. The 67 women put down as having no occupation belong to the leisure class of unmarried women, and are housed most of the time. (2) Nearly all of my patients belong to the intellectual class. That 13½ per cent. of them are physicians does not necessarily mean that physicians are specially prone to loss of hair, any more than because 18½ per cent. of them are housekeepers means that that occupation specially tends to loss of hair. And yet perhaps it does in both cases. The life of the physician and the housekeeper is alike in that their work is never done, and in that worry and nerve strain are constant elements. If we add together the actors, architects, bankers, brokers, housekeepers, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, nurses, physicians, students, teachers and telegraphers, all of which can fairly be regarded as occupations in which the elements of worry and nerve strain enter largely, we have 155, or more than one-half of our cases, subject to these influences. It may, then, be fairly inferred that an intellectual, indoor life, specially when coupled with worry and nerve strain, is a predisposing, if not a determining, cause of baldness.

My statistics show that the majority of the cases of loss of hair begin before the thirtieth year of age, sixty-six per cent. Further, more cases begin in the decade between the twentieth and thirtieth years than in any other decade, the largest number in any one year being 20 in the twenty-sixth year. It would seem, then, that if one passes the thirtieth year of age without showing signs of incipient baldness, the chances for keeping the hair intact are very much increased.

The loss of hair in women most often takes the form of a general thinning, while in men the whole top of the head is most often affected. The receding temple is very common in men, exceptional in women. I have come to regard the receding temple as a family trait, having often found it so in talking with patients. The tonsure was formed in only 19 of my male and 3 of my female patients. That the top of the head was so much more often affected in men than in women is doubtless due to the well-known difference in the make-up of the scalp in the two sexes,

the woman preserving the infantile fatty cushion under the scalp much longer than the man. If you put your hand on the head of a man you will usually find the scalp close down on the skull, while under the scalp of a woman you will feel a more or less thick layer between it and the skull.

As to the causes of loss of hair, apart from acute febrile diseases causing defluvium capillorum, which are not included in this study, we have predisposing and exciting causes. I believe that my statistics show that the great predisposing cause is heredity. We find that out of the 300 cases 132 have a well-marked family history of loss of hair. Without doubt in many of the cases of baldness in ancestors dandruff has played an important part. Still in a great many other diseases heredity is recognized as a predisposing factor, and it cannot be lightly set aside in the etiology of alopecia. I believe that in some families the hair falls at an early age without any discoverable cause in the scalp itself.

It is recognized that the hair sympathizes with the general nutrition of the body, falling out after fevers and the like. There does not seem to be any reason why it should not suffer in anæmia, 15 cases; dyspepsia, 30 cases; malaria, 10 cases; neurasthenia, 16 cases, and we see that it does. Therefore it can be stated as another conclusion that all diseases of lowered nutrition are predisposing, and at times determining, causes of loss of hair.

As exciting causes of loss of hair we find in ninety per cent. of all the cases some disease of the scalp or hair itself. In 218 cases, or 72½ per cent., there was dandruff. I use this term to include both pityriasis and seborrhœa sicca, both forms of seborrhœal dermatitis, so-called. There is no doubt that dandruff is found in connection with loss of hair in the majority of cases. It is a matter of common experience that dandruff may be present in large amount for years and the hair escape all damage. It does, however, antedate the loss of hair so often that it must be regarded as the most active exciting cause of alopecia. The important part played by dandruff in the production of alopecia is shown by the fact that if we can cure the dandruff the loss of hair is checked, unless the scalp has been too much damaged by the atrophic processes to which it gives rise. If the dandruff relapses the fall of hair will begin again.

If there is absolute baldness, and the scalp is atrophied and bound down, there is little use in trying to treat the case. All such a patient can do is to endeavor to stay the evil day by keeping his scalp in as good a condition as possible by

hygiene, massage and applying remedies for the dandruff if it is present. What the latter are will appear later. It is possible to stimulate the dying hairs for a time into a stronger growth, but ultimately calvities is inevitable.

I have had positive results in checking the fall of hair and increasing its amount by using precipitated sulphur 10 per cent. in a good cold cream with or without either salicylic acid, three to five per cent., or extract of jaborandi, a drachm to the ounce. These are my favorite remedies. The ointment proposed by Dr. Bronson, composed of ammoniated mercury gr. xx., calomel gr. xl., in an ounce of vaseline, has also done good service in some cases. In a few cases resorcin in solution and in increasing strength has proved helpful. On the other hand, naphthol and cantharides have proved utter failures; resorcin has failed as often as it has helped; and my favorite sulphur preparations have failed about one-third times as often as they have been successful.

Medicated ointments and lotions are useful for overcoming the dandruff. I believe that there is no permanent cure for that disease, because it is parasitic, and the scalp once having been infected is all the more liable to reinfection. Therefore I am in the habit of telling my patients that they must expect relapses, and have their remedies constantly at hand so as to apply them as soon as the dandruff reappears.

For stimulating the growth of the hair I believe that there is only one remedy worthy of the name, and that is massage. For this a skilled professional is best, but a great deal can be done by the patient pinching up the scalp between the ends of the extended fingers of both hands for five minutes night and morning. Massage must not be used until the dandruff is checked.

Electrical Treatment of Tuberculosis.....Western Electrician

Much has been published in the daily press about the experimental treatment of consumptives at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, by the system devised by Francisque Crôte, a Frenchman who is not a physician, but who has, it is said, devoted much time to the study of medicine and chemistry. In effect, M. Crôte's plan is to introduce antiseptic medicines into the diseased lung tissue (although, presumably, the treatment could be applied to any part of the body and used for other diseases) by the use of static electricity, sponge electrodes being saturated with the medicine in solution. Inhalation of the medicine is also a part of the treatment.

For several months the Francisque Crôte electrical method of treating consumption has been

the subject of official test at St. Luke's Hospital. Nine physicians have been appointed as a committee to watch and test the results of the experiment. The Crôte method of treating consumption secures entrance to a cavity in the body hitherto closed to medicaments. A powerful germ-killing drug is placed upon the patient's chest, and, by the power of electricity, is driven through the skin, flesh and bone of the chest walls, and so into the diseased structure of the lungs.

The Crôte treatment differs entirely from those which have preceded it. It has been demonstrated that the germs of consumption cannot live in the presence of a gas known as formaldehyde, the active principle of which is formic acid. Unfortunately, formaldehyde gas cannot be breathed. Any attempt at respiration of the gas causes a severe fit of coughing and this would be dangerous in the case of a consumptive.

Professor Crôte, in his investigations into tuberculosis, became familiar with formaldehyde gas, but unlike other investigators, he was not deterred by the difficulty of using it. Certain discoveries which had been made in the realm of electricity occurred to him. He knew that a large French manufacturing establishment was driving waterproof material into wood by means of electricity. It occurred to him that what electricity could accomplish in the case of vegetable fibre it could possibly do for the muscular fibre of the human body, and he tried the experiment. The result was success and the establishment of the Crôte method.

Professor Crôte says his treatment will cure every case of consumption in the first stages of the disease, 75 per cent. in the second stage and 30 per cent. in the third, or so-called "hopeless" stage. Professor Crôte has been conducting a clinic in Paris for the past five years and it is a matter of record that he has cured consumptives in about the percentages mentioned.

As a measure of precaution Professor Crôte used static or natural electricity, rather than dynamic, because of the danger to the patient from the use of the latter current. There is nothing secret about the operation. Professor Crôte devised electrical machines for administering the currents properly, sponges saturated with formaldehyde being applied to the patient's back or chest and attached to the poles of the apparatus. In applying the treatment the patient is stripped to the waist, and, after being placed on a couch or operating table, is carried near to the machine. Then a sponge filled with formaldehyde is attached to one pole of the electric machine and placed on the sufferer's body. In some cases another sponge similarly charged with the gas, is

held close to the mouth of the patient and connected with the battery and the gas is inhaled in deep inspirations, while in some cases the second sponge is placed against the patient's chest.

Then the electric machine is started and the static electricity flows in a steady current through the sponges and into the body of the patient, carrying the formaldehyde with it and destroying all germs with which the gas comes in contact. One of the experiments in connection with the treatment consists in an examination of the matter expectorated by the patient just before the current is applied. The germs are found by the thousand, alive and moving. Immediately after the operation another examination is made. Usually all the germs discovered are dead.

Registration of Tuberculosis... L. F. Flick, M.D... *Phil. Med. Journal*

The first step in an orderly scheme for the prevention of tuberculosis is registration. This seems so self-evident that it looks like a useless waste of words to say anything in its favor. Yet, strange to say, there has been a storm of opposition to the measure within the ranks of the medical profession itself. Why has there been this opposition?

The attitude of the medical profession to the doctrine of the contagiousness of tuberculosis is one of passive adhesion, of assent rather than of understanding. Not until the entire medical profession has a clear-cut idea of what is meant by the contagiousness of tuberculosis can we hope to have unanimous support of the profession for the registration of tuberculosis; and not until we have unanimous support of the profession can we overcome the natural repugnance of the people to what they are disposed to look upon as unnecessary espionage in such an innovation. For the consideration of registration it is therefore necessary to first go into the subject of the contagiousness of tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is a contagious disease and not an infectious one; and right here we have the first source of misunderstanding. Owing to the loose manner in which the words contagious and infectious have been used in medical literature, a great deal of confusion has arisen. A contagious disease is one in which the disease germ goes from one host to another without passing through an intermediary host or culture-medium; or in other words a disease in which the pathogenic organism usually does not reproduce itself outside of the host upon whom it maintains its parasitic existence. The parasite in such a disease is always conveyed from one host to another, either by direct contact, or by indirect contact, through fomites. An infectious disease, on the other

hand, is one in which the parasites may have an intermediary host or at least may reproduce itself in an intermediary culture-medium. As an exemplification of the difference between a contagious and an infectious disease, we may take smallpox and malaria. The germ which produces smallpox is always conveyed from one host to another, either directly or indirectly through fomites, such as clothing, articles which have been handled by an host, or a room which has been occupied by him. So far as we are able to judge, from clinical data, it does not reproduce itself outside of a host, and when it enters a new host it is in the same generation as it left the preceding one. For the prevention of smallpox all that is necessary, therefore, is to prevent the host from coming in contact with susceptible persons and properly sterilize all fomites with which he has been in contact. In malaria, on the other hand, the organism does not pass directly from one host to another, nor indirectly through fomites. It does not even necessarily pass in the same generation; but, after reproduction in an intermediary host of another species, or some such medium as water or soil, may pass into a new host in a generation far removed from the organism which was given off from the old host. In the prevention of malaria, therefore, we have to go beyond the patient and his environment to the intermediary host or medium if we wish to accomplish our purpose. Scarlet fever, measles and chickenpox are other examples of contagious diseases, while typhoid fever, yellow fever and cholera are examples of infectious diseases. Malaria is purely contagious, while typhoid fever is probably both infectious and contagious.

There is of course an individuality and a limitation to the contagiousness of tuberculosis. It will not do to base one's idea of the contagiousness of tuberculosis upon an abstract idea of contagion or upon a conception of the contagiousness of smallpox, measles, scarlet fever or any other contagious disease which long since has been recognized as contagious, and for the prevention of which measures have been established. Smallpox, measles and scarlet fever, as in fact all the exanthemata, are intensely contagious, because their contagion is given out from all parts of the body and contaminates everything in the immediate vicinity of the person suffering from them. They all, moreover, are very acute diseases, having short incubation-periods, and running their courses in comparatively short periods of time. Their contagious nature is so manifest as to inspire fear and apprehension, leading to extreme and radical measures for their prevention. Out of them has grown the abstract idea

of contagion, and hence it is somewhat difficult to elucidate the concrete idea of the contagiousness of tuberculosis or of any other disease which differs radically from them. Were the duration of tuberculosis no longer than that of smallpox, measles and scarlet fever, the contamination of environments would probably lack sufficient intensity to give successful implantations; but what is wanting in intensity in tuberculosis is made up for in duration, so that by gradual accessions the contamination becomes as intense in the end as with the exanthemata.

With tuberculosis, fomites are a frequent means of spreading the disease. Family relationship probably gives rise to 50 per cent. of implantations; house-contamination to 25 per cent.; contamination of clothing, utensils, implements and food to 15 per cent., and casual contact and all other forms of contamination to 10 per cent. The approximate correctness of these figures can be demonstrated by any one who cares to take the trouble to look into the history of a large number of cases. In 1889 I made a careful study of all cases of tuberculosis which ended in death during the year 1888 in the Fifth Ward of the city of Philadelphia. Of 83 persons with probable tuberculosis, about which I was able to get definite information, I found that 48 had died in houses which had previously been occupied by tuberculous subjects. Of the 35 persons who died in uncontaminated houses, I found that 7 had the disease when they moved into the houses in which they died, 5 had lived in lodging-houses, 2 had been associated with consumptives in business, 1, although reported from an uncontaminated house, had really died in a contaminated one, and 1 had died of syphilis. Without the co-operation of the victims of the disease I was able to trace contagion in the majority of the cases. A singular fact which came out in this investigation was, that of the 48 persons who died in contaminated houses, only 5 bore the same name as the preceding victim in the same house. For some years I have been making careful inquiry into the history of cases which come under my observation with a view of determining exposure to contagion, and in nearly all cases I have been able to trace contact, and in about the order which I have named. It is proper for me to state, however, that I base this assertion upon a general impression and not upon figures.

Much misdirected effort for the prevention of tuberculosis is being made at the present time, because of the pooh-poohing on the one hand and the groundless fears on the other which have grown out of the prevalent errors upon the subject. Agitation for the enactment of laws against

spitting, for the prohibition of marriage by consumptives and for the destruction of tuberculous dairy-cattle are some of the forms which this effort is taking. Spitting is a vile habit, but to the consumptive is a necessity. Spitting in public places, in street-cars and upon sidewalks should be prohibited, but on the score of cleanliness and decency, instead of the prevention of tuberculosis. The tuberculous sputum which is ejected out of doors, whether on the sidewalk or the streets, and even that which is ejected in street-cars and public places, will not account for 10 per cent. of the implantations of tuberculosis. Sunlight, air and water are mortal enemies of the tubercle-bacillus and the majority of human beings require prolonged exposure for successful implantation. Cornet's investigation into the death-rate of the street-cleaners of Berlin bears this out. Although the street-cleaners of Berlin hold their positions for life, they show one of the lowest death-rates from tuberculosis of all classes of workingmen of that city. From my experience with tuberculosis among the working-classes I am inclined to think that street-car conductors would make an equally good showing. Consumptives should not marry, not on the ground of prevention of the disease, but for the preservation of the life of the individual. As a rule married life is prejudicial to recovery from tuberculosis. When a tuberculous subject has recovered there is no longer an impediment to his marriage, for not only is tuberculosis not hereditary, but in all probability tuberculosis in the parent tends to produce immunity in the offspring. The extermination of tuberculosis among dairy-cattle is highly commendable as an economic agricultural measure, but not as a measure for the prevention of tuberculosis among human beings. While tuberculosis is frequently conveyed from human beings to animals, it is not yet certain that it is often conveyed from animals to human beings. All this effort in the wrong direction prevents effort in the right direction, and discredits preventive medicine.

Without registration the prevention of tuberculosis cannot be placed upon a scientific basis because the requisite data cannot be obtained. Registration is necessary in order that (1) contact may be controlled; (2) the creation of fomites may be prevented; (3) fomites may be sterilized, and (4) innocent parties may be given an opportunity to protect themselves against contamination in dwelling places. Many cases of tuberculosis are undoubtedly contracted in contaminated houses, and this mode of distributing the disease cannot be stopped in any other way than by registration.

Appendicitis.....New York Sun

The cause of appendicitis is an inflammation in the appendix. The inflammation may be produced from any one of a number of causes. The most frequent cause is constipation. It may also be caused by a particularly severe cold, very violent exercise or any one of many similar conditions. The appendix is surrounded, or walled in, by a series of tissues, the outside of which is the thick unyielding tissue of the peritoneum. When the inflammation sets in, it causes a swelling on the interior of the appendicular tube. The more aggravated the cause of the inflammation, the more violent the swelling. Usually the swelling occurs near the top or mouth of the appendix—the protuberances on each side of the walls of the tube meet, and the mouth of the appendix becomes closed. Then some of the germs which are indigenous to the bowels, and which float about through that locality at will in a healthy person, with the gases and fluids of the intestines, become confined in the appendix and appendicitis results.

The warning of the disease is a pain in the right side of the abdomen, a few inches above and to the left of the groin. When one feels a pain in that place, the wisest thing to do is to call a physician at once. It may be that the pain is only indicative of what physicians call appendicular colic, or it may mean a well-developed attack of appendicitis, according to the acuteness of the pain. Appendicular colic may be cured without an operation. The highest authorities on the subject say that a well-developed attack of appendicitis necessitates an operation, although some assert they do not believe in operations at all, and that they have treated many acute cases with never a fatal result.

Appendicular colic is not appendicitis, because the inflammation in the appendix has not produced a swelling on the interior walls great enough to have closed the mouth of the appendicular tube. In such cases the approved treatment of authorities on the disease includes absolute rest and quiet for the patient, the taking of a sufficiently strong cathartic and the application to the abdomen immediately over the appendix of either ice bags or hot water bags. As for the outward application, the use of ice bags seems to be preferred to that of hot water bags, although in many cases the hot applications have accomplished the desired result, which is, of course, to reduce the inflammation.

The reason for the rest requirement is this. The appendix is so attached, to speak after the manner of a layman, that with every step one takes it strikes against the walls of the peritoneum. The flapping, of course, tends to in-

crease the inflammation, and to make this impossible is why the absolute rest is prescribed. Under this treatment, if the case be really appendicular colic and not appendicitis, the patient recovers his usual health in from two to five days.

If the pain experienced be particularly acute, it is pretty safe to conjecture that it is caused by a sure enough attack of appendicitis. In that event the authorities appear to be agreed that there are two methods of treatment. Either method requires an operation. One operation involves the removing of the appendix. The other operation involves an incision into the appendix and a draining off of the contents. Which treatment should be pursued depends entirely upon the surgeon selected to perform the operation, and also upon the acuteness of the attack.

It is said that Drs. Bull, Walker, Weir and McBurney believe in the draining process whenever that may be possible. Other noted surgeons like Dr. Morris, Dr. Edebohls, Dr. Abbe and some others, believe that the removal of the appendix is the only thorough and satisfactory method of treating an acute attack of appendicitis. The draining process usually involves the removal of the appendix at a subsequent operation, but those who believe in this method of treatment are not without their reasons for advocating it. All the authorities appear to be agreed that in itself the operation for removing the appendix is comparatively simple. It is said that from the operation alone not over 3 per cent. of the patients operated upon die. It is the resultant complications that produce death.

Those who advocate the draining process at first say that it is easier to prevent septic poisoning or other complications by draining the appendix than by removing it. They hold that to puncture the appendicular tube and drain off the fluids and gases which cause the inflammation is safer, because it leaves the walls of the appendix intact except in the one place where the puncture is made and thus prevents septic poisoning from spreading to the peritoneum. It is said that if this treatment be followed the patient recovers from the attack of appendicitis, is able to recuperate, to get his entire system in a healthy condition and is then able to undergo the operation with comparatively little danger of a fatal result.

These are the two most approved methods of treating appendicitis, and anybody who is afflicted may take his choice. A third treatment is that prescribed by those who do not believe in operations at all. There are several eminent practitioners in New York who assert that they have never lost a case of appendicitis and have never performed an operation.

Amber as a Gem*

As the most important gem known to the ancient civilized world, amber was for ages the principal factor in the intercourse of various and widely separated peoples, and was consequently the means of promoting enterprise in trade, calling new roads and trade routes into being, exciting commercial rivalry, and extending some of the arts of peace and culture to distant and savage lands; its occult powers—in these the faint manifestations of electric phenomena are said to have been first observed—caused it to occupy the minds of savants, while its sun-like, and therefore, sacred color, inspired the imagination of poets with such mystic fancies of its origin as the legend of the Heliades, which symbolized amber by the tears of the Sun-daughters, shed on the banks of Eridanus

"O'er Phaëthôn untimely dead."

The problem of the origin of amber excited the interest of all who knew that lovely substance from the earliest times, and perhaps there is no product of nature concerning which opinions have been formed so contradictory and conflicting.

Nicias, whom Pliny quotes (*Nat. Hist.*, xxxvii. II.), believed that amber was of solar origin, generated directly by the rays of the sun: Sophocles and others that it was the tears of the Meleagrides, sisters of the hero Meleager, who, the fable runs, were transformed into birds. Moore's familiar lines will occur to every reader:

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept."

Theomenes was of opinion that amber had its origin in the Gardens of the Hesperides, and was gathered by the maidens who guarded the golden apples of immortality. Demonstratus maintained that it was the product of the lynx, and calls it *lyncurion*; it was sometimes taken for honey mineralized, for the hyacinth or zircon, and for the petrified sperm of whales, dolphins, seals, elephants and ants.

Mithridates, Sotacus, Ktesias, Pytheas, Timæus, Theopompus, Appollonius and Aristotle, however, declare amber to be a tree resin, although they are not agreed as to the kind of tree that produced it, or the localities where it was found. The resinous nature of amber, moreover, is generally acknowledged in the myths and legends of the Greeks as well as in the narratives

of the Phœnicians, and the Greek legend of the Heliades sustains this view.

The Heliades' legend, of which both Hyginus and Ovid have given elaborate versions, recounts the adventures of Phaëthôn, the favorite child of the Sun-god Helios, and his death in a rash attempt to drive the horses of the chariot of the sun, which his father, yielding to his entreaty, had intrusted to him for a day. Phaëthôn, disregarding the injunction not to whip the fiery animals, was seized with dizziness and terror on the height, and losing all control of the flashing steeds, approached the earth too near and set it on fire. At the earnest entreaty of the goddess Earth, who feared to be consumed, Jupiter launched a thunderbolt at Phaëthôn, who forthwith fell into the Eridanus. The maids of the stream buried his body on the shore, whither it had been washed by the foaming waves. His sisters, the Heliades—Aegle, Dioxippê, Helie, Lampetiê, and the rest—accompanied by their mother, the beauteous Klymenê, a daughter of Oceanus, at last found the tomb of their brother. They remained beside it, weeping bitterly, and became rooted to the spot; and, as the penalty of assisting Phaëthôn in yoking the steeds to the chariot and encouraging his adventure, were changed into trees from whose branches tears continually fall. These tears, Ovid adds, are hardened by the heat of the sun and become amber, which the beaming river receives and sends to the Roman ladies for their adornment.

Milton refers to this beautiful myth in the lines:

"Him the thunder hurled
From the empyrean headlong to the gulf
Of the half-parched Eridanus, where weep
Even now the sister trees their amber tears
O'er Phaëthôn, untimely dead."

The Heliades' legend, current among the ancient Greeks, is a correct account of the derivation of amber from the resin of trees. To make it scientifically accurate, it is only necessary to add that amber is the resin of an extinct pinus, called by Professor Göppert *pinites succinifer*, which flourished in the lower Tertiary Period. This resin has become fossilized; as a result of its long submergence in the ocean it has suffered

" a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

From a trumpery bit of tree-gum it has been transmuted to a gem, just as the eyes of the drowned man in Ariel's song are turned to pearls and his bones to coral.

*Reading from the Tears of the Heliades. W. A. Buffum. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

The popular idea of amber is founded solely on a knowledge of the yellow variety from the Baltic, which, it is generally believed, has supplied the markets of the world from time immemorial. Other sources have been little known, and the varieties they afford are seldom met with. But amber, "distilled by pines that were dead before the days of Adam," is widely distributed over the northern portion of the earth, and is found also in Roumania, on the Lower Danube, and in Sicily in stinted measure, but of colors proportionately rare.

Roumanian, German and Sicilian amber are nearly related.* They differ, however, in color and "fire," just as diamonds differ in lustre and "water." But the peculiar, distinctive quality of Sicilian amber, that which distinguishes it from its fellow gems and gives it its indescribable charm and expression, is its fluorescence—"that property which some transparent bodies have of producing at their surface, or within their substance, light different in color from the mass of the material, as when green crystals of fluor-spar afford blue reflections. This curious property is due not to the difference in the color of a distinct surface layer, but to the power which the substance has of modifying the light incident upon it." Thus, in my collection, specimens may be seen which show sapphire blue, pale rose, violet and ruby hues, and every gradation of color from the tenderest gray to the most brilliant green—the actual color of the pieces being straw-yellow and faint olive.

Roumanian amber is usually of a dark-brown hue, of a rich and subdued beauty, with shining gold and silver flecks and bluish and greenish tints. German amber is yellow in various shades, sometimes running into white or brown, but all the colors in the prismatic spectrum are met with in the Sicilian variety. In this opulence of hues Trinacria's lustrous and pellucid sunstone is, indeed, matchless among gems.

The ancient writers make no reference to Sicilian amber, and I have been unable to find any direct mention of it before A.D. 1639. Diodorus (Siculus), who was born on the island at

Agyrium, now S. Filippo d'Agiro, near to places which furnish the substance in considerable quantities—where I myself have picked it up from the surface of the ground—makes no allusion to it. He declares the Greek legend about Phaëthôn and the metamorphosis of the tears of the Heliades into amber as they dropped into the Eridanus to be fable, and assures us that this glittering fossil, in his day a fashionable gem in great request, is only to be found on the shores of the island of Basilea, "beyond Gallia, opposite Scythia," whence, he says, it was carried to the neighboring continent by the native inhabitants, and in this way reached the Mediterranean through Gaul.

The absolute silence of the ancient writers supports the conclusion that the Sicilian variety was unknown to the ancients; but Sir A. Wollaston Franks and certain Continental authorities are inclined to the opinion that the amber employed in ornaments discovered in Italo-Greek and Etruscan tombs was derived from Sicily. The amber seen in these ornaments is almost always of a dark red hue, wholly unlike the normal color of Baltic amber, and, at the same time, to be readily distinguished from the red amber found in Sicily at the present day. In this case, however, the color affords no indication of the origin of the material. Amber, from whatever source it comes, after being cut and polished is easily affected by atmospheric and other influences, which tend to darken its color, impair its quality, and produce the well-known patina observed in old German amber beads and art objects of the fifteenth and sixteenth century workmanship. These changes begin at the surface, and less than a century is sufficient to turn even golden-yellow amber to a dark, rust-colored red. Whether the ornaments discovered in ancient tombs are of German or Italian amber cannot, therefore, be determined by their color as it meets the eye, for that color is simply the effect of age and external influences. Being deeply interested in the question, Was Sicilian amber known to the ancients? I have cut up several antique amber amulets, whorls, etc., and have found, after removing the exterior part, a kernel, showing the normal and unaffected hue of the substance. I have no hesitation in saying that some of these prehistoric amulets and whorls were unmistakably of the Sicilian variety.

"The Phœnician amber merchants long before the time of Homer," says the eminent antiquarian Voss, "related to the credulous that in the north-western part of Hesiod's disk of the earth, the river Eridanus, descending from the high Rhipæan mountains (the Alps), falls into the ocean, and at its mouth certain trees, under the influ-

*Amber is very light, having a specific gravity of 1.08 to 1.10. The diamond is pure carbon; amber is 81 per cent carbon. Chemical analysis shows that in 100 grammes of amber there are: Carbon, 81; hydrogen, 7.30; oxygen, 6.75, and traces of clay, alumina and silica, amounting to about 5 grammes.

ence of the hot sun gliding past, exude amber, called by them *elektron*, or sunstone. But it was a part of the Phœnician State policy, from the earliest times to the fall of Carthage, to spread a veil over the western lands beyond Sicily by means of fables, pretended ignorance, violence and State treaties. Hence they gave the Greeks the following mysterious account of the very ancient trading track to Tartessos and the north-west of Europe, the source of tin and amber, which was reached by them at a much earlier period than the ivory coast in the west of Africa.

"Passing behind Trinacria (Sicily) one comes to the mouth of the ocean which encircles the whole earth; one steers past Atlas on the left—the pillar of the vaulted sky—together with the gate of the Sun and the happy elysium, leaving to the right, on the Cimmerian strand, the portals of the nether world and the sources of the ocean in a silver rock sustaining the heavens; then amidst incredible dangers, one follows the dark shore to the isles of tin, and to the stream Eridanus, in which the costly sunstone, *elektron*, falls in drops from certain resinous trees, by reason of the glowing heat of Helios sailing back to Colchis."

"For still greater security the Phœnicians populated the entrance to the ocean with deterrent chimeras, and as enlightenment on this point increased, the terrors on the other side (in accordance with the then prevailing notions) were redoubled. Must not the Phœnicians, who had founded the colony of Gadeira still earlier than Utica at the entrance to the terrible ocean, have smiled at the credulous strains of the Homers and Hesiods, if indeed their love of the useful allowed them to notice such trifles?"

At the present day the yellow amber of commerce is almost wholly derived from East and West Prussia and Pomerania on the Baltic, which have furnished it from gray antiquity. These regions vary greatly in productiveness, however, for, although amber nodules are found along the entire Prussian coast-line, from Stralsund to Memel, as they are found on the shores of Mecklenburg, Holstein and Denmark, on some of the islands of the German Ocean, in Norway and Sweden, in Posen and Poland, and in Siberia so far as Kamtschatka, the prolific centre—the amber-Bildungsherd of the North—is the rectangular peninsula of Samland, in the province of East Prussia, where shafts are sunk and mining operations carried on by the "amber Kings of Königsburg," whose diving flotilla and various establishments on the coast give employment to amphibious peasants, the descendants of the ancient Cures and Szamates. Here, too, Messrs. Stantien

and Becker have set up enormous steam dredging machines, and various complicated contrivances, to sift from the sea-shallows the precious mineral which also is cast up by the sea on these shores—brought on the wings of the storm from obscure recesses where it had long lain hidden from the eyes of men. These objections of the sea take place with great regularity; the richest "finds" happen after the November and December storms. From what vast repository these contributions of the waves proceed, to what geological epoch amber belongs, and how it came to be buried in the places where it is now found are problems which for a long time baffled science.

Popular errors die hard. There are still people who think that amber is an original product of the sea, and there are persons who, while they acknowledge its resinous nature, are of opinion that it lies in enormous masses at the bottom of the Baltic, and is distributed like rays, the waves bearing it to the shore according to the direction of the currents. This was a favorite notion of Dr. Berendt, of Dantzic, one of the great names in amber literature. He set up the theory that, in a former geological period—at a time when northern Germany was covered by the waters of the Tertiary Sea—the amber forests grew upon islands, situated just north of the present coast-line of Prussia, where the resin was amassed, until, on the destruction of those islands, the accumulated amber masses were engulfed by the waves. Other theories have been advanced from time to time, only to disappear and it is to the careful researches of Professor Zaddach, of Königsberg, into the structure of the Samland coast that we owe almost all the knowledge of the subject we now possess.

Zaddach, the result of whose investigations I summarize here, found that the steep strandhills of Samland, which rise in some places to a height of 180 feet, and where amber digging has been carried on for two hundred years, show three different systems or groups of layers—the top one being a stratum of diluvial marl and sand; the middle one a bed of lignite, with light sands and gray clays; and the lower one a layer of green sand, fifty or sixty feet in thickness, which derives its color from innumerable grains of green earth, or glauconite. All these strata contain amber, the upper ones in isolated pieces, while the green-sand layer, in its lower part, holds a stratum, four or five feet thick, of very dark earth, almost black when freshly dug, called "blue earth," or amber earth, in which amber nodules occur so abundantly that an area of fifty or sixty square rods yields several thousand pounds of the substance. This is the great amber mine of

the world, and the only place in the north where the geological conditions of the mineral can be advantageously studied.

Zaddach's researches also threw some light on the amber cast up by the sea on the Samland coast, for he found that the amber-bearing "blue earth" stratum, which rises to different heights above the sea-level, and sinks, in many places, so far below it as to be inaccessible to the miners' shafts, also runs horizontally on a level with the sea, where it is exposed to the action of the waves. Further investigation has since shown that this exposed position of the amber stratum extends for a distance of at least fifty miles. Here then is the source of the amber cast up by the sea. The waves constantly nibble the "blue earth," filching its golden treasure, and, when lashed to fury by the storm, tear the nodules from their bed, bearing them toward the shore, mixed with seaweed and other disjecta of the Baltic. Then the schopfen or "scooping" begins, a process in which the precious "amber-weed," while still floating in the sea, is captured with long poles and nets.

The places hitherto mentioned are the only ones which yield amber in sufficient quantities for the purposes of commerce, but small pieces are picked up in Iceland, on the east coast of England, and on the western coast of France. In the United States the mineral has been seen on Judith River, Montana; at Harrisonville, New Jersey, and on Magothy River, Maryland. Single specimens of amber, and sometimes several pieces together, have been drawn out of inland lakes, ponds and rivers in Germany by fishermen's nets, and now and then it is brought to the surface by the bubbling waters of springs. It has been observed in the brown coal of Austria and Alsace; Professor Heer discovered it in Heligoland, and in small, dot-like grains, the size of a millet seed or a pea, in the coal-beds of Greenland. Its presence there, he thinks, proves beyond doubt that amber is a miocene formation. Professor Heer says that amber is found in North Greenland in connection with fossil leaves in an excellent state of preservation, and that, as Sequoias—trees resembling the gigantic California redwood—are frequently met with, it is to be supposed that they had a part in its production.

The so-called amber from Syria, India and Madagascar, judging from the specimens I have seen, is not amber at all, but a resin nearly allied to copal, which is the product of leaf-bearing trees growing at the present day, while amber is the resin of acicular trees that flourished in a former geological epoch and no longer exist.

The amber forest, in which a wealth of species prevailed such as has never been known since,

consisted largely of coniferous trees. Amber was probably produced by several species of conifers; the most common being a "Tree of Life," closely resembling the American *Thuja occidentalis*; ten twigs of which, Menge says, occur in amber to one leaf or blossom of any leaf-bearing tree, and five to one of any other acicular tree. Of leaf-bearing trees, preserved for us by the amber, may be mentioned several species of oak, willow and beech, a birch, an alder and a poplar, as well as leaves and blossoms of the camphor tree (*cinnamomum*), whose living congeners now grow in Eastern Asia, China and Japan.

The inclusions in amber have great interest to us, for although they furnish but an incomplete picture of the flora and fauna of the primeval amber forest, "only such small animals and parts of plants—small leaflets, scales of buds, pieces of twigs, etc.—as could be quickly surrounded by the fluid resin having been preserved," they nevertheless enable us to recognize a few features characteristic of that early epoch. The amber fauna is peculiar in this respect, that here are animals that rarely occur as fossils elsewhere. As Bacon says, "The Spider, Flye and Ant being tender, dissipable substances, falling into Amber, are therein buryed, finding therein both a Death and Tombe, preserving them better from Corruption than a Royall Monument." Among the spiders Zaddach calls attention to the remarkable genus *Archœa*, which differs from living species by the position of the eyes, by the extraordinarily large jaws, and by the head, which is very distinctly separated from the breast.

Some of the amber insects unite in themselves the characteristics of several families or orders now living, and present a form out of which, in the later development of the animal world, two different forms proceeded. This is illustrated by a little creature which, by the structure of its antennæ, feet and parts of the mouth, belongs to the neuroptera, while by the scaly covering of the forewings it reminds us of the butterflies. A feather, delineated by Berendt, proves that the amber forest contained birds, but of mammalia nothing has been found except a tuft of hair. Fishes and amphibious animals are also wanting. Frogs, lizards and fishes, it is true, are shown in amber, but they have been introduced by artificial means. Bubbles of air and even drops of water occur, however. In Berendt's collection there was a spider, and in its translucent body the movable air bubble could be seen to shift its position with every turn given to the piece. Goebel's story of a drop of water which increased in size with the waxing of the moon and decreased with its waning is a fable.

The German Antarctic Expedition*

BY E. VON DRYGALSKI.

The German Antarctic Expedition will leave Europe, in a single ship, in the autumn of 1901. The scientific staff of five, including the doctor, will be so chosen that each important branch of science will be represented. Each member of the staff will be able himself to carry out all the work of his own department; but everyone will be capable of assisting in the special work of any other, or if necessary of taking his place. The author of this article, who has been appointed leader of the Expedition, will undertake the physico-geographical, oceanographical and geodetic work; Dr. E. Philippi, of Breslau, will take charge of the geological, palæontological and chemical investigations; Dr. E. Vanhöffen, of Kiel, will act as zoologist and botanist; Dr. H. Gazert, of Munich, will be the surgeon; and the fifth member of the staff, who will have charge of the magnetic and meteorological observations, is not yet selected.

The five officers, including the captain and the first engineer, will be fully occupied with their duties in the management and navigation of the ship during the voyage. But during the year to be passed at the scientific station which will be founded by the Expedition, and near which the ship will remain, the officers will take such part in the scientific work as may be decided at the place and time by the leader of the Expedition. They will probably be occupied principally with astronomical observations at the station, topographical and hydrographical surveys in its neighborhood, and with pendulum and magnetic observations on the land-journeys and at the station. The crew also, the amount of whose assistance to the scientific staff during the voyage must be regulated by their duties on the vessel, will be allocated, at the winter quarters, to the different members of the scientific staff for training, so that they will become able to lend a hand on occasion. The captain, officers and crew have not yet been appointed.

The work of the Expedition may be divided into two parts; one carried out on board during the voyage, the other on shore at the winter quarters. The projected route of the Expedition is of importance with regard to the first part. It is intended to enter the Antarctic from the direction of Kerguelen, and the details of the route, particularly the deviations from a straight course,

are planned with regard to oceanographical, geological and magnetic requirements. The oceanographical considerations are the existing lacunæ in our knowledge of the depths of the sea; the geological are the collection from various island groups of specimens for comparison with those obtained in the Antarctic; the magnetic conditions make it desirable to cut the lines of equal value of the various magnetic elements in as many points as possible. Taking all these conditions into account, I propose not to run directly south from Kerguelen, but first to sail eastward to about 90° E., and then turn towards the south, as on that meridian deep-sea soundings are wanting. For the same reason the route from Cape Town to Kerguelen would be curved southward between Prince Edward and Crozet islands, while, on the other hand, on the return voyage the line between South Georgia and Tristan da Cunha will be straight, because it is desirable to investigate the southern extension of the great Atlantic rise.

The point which the German Expedition has in view for commencing the penetration of the Antarctic region is the still hypothetical Termination Island. The British Expedition being intended to follow the northern side of Wilkes Land, the east coast of Victoria Land, the great ice wall, and beyond that to investigate the Pacific side of the Antarctic, the German Expedition is planned to strike southward from Termination Island in order to discover the western side of Victoria Land, and to clear up its possible connection with Kemp Land and Enderby Land, and ultimately to sail round the Atlantic side of the Antarctic and investigate, wherever it may be possible, the southern extension of the Atlantic Ocean and Weddell Sea. If the two expeditions carry out this common plan, the geographical division of the work gives the best basis for co-operation in all other questions.

The second part of the German programme is the establishment of a scientific station in the Antarctic, at which a full year will be spent in geographical and biological work, and which will serve as a starting-point for longer or shorter land-journeys. It is, of course, impossible to say where this station will be, as the site must depend on the results of the discoveries made in pushing southward. An effort will be made to establish it on the west side of Victoria Land, where one may expect to find an extensive land

*Translated for Nature by H. R. Mill.

surface which will offer a favorable opportunity for carrying on the various researches; such a position would be particularly desirable for magnetic observations, on account of its proximity to the south magnetic pole.

The great Antarctic ice-cap could probably be best reached and explored on an extensive land which might perhaps enable one to travel towards the South Pole itself. An extensive land also offers richer opportunities for the study of plant and animal life, if such exist, and also for geological phenomena, than separate islands; and observations on gravity also are of more value on a large land surface. Briefly, an effort must be made to build the German station on the coast of an extensive land, and for this purpose the west coast of Victoria Land appears the most suitable, as it is the intention of the British Expedition to land some of their party on the eastern coast, and this proximity will afford an opportunity for effective co-operation.

Amongst the problems with which the German Expedition will be occupied, geographical studies will take the first place, since they supply the necessary foundation for all other investigations. An effort will be made, not only to lay down the coast-lines, but, in some places at least, to follow out the general contour and, wherever it is possible, to study the forms of the land. The ice which gives its special character to the Polar regions will be studied as regards its nature and structure, its temperature, its transport of land-waste, and its movement, and this should permit conclusions to be drawn as to the land which it covers. With regard to the sea, soundings will be made in the regions where they are still wanting along the intended route—that is, in the whole area south of 40° S. and in some places also to the north of that parallel. It has already been pointed out that the route has been chosen with special regard to the regions where soundings are most required. Of course, observations will be made at the same time on the physical conditions of the sea with regard to temperature, density, composition of the water, and the deposits, color, dissolved gases and circulation. It would be of great value also if pendulum observations could be carried out during the voyage, as it is intended to make this a special feature of the work on shore, and particularly near the station.

The geologist's duties will include the study of the samples of deep-sea deposits brought up by the sounding-rod, and also the chemical investigation of the sea-water, the physical properties of which will be studied by the geographer. The geologist will, of course, be busily employed at every landing. He will take part in sledge jour-

neys from the land station, along the coast, and occasionally towards the interior. Special attention will be devoted to fossil plants, if such should be found to exist in the far south, as well as to all other palæontological and petrographical questions which are likely to allow comparisons to be made between the South Polar region and the rest of the world.

The Expedition promises a particularly wide field of work to the zoölogist and botanist. His prospective collections should include every form which can be preserved or carried on board the ship, and they will apply equally to the fauna and flora of the land, of freshwater lakes, of the littoral zone and of the deep sea. Special attention will be paid to the seasonal differences in the occurrence of the various animal forms, and to their development. Biological investigations will, of course, be carried out in close relation to the physical; in order, for example, to recognize the dependence of plant and animal life on the conditions of the sea-water and the nature of the currents. For this purpose vertical and closing tow-nets have been planned to be used in the different regions, and from the station at different seasons. By comparing the results and those of surface gatherings at the various seasons, data will be obtained for the study of ocean currents. As the Expedition is not primarily intended for deep-sea investigation, it is not proposed to carry on deep-sea observations to a depth greater than 1,000 metres. The gear required for dredging at greater depths would be too cumbersome an addition to the necessary equipment of the ship. This limitation is the less serious since the deep-sea fauna in warmer regions reaches to within 700 metres of the surface, and in cold regions higher.

The surgeon of the Expedition will, in addition to the treatment of such illness as may arise, endeavor to collect information on Polar hygiene by a careful study of the state of health of the members of the Expedition. These observations should enable him to advise the leader on many questions connected with the arrangements and manner of life of the Expedition. Further physiological studies will also be carried out, and the surgeon will assist the biologists in observations on the development of various organisms, and especially with bacteriological research.

The magnetic and meteorological work of the Expedition, like that of the other departments, will be the sole charge of one member of the staff, but he will be assisted in reading the instruments and in other mechanical work by members of the ship's company, and the officers will co-operate in the various physical observations at the station.

Regular meteorological observations will be taken during the voyage every four hours, if possible, and at the station three times daily. For wind, cloud and similar phenomena it will be desirable to organize a system of continual observation of the sky. Self-recording apparatus will be employed for pressure, wind, temperature, humidity and duration of sunshine, and in case these should become ineffective through extreme cold their place will be taken by as many eye-observations as can be managed. Special observations during the cruise will be required for such questions as the time of the daily maxima at sea, the best arrangement for a rain-gauge on board, twilight phenomena in the open sea, water-spouts, etc. At the station it is intended to carry out observations on the upper regions of the atmosphere, but to what extent and in what manner cannot be decided until the balloon equipment is definitely arranged. A captive balloon will certainly be carried for the purpose of geographical reconnaissance; sufficient gas to fill the balloon about ten times, and a lifting power which will make it possible to raise an observer about 500 metres, seem to be all that is necessary. It appears to be better to carry the hydrogen for filling the balloon in compressed form rather than to prepare it on the spot, that is, if compressed gas can be carried safely on board, a point on which further information is necessary.

The programme for magnetic work is not yet definitely settled. Pending the results of further consideration and advice, the following may be looked upon as likely to form part of it. During the voyage the magnetic elements will be determined at least once a day with the standard compass, the Fox apparatus (dip-circle), and perhaps also with the deviation magnetometer. The magnetic apparatus will be installed upon the navigating bridge of the ship, in the neighborhood of which no iron will be used in the construction. At the station variation observations will be made with photographic registering apparatus, controlled by direct readings. Magnetic observations will also be provided for on the land-journeys.

Particular attention will be paid to the study of the Aurora Australis, especially with regard to its form and height, perhaps also as to its spectrum, and the coincidence of auroral displays and magnetic disturbances; but the measurement of earth-currents is considered as beyond the scope of the Expedition.

Astronomical determinations of latitude and longitude, and geodetic measurements will, of course, be carried out. During the voyage, and on land-journeys, the former will be fixed by means of the prismatic reflecting circle; but at

the station, where a more exact astronomical determination is necessary, a large transit theodolite and a good telescope for occultations will be employed. At the points on the shore connected with the station a smaller universal instrument, or a prismatic circle, will be utilized. Continued time determinations will naturally be carried out in connection with absolute observations for latitude and time conversions; pendulum observations will be made as often as possible. Geographical surveys on the scale of about 1:50,000 will be desirable in the neighborhood of the station, and in such other places as may be interesting from a cartographical point of view, or which present important physical phenomena, such as ice-movement or ice-structure, or where the pendulum observations make a special survey desirable. For this purpose the smaller or even the larger universal instrument will be employed, as well as a Stampfer's level with staves. Opportunities may also occur for the use of photographic surveying instruments. Attention will be given to the anomalous refraction which, from the observations of previous Polar travelers, appears to be due to some atmospheric conditions different from any that occur in our latitudes.

This sketch of the German programme naturally does not exhaust the problems with which we have to deal. It was, however, less my intention to give an account of the work which we hope to attempt than to indicate the directions and lay down the limits of our proposed operations, as that will be of service in finally settling the methods of international co-operation. From this point of view, the large number of the problems mentioned does not appear dangerous. It might, however, become so if the Expedition were tied down to definite instructions, and not left free to act as time and opportunity demand. It seems the wisest course to provide a complete equipment for all branches of scientific work, opportunities for doing which may offer themselves, and leave it to the leader of the Expedition to decide on the spot what work will be done.

The basis of international co-operation has been laid in the choice of routes and the consequent division of districts within which the land stations are to be established. The German Expedition takes the Indian Ocean and Atlantic side, and the British the Pacific side of the Antarctic area. An expedition from a third side would find a wide and important field of activity to the south of South America. Should the British Expedition include a second ship, it would be possible to carry on biological deep-sea research round the Antarctic area over a much wider circle than we can attempt with one vessel.

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

On the Trail of Don Quixote.....F. B. Ward.....Deseret News

Descending the southern side of the Sierra Morena we come at last to the desolate plains of La Mancha, familiar to the reading world as the region where Don Quixote rode his raw-boned steed. While confined in the prison of one of its secluded villages Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra—the greatest literary genius that Spain ever produced—wrote his immortal satire on the foibles of a decaying age of chivalry. Better than a guide-book to this part of Spain is a copy of Don Quixote, which you may buy in any Spanish shop. Cervantes sketched from nature, with art intensely realistic. Except in the character of the Don himself, which no doubt fitted those times to perfection, every detail of the story, written in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, can be distinctly traced and verified at the present day. Such an accurate pen-artist of local scenes was he, and so little has the country changed in four hundred years, that you may easily follow the footprints of "the knight of the sorrowful countenance." Here is Tobasco, the home of the "never-to-be-enough-admired Dulcinea. Yonder is the Venta de Quesada, where the mad knight received the accolade. The lakes of Rudyera and the cave of Montesinos are still the same; and so are the muleteers and the wine-skins, the flocks of sheep tended by shepherds, and the windmills swinging their mighty arms as they grind the corn—just as in Cervantes' day. In changing cars at Manzanares you have a couple of hours to wait, in the immediate vicinity of Quixote's most famous exploits. Here is the inn where he was knighted and before its door a swineherd, who may be a lineal descendant of the warder of the story, still winds his horn. Its old, old well continues to afford water to vagrant muleteers, successors to the unfortunate whose head was broken for disturbing the madman's vigil. Upon the edge of the well is a deep indentation, believed to have been made by the armor of Don Quixote. The stone must have been softer than it is now, or his armor wonderfully hard to have been thrown down with such tremendous violence as to make so plain a mark! Skeptics may incline to the belief that the stone has been worn away in the course of centuries by the constant procession of animals led up to drink. But it would never do to hint such heresy here! All Spaniards regard Cervantes' romance as Holy Writ, to "swear by," and the more ignorant classes believe its every detail to be strictly true.

We find La Mancha almost as wild and uncultivated to-day as in Quixote's time. The railway to Merida lies along a plateau, 2,000 feet above the sea, where towns are few and people fewer. The native Manchegan wears the same sheepskin suit which has faithfully served his ancestors for two or three generations. His home is a mud hovel, which a respectable American mule would refuse to enter; and from the cradle to the Campo Santo, his vision is greeted by the same dull, monotonous landscape, void of verdure and glaring with sand and mitre. Yet, despite his poverty and unattractive surroundings he is one of the merriest of mortals. Finding extreme difficulty in keeping his thin body and cramped soul together, one would hardly suppose that such a miserable being would have much opportunity or capacity for enjoyment; but, happily, the good Lord has gauged to their conditions the ideas of races that have always been poor. A Manchegan family feasts like kings on a crusty loaf and a handful of onions; and the head thereof can imagine no greater additional luxury than to bask, half-asleep, all day in the sun, smoking cigarettes that cost half a cent the package. The women do the little work that is done, and the children, enveloped in a thick coating of dirt that enables them to dispense with clothing, fraternize on chummiest terms with the long-necked pigs that form an important part of each domestic establishment. All the inhabitants of La Mancha, old and young, seem to cherish an hydrophobic aversion to water—which is indeed a fluid too precious to be used for lavatory purposes, having to be brought on donkey-back to the villages from springs and wells, often miles away.

A Pompeian Interior.....London Saturday Review

Recent investigation at Pompeii, and in its neighborhood, has been fruitful both in providing fresh materials for study, and in placing our knowledge of the town's architectural history in better perspective. Among the most striking results of the excavations of late years are the town house of the family of the Vettii and the country house found near Boscoreale. The Vettii were a family of prosperous business men. The names of more than one are found on the tablets of Cæcilius Jucundus, the leading local auctioneer. They had acquired an old house with a most admirable picture gallery. Its principal works were fine and dignified mythological subjects set

in stately panels. But, as has happened elsewhere, in the like cases, the new owners continued the decoration on new principles, with rough and hasty impressionist scenes, such as mythological incidents enacted by moonlight, which harmonize ill with the compositions of the painters who by comparison may be called the old masters.

The Vettii, or their representatives, had returned after the eruption, and excavated for what they could find. The personal history of the house is therefore less vivid than that connected with the country villa of Boscoreale. This also was the house of a well-to-do owner, chiefly occupied with the production of wine and oil. The establishment was strictly self-contained, having the dwelling-rooms and the wine-making rooms on two adjacent sides of a small court. The house was not remarkable, except for the singular modernity of its water supply. It depended on the rainfall, which was carefully stored in a lead cistern. Thence a portion passed to the ordinary domestic taps. A portion passed to a large boiler, from which by an elaborate system of cocks the master's private bath and basin could be supplied at pleasure with hot, cold, or tepid water. In the early autumn of 79 A. D. the threatening state of Vesuvius alarmed the household. The vintage was approaching, and the room which contained the wine presses had been cleaned and made ready for the new grapes. In particular a reservoir to which the new wine flowed from the presses was clean and empty. The room was well protected with a thick wall. Here therefore, when flight was still thought to be unnecessary, or perhaps when it had already become impossible, a couch and a table, and smaller articles, were brought from the living rooms of the house. Some man, perhaps the master, hastily gathered in a cloth his precious collection of silver plate, and his hoard of a thousand gold pieces—varying in date from the well-worn coins of the early emperors to the brand-new mintage of Vespasian. The lady of the house, marked by her jeweled earrings, two other men, and a favorite dog also came to the chosen refuge. But the foul gases were quick in their action. The master sought safety in the underground reservoir, but shared the fate of his companions. His store of silver plate lay with him till the other day. It now adorns the Louvre, to which it was presented by the liberality of the member of the house of Rothschild. One fragment alone, which in his haste he had dropped near his strong cupboard, and which was therefore found separately, is now at Bloomsbury. While this was passing indoors, there was also a moment of brief agony outside. The dog by the porter's recess was straining his

chain when he was overcome. One of the three horses had broken loose from the stable. The fowls had huddled together in one corner of the yard and the pigs in another. A slave was trying flight, with his few coins, but had hardly started before he too was suffocated by the fumes.

What the Sahara Is..... Scientific American Supplement

The ground presents great variety in composition and aspect. It would be an exaggeration to claim that the Saharian landscapes are not monotonous. To the south of Algeria comes first the Great Erg, 360 miles in width. Every region of dunes is called "Erg." The Great Erg is the vastest. When we enter this we meet in the first place only with low sandy promontories which spread, undulated and striated, over the calcareous carapax of the naked soil. Farther on, the dunes increase in number and size. Sand is everywhere, and forms both the apparent relief and the mass of the ground. A complete orography is molded in this sand. There is Erg, properly so-called, with its hills, its chains, its counterforts, its declivities, its valleys, its depressions and its accidents of all sorts. The entire surface of the bottoms is slightly honey-combed. The surface of the slopes is wonderfully even and smooth. The top of the highest dunes—the Oghroud (plural of Ghourd), dominates a chaos of ridges, peaks and depressions.

The light is dazzling, and the sand never appears white. The summits, which are either sharp or rounded, exhibit orange yellow, or rose-colored reflections. The shadows are of a deep violet. Here and there are seen black spots formed by tufts of grass or shrubs. When the tufts of grass are not too widely spaced, the place where they grow is called a pasturage.

The trail (Medjebed) of the caravans through the dunes is clearly written in the sand, wherever the wind has not blown since the last of them passed. Even after a violent wind, the Medjebed is still to be seen in places where traveling is frequent. The feet of the camels pack the sand, their urine and excrement agglomerate it, and their teeth leave a mark in the sparse vegetation of the road.

The aborigines are endowed to the highest degree with a remarkable sense of direction. They are capable of distinguishing from each other dunes that to us look precisely alike, and recognize the highest of them from afar and use them as datum points.

It is popularly supposed that these masses of sand are incessantly in motion. In reality, the displacements produced by the wind are continuous, but not very perceptible. When the Chili

blows a yellowish dust is seen to fly from the crests. This dust, which is sand, is carried to a great distance; but one tempest restores as much of the material as another one has carried away, and so a balance is established. The volume of each mass scarcely changes except as the result of exceptional whirlwinds or of feeble but constant actions. The wind affects merely the superficial strata, and modifies the undulations of the furrows only. As a whole, the chains of dunes are as stable as mountain chains. The largest of them have names that they received hundreds of years ago, and that they will continue to bear for ages to come.

A storm of extreme violence came down upon Timassanine in the month of December, 1898, and lasted three days. There was so much sand in the wind that the air was darkened by it, and the fine dust was hurled with violence against the adobe walls of the place. After the Chili had abated, the layers of accumulated sand were measured, and found to vary from $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches to 5 feet in thickness. But around the station, the outlines of the undulations of the ground had not undergone any perceptible alteration.

Marching in the dunes presents other difficulties than those that attend the ascertaining of one's bearings. A caravan, in order to surmount a hillock, selects a path midway between the top and bottom, in order to avoid too steep an ascent and descent. The men of the vanguard and the guides provided with mechara go on foot in traversing the sand—some of them barefooted, and others wearing Gourarian shoes, wide and light, and having felt soles. They walk a little to the front and upon the flank of the group of camels. The latter proceed with their usual calm step, swaying their head, and occasionally making a snap with their teeth at the too rare grasses that chance to be within their reach. When a passage presents itself where the soil is particularly loose, the intelligent animals stop and make a careful inspection of the place, for they know that if they pass in a body a slide might occur along the declivity. So they separate one after another, in order to cross the place one at a time.

Camels, the pack-animals especially, have a repugnance toward climbing, and a greater one still toward descending. When they are forced to approach a dune and to scale it, a battle almost always ensues at the summit between them and their drivers in the attempt to make them descend on the other side; and in order to maintain themselves in the horizontal, they obstinately turn to the right and left. The mechara pass more easily; and, as for the horses, they cheerfully climb hills and willingly descend them by sliding.

The caravans that traverse the Great Erg from north to south do not continually travel in sand, since the region of the dunes is traversed by the Gassis—wide and lengthy passageways running north and south. The soil of the Gassi is the Reg—a stratum of gravel mixed with agglutinated sand, which forms the best of all grounds for walking. The Reg is the macadam of the desert.

In the median part of the Gassi, we frequently meet with what are called Daïas—low bottoms in which humidity accumulates, as a consequence of rains, and keeps up the vegetation. The Dhamran, which the camels eat with avidity, the Retem, on the flowers of which they browse, and the Zita, which is used as fuel, abound in this clayey or chalky soil; while the gum-trees reach fine proportions therein.

Other depressions contain deposits, of gypsum and rocksalt. These are the Sebkhas. The Four-eau-Lamy mission met with one of them on leaving the Great Erg near El Biodh. From the summit of the dunes there was observed what might have been supposed to be a frozen lake covered with snow. The ground was of a dazzling white, and every facet of the crystals of gypsum reflected a ray of the sun.

The black soil of Hammada is unfortunately more common than the red Reg strewn with white Sebkhas and fertile Daïas. Hammada is a desert within a desert. The soil is stony and full of cracks, ridges and ravines. Gigantic terraces of conglomerates and pudding-stone, desolate surfaces without herbage, and alternately rough and polished—that is Hammada. The feet of the dromedaries and horses are made to bleed therein, and the felt soles of the Gourarian shoes are torn in a single stage of the journey by the sharp flint stones.

The plains of Hammada rise one above another. Here and there stand the Ghours—high rocks with strange forms that resemble ruins, fortresses and turrets.

Erg, Hammada and Reg—such are the three typical aspects of the Sahara. In all the regions, except that of Hammada, wells are met with. In Reg they mark in most cases the bottom of the Oueds (plural, Aoudia), those beds, or rather those valleys of rivers that no longer flow, except in the season of rain or subterraneously. The stratum of liquid is sometimes met with at less than 6 feet beneath the surface of the ground; but at other times it is found only at a depth of 130 or more feet.

The walls, which are lined with wood, increase as they descend in the form of silos. The lower part, which is four or five times greater in diameter than the orifice, constitutes the water cham-

ber. Certain wells are distinguished externally by wooden uprights connected by a crosspiece fixed by means of cords. This crosspiece is provided with a rude pulley that permits of letting down and hauling up the Delous, or buckets made of goatskin held by a wooden hoop. Other and more improved wells are surrounded by a genuine curb of dry stones and clay and surmounted by a cupola like the chapels elevated in honor of a marabout.

The wells of Erg occupy the bottom of the depressions. As the surface of the ground in which they are excavated is covered with a thick layer of sand, they have to be protected against the falling in of the latter. Their very narrow orifice is therefore hermetically closed by means of wide stones sealed through a mortar composed of sand and mud. Each caravan undoes the work in order to obtain water, and then carefully seals the well up again before departing.

Colorado Mud Volcanoes.....San Francisco Chronicle

In order to get a good idea of the origin and location of these volcanoes it is necessary to give a brief historical sketch of the country. That the Colorado desert was formerly an arm of the Gulf of California there is little doubt. This was the case in recent geological times, as investigation has proved. At that time the Colorado and the Gila rivers flowed into the gulf about where Yuma is now located. The Colorado brought down a large amount of sediment from the country through which it flowed and deposited it on the desert, forming an enormous delta, sufficiently large to cut off the upper portion of the gulf and what is now the desert from the lower. At the same time there took place an elevation of land that helped cut off the sea. This condition has remained practically unchanged. The northern part of the desert is still depressed, the Salton sink being two hundred and seventy-five feet below sea level. The highest portion of the desert is on the Mexican boundary line, and the country slopes downward on both sides. The Salton sink afterward became a fresh water lake, which covered nearly all of the desert at one time.

The Colorado River next built up a flood plane around its mouth, so that its path was diverted and it flowed on over the deposit to the sea. The lake's source of supply being cut off, it dried up and only the sink, with its bed covered with millions of fresh water shells, remains to tell the story of the lake. It is thought that the drying up took place in recent times, as the Cahuilla and Dieguito Indians have traditions about the receding waters. The whole region is one of active volcanic disturbances, the biggest volcano being known as Sierra Prieta, or Black

Butte. This volcano has long since ceased to be active, but its huge crater remains. It was not a mud volcano, but was a regular volcano of the basaltic rock kind. It rises out of the mud plane a few miles east of the Cocopah Mountains, the base of the volcano mountain being five or six miles in circumference. The crater is perhaps three hundred and fifty yards wide and the bottom is now covered with sand.

South of the Sierra Prieta is the dividing line of the watershed. The Colorado overflows below Yuma, near Algodones, the overflow being the subsidence of the once great division of water. The water flows first southwest to nearly the foot of Black Butte and there divides, the New River flowing north into American territory, and the Hardy River south to the Gulf of California. The division takes place at Volcanic Lake. This Volcanic Lake is five miles south of Sierra Prieta, and a group of mud volcanoes are on its edge. Another group are near the south edge of the Salton sink.

These volcanoes were first heard of in the early '50s. There were a number of heavy earthquakes, so severe that Chimney Peak, a famous landmark near Yuma, was shaken down. After the earthquakes, the troops stationed at Fort Yuma noticed a cloud of smoke lowering over the desert. Major Heintzelman, who was in charge of the fort, started out with a party to make an investigation and they discovered the mud volcanoes in active eruption. They were what are called salses, or eruptive mud springs, caused by an explosion of steam in the earth, which throws up the mud to a considerable height and builds regular cones. Ever since this discovery the volcanoes have continued active. Shortly afterward Dr. John le Conte made a trip to this strange country and published his investigations. He was followed by Dr. John Veatch, who visited the volcanoes south of Salton sink, and described them as being very active, throwing mud to a height of sixty feet or more.

At the present time there are about fifteen active volcanoes and twice that number that are quiet, having subsided and left their cones. A large cloud of smoke hangs over the place, and there are a great many cracks and fissures in the earth, from which the steam escapes. The explosions can be heard for many miles.

Prof. David P. Barrows of the San Diego State Normal School visited these volcanoes several months ago for the purpose of investigating these strange freaks of nature. The overflow was very high at the time, and Prof. Barrows had to strip and swim the Hardy River, about one hundred yards wide, to reach the volcanoes.

He found a number submerged in Volcanic Lake, and the others were on the mud plane just above the lake. It is the opinion of Prof. Barrows that the ground is fissured to the regions of heat, and the water percolating down becomes converted into steam and is forced up again with an explosive force, carrying mud with it. A number of volcanic gases, sal ammoniac principally, are thrown off with the steam. One volcano under the lake was very active, throwing up a big column of mud and water. On all sides was the sound of escaping gas. The soil was hard and baked and salt-incrusted.

The springs were full of boiling water, and pools of water which had run off registered a temperature of from 115 to 130 degrees. The water was very salty and where it leached through the earth it left an absolutely pure deposit of salt. Prof. Barrows did not have his shoes with him, and found it difficult to walk on the earth because of the heat. This volcanic heat is a crustal heat and geologists are not agreed as to what causes it. In nearly every region where there is a big delta deposit this crustal heat occurs.

This mud plane is very desolate and is surrounded by sandhills. The only vegetation is reed grass. A terrible pest known as the mosca fly abounds in the section. This fly will eat the skin from a mule or a horse, and Prof. Barrows found it necessary to plaster himself with mud for protection. He swam the Hardy six times, and on his second trip took his camera along, placing it on a raft, which he towed over by a rope held in his mouth. The largest of these volcanoes is about fifteen feet high, and in appearance greatly resembles a South American ant's nest. There are boiling springs and geysers in the Yellowstone Park, but nothing of this kind. It is rare to find springs in a mud plain.

Beau Hooker, of San Diego, visited the volcanoes three years ago and found them quite active at that time. He found that the mud and water had great medical value, which would render them equal to many of the famous healing springs. The volcanoes are rendered interesting by a fund of Indian legends and myths. The Cocopah tribe, who are the original inhabitants of this region, believe the volcanoes to be the abode of the evil spirit, and even to this day they approach them with mingled awe and terror. In earlier times it was the custom of the Indians to put their criminals or any white man who chanced to stray within their confines to death by throwing them into the volcanoes. This served a twofold purpose—it appeased the wrath of the evil one and effectually rid the tribe of all objectionable persons.

Death Valley, California.....Scientific American

Death Valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo County, and is inclosed by the Panamint Mountains on the west and the Funeral Range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long, and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide. At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 200 feet below sea-level, but above this rises Telescope Peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint Range, and opposite the Funeral Peak, which reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet.

This remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, many of whom lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name has clung to it, also, as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably greater in Death Valley than elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and August, the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137° above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest temperature observed exceeded 100°. The deadly heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.

The prevailing winds in Death Valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific Ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distances, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared. The blasts are as if heated in a fiery furnace, and no living thing can survive the intense heat.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sand storms of Death Valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

*UnresignedEthel Patterson Wright....A Handful of Blossoms**

It seems but yesterday,
I begged to stay
 And play,
A little moment more.
The sun was scarcely down,
 The busy town
Not hushed yet from the labors of the day;
It seemed too soon to put
 The toys away.

To-day, an older child,
 I stand
Upon the edge of Spirit Land,
And watch the shadows fall.
Father, again I pray
 To stay.
It seems too soon to put
Earth's joys away.

His Mother.....The Independent

Within her fond, encircling arm
Safe slept her little child—
A helpless wight, sweet-breathed and warm,
Her eager look down-bent to scan
 That face, all lovely innocence,
The features of the full-grown man
She seized on with prophetic sense—
Foresaw the hero that should be
Clothed in his manhood's majesty,
And seeing smiled.

Relaxed in every massive limb,
The man, sore wearied, sleeps;
His bearded cheek is rough and grim.
She, hovering near him wistfully,
And gazing long, is fain to trace
One line of childhood's purity
In that toil-marred, world-hardened face.
Now once again she feels and sees
Her nursling warm upon her knees,
And seeing, weeps.

The Soul That Must Go....Nora Hopper.... Songs of the Morning†

Where are you going
O muirnean, muirnean?
Love is not knowing
Why you fell weary,
Why you found dreary
The way all feet in the world are going. . . .

I must be going;
Though you stand nearest
Of all, and dearest,
You cannot keep me, for I must go.
Though my heart's breaking
That I'm forsaking
The faces kent and the ways I know,
I'll not be staying
For all your praying,
For all the gifts in kind Love's bestowing.
I must not stay though you hold me so,
Ah no, no, no!

*A memorial volume, privately printed.

†London: Grant Richards.

Ramparts.....Post Wheeler.....New York Press

Best and dearest! In your hair
Winds no thread that's not of gold,
In your cheek no trench of care,
In your heart no cold.
Best and dearest! May age see
Never dearer face for me!

Best and dearest! In your soul
Lies no dread of coming years.
All life's vision there is whole,
Innocent of fears.
Best and dearest! Our to-day
Never time should take away!

Best and dearest! If love bow,
It must first know hostile touch.
Let us raise intrenchments now
Strong with loving much.
Best and dearest! Build so true
Other heart could ne'er break through.

A Prisoner of Hope.....Christian Burke.....Good Words

To sit and watch in the lonely house
Whence others have risen and gone their way—
So hush'd and still that the wainscot mouse
Creeps out on my hearth to play;
To hear the hurrying folk go by,
Their echoing feet the silence fill—
The world is busy enough, but I
In the midst of it all sit still!

To wait, tho' the tide runs far and fast,
To share the story, yet turn no page,
To dwell in the heart of a vanished Past
With friends of a bygone age;
The living about me come and go,
But these have done with earth's toils and tears,
And I follow with faltering step and slow,
In the wake of the tedious years.

A broken weapon that's flung aside,
A worn-out tool for which none need care—
Sometimes I fancy I must have died,
And that only a ghost sits there!
Yet the Dead no longer can feel the strain
Of the nerveless hand and the powerless limb,
And the weariness even worse than pain
That comes when Life's lamp burns dim!

Often I think the hour of dawn,
When the faint light glimmers on wall and floor,
And the curtains of night are half withdrawn,
Is the worst in the twenty-four!
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam
Of sunset fires the golden west?
It is less hard then just to watch and dream
When even the toilers rest.

And when stars come out o'er the twilight sea
There falls on my soul a peace profound,
As I think of a Hand that once set free
The Spirits in Prison bound;
One day He will burst these bonds of mine—
And perchance there is good work yet undone
He is keeping for me in His Love divine
In the Land beyond the Sun!

His Jacet.....A. E. Housman..... London Academy

Oh hard is the bed they have made him,
And common the blankets and cheap,
But there he will lie as they laid him;
Where else could you trust him to sleep?

To sleep when the bugle is crying
And cravens have heard and are brave,
When mothers and sweethearts are sighing
And lads are in love with the grave.

Oh dark is the bedside and lonely,
And lights and companions depart,
But lief will he lose them and only
Behold the desire of his heart.

Oh thin is the quilt, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose,
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

Remembrance.....A. St. John Adcock..... Leisure Hour

We shape the future that shall be our past
And press to-day the wine we drink at last;
And sweet or sour at last the cup we fill,
Or dark our way or starry, as we will.

For nothing we can ever do or think
But we shall taste it in that cup we drink;
And all we do to-day or leave undone
Darkens or clears to-morrow's cloud or sun.

Each word of love withheld from hearts that pine
Shall be a sweetness absent from the wine;
Scorn blights whatever feels the touch of it
And love unspoken leaves a star unlit.

But every kindly act and word shall rise
And write its silent record on the skies,
And so, before us and behind us far,
Make the night brighter by another star.

Unheard.....Madison Cawein..... Truth

All things are wrought of melody,
Unheard, yet full of speaking spells;
Within the rock, within the tree,
A soul of music dwells.

A mute symphonic sense that thrills
The silent frame of mortal things;
Its heart in the ancient hills,
And in each flower sings.

To harmony all growth is set;
Each seed is but a music note,
From which each plant, each violet,
Evolves its purple note.

Compact of melody, the rose
Woos the soft wind with strain on strain
Of crimson; and the lily blows
Its white bars to the rain.

The trees are pæans; and the grass
One long, green fugue, beneath the sun;
Song is their life, and all shall pass,
Shall cease, when song is done.

Morning and Evening..... Walter Malone..... The Outlook

In vanished years it seemed an easy task,
To win the hearts of others on our way;
To gain affection only meant to ask,
To love meant only to be young and gay.

But like a rich convolvulus in bloom
Amid the summer, under morning skies,
Young Love before the noontide meets his doom,
And in his splendor and his glory dies.

Or like an oriole from tropic lands
That blazes by us on a brilliant wing,
He flies afar to unknown foreign strands
When autumn gales their withered leaflets fling.

Like blackened torches in the heart's dark vaults,
Are all the arts and wiles we used of yore;
For those who love us learn to find our faults,
And, having found them, never love us more.

So then, mine own, I cling more close to you,
Though gray threads sprinkle through your locks
of brown,
Your eyes no longer dewy, bright and blue,
Your cheek no longer like a peach's down.

And you are like a faithful mocking bird
Amid the gloam of life's fast fading light,
Whose strange and sweet love-lyrics still are heard
In brown boughs of the dim October night.

Or like a holly in the Christmas snows
Still green when summer verdure all is shed,
Or like an autumn violet that blows
Beneath brown leaves, when other blooms are dead.

When we were young and gay, and you were fair,
We thought that love with youth would all be
o'er;
But I kiss your face grown old with care.
We find, dear heart, we never loved before.

*The Dead Child.....Ernest Dowson..... Decorations**

Sleep on, dear, now,
The last sleep and the best,
And on thy brow,
And on thy quiet breast,
Violets I throw.
Thy scanty years
Were mine a little while;
Life had no fears
To trouble thy brief smile
With toil or tears.
Lie still, and be
For evermore a child!
Not grudgingly,
Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee.
Slumber so deep,
No man would rashly wake;
I hardly weep,
Fain only, for thy sake,
To share thy sleep.
Yes, to be dead,
Dead, here with thee to-day,—
When all is said
'Twere good by thee to lay
My weary head.
The very best!
Ah, child so tired of play,
I stand confessed;
I want to come thy way,
And share thy rest.

*London: Leonard Smithers & Co.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.



English lavender has such an old-world sound about it that we may quote a passage describing its cultivation, if it be only for the memories attached to it. Those who have spent a night in some old-fashioned farmhouse will have a pleasant recollection of the scent which pervaded the bedroom where the matron kept her linen and clothing "laid up in lavender." It is one of the sweetest of perfumes, when there is not too much of it. But all perfumes have a sad habit of palling on the olfactory nerves under such a condition.

Scent-Laden Flowers.....The London Globe

"There are few more delightful scenes than a field of lavender, with the morning sun lighting up the ever-changing colors of the swaying stems. As fleecy clouds move across the sky the blue mauve of the field takes a darker tinge, and then as the sun's brilliant light plays again without hindrance on the great patch of scent-laden flowers, the hue becomes almost a Cambridge blue. But only for a moment; the variations are ceaseless. The color of a lavender field has baffled the brush of many an artist, and none that we can recall has ever been able to catch these wondrous shifting tints with anything like truth. The lavender cutters are hard at work, deftly reaping, with sickle in hand, the fragrant crop, cutting in the early morning the bunches which find their way into shops and the hands of the hawkers, and devoting what is literally the heat and burden of the day to reaping for the still. The lavender which is destined for sachets and the linen press will constitute but a small proportion of that which is reaped with quite feverish energy, for it is to the oil of lavender that the grower looks for his chief profit.

"If the lavender grower is now up with the lark, and by no means to bed when the birds go to roost, it is because of the necessity of making scent while the sun shines, or, rather, extracting the essential oils which go to the making of the scent. And if he is reaping an abundant harvest he deserves it, for the cultivator of lavender, be he pharmaceutical agriculturist or herb grower, suffers all the risks and disappointments attending the tilling of the soil. Spring frosts often do considerable damage to the lavender plants, but although this year the frosts were keen enough to cut down the potato haulm they seem to have spared the lavender. The net result is that, while the bunches of so-called 'Mitcham lavender' which find their way to Covent Garden are full and well flavored this year, the yield of essential oils

is also excellent, for the long spell of sunshine has enriched the little cups which constitute the sprigs of bloom. It may surprise a good many people to learn that there is not, nor has there been for many years, such a thing as Mitcham lavender. There was a time when Fig's Marsh boasted as many as five stills, and when Mitcham was certainly the centre of the lavender industry, but the scene of operations has shifted, and now Beddington, Wallington and Carshalton constitute with a radius of about six miles Surrey's lavender area. There are something like one hundred and fifty acres under cultivation in Surrey, notably at Carshalton, and if the retailers maintain the Mitcham legend it is because the Surrey lavender is noted for its beauty, and Mitcham is a good name to stick to.

"Lavender growing is certainly one of the things better done in England than in France, for a pound of English oil ranges in price from 25 shillings to as much as 190 shillings in exceptional times, whereas 7 or 8 shillings is the price obtained for an equal quantity of the French variety. A good deal of the French lavender is grown wild, and the natives of the Alpes Maritimes gather it and distill the oils in primitive fashion. There is nothing primitive in the way in which the industry is carried on in this country, and a visit to the fields of one of the largest growers at Carshalton affords abundant evidence of the careful manner in which operations are conducted from the time when the young plants are put in the ground until they have reached the zenith of their oil-yielding powers in the third and last year of their existence. In the first year they are planted some two feet apart, and in the following season alternate rows are transplanted elsewhere, leaving the spreading plants more than three feet of space in which to thrive and develop. The planting is done on the square, and the symmetry of design presented to a visitor standing in the centre of a field of yearlings, the rows radiating in perfect formation from a middle point, is eminently attractive. There is no mistaking the two and three year old crops, for while the former may be full-bodied and strong, the sprigs of the older plants are weighed down by the weight of their oil-laden cups. Then, too, there is a distinct difference in color between a field of lavender two years old and one which is nearing the end of its term, the young blossoms partaking of a more delicate hue. One ad-

vantage the lavender grower possesses over other cultivators is that he has no need to fear the depredations of birds. Partridges and larks may build their nests in his lavender, but the scent of the flowers tempts them not at all, and but for the fact that the rabbits may bite off the straggling sprigs which interfere with their runs, the lavender has no serious enemy save the spring frosts.

"The harvesting has to be conducted with great care. The fields ripen rapidly under the summer sun, and all the reaping which is done for the callers of 'Sweet lavender, sixteen branches a penny,' has to be done while the dew is still upon the land, for to 'bunch' the sprigs when the sun has dried the ripe blooms would mean to lose millions of the scent-giving cups that would fall under the pressure of the reaper. The lavender which is destined for the distillery, and which is cut throughout the day, is laid on what are known as St. Petersburg mats, which are bound around about sixty pounds of lavender stalks, and in this way the blooms are carried to the stills. Here coppers holding as much as a ton of lavender boil the flowers, the steam which is given off being condensed, and the oil separated from the water. Stripped to the waist, the men work night and day in the heat of the barnlike buildings of two stories, with the furnaces below and the distillery above. Carefully the boiling process is watched until the time comes for securing the precious oil which makes scent for the million. But that after all is the business and the least attractive side of the calling of the grower over whose fields one is roaming. It is the growing lavender which possesses so many charms for the visitor. The air is charged with a faint scent of the flower, black bumble-bees buzz in thousands above the sprigs of blossom, and butterflies—the chalk-hill blue, the handsome sulphur-tinted yellow and many others—add to this scene of varied colors over which the reaper is passing with the swish of his sickle. Who would not envy the lavender grower, who pursues his calling amid such delightful surroundings?"

But flowers have other uses than providing luxurious scents for the fashionable. As we learn from the following quotation, the latest use of the rose is as a health giver. And, indeed, we can well imagine that the rest induced by a sojourn among such beautiful and calm surroundings as a rose garden would be well calculated to restore the wearied brain and body. In the hurry and bustle of life, amid its many sorrows, the lover of flowers finds a comfort beyond description in his garden or in the wild fields and the forest. There is, perhaps, nothing which is so conducive to peace as the contemplation of these forms of beauty. Among the many poets who have sung of the flowers, none has shown greater tenderness than Mrs. Hemans. We

wish that we had space for her poem entitled *Bring Flowers*, but a single verse must suffice to show the tone in which she wrote:

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are Nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust in the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers."

Roses and Their Uses *New York Tribune*

"Since the days when the 'sweet singer of Israel' sung the praises of the rose of Sharon, the rose has been so transformed by the florist's art that the flowers seen in the rose gardens of to-day bear but small resemblance to the humble little blossom which the tourists who visit the Holy Land see growing in that vicinity. The rose, with its constantly increasing beauty, has also increased in usefulness, and the 'rose rest cure' is the latest mode of usefulness to which the flower has been put.

"The rose held a high place in the estimation of the Greeks and Romans, who originated the idea of regarding it as symbolical of silence and a reminder of the confidential nature of any information obtained when partaking of hospitality. A rose was suspended above the table, and the guests who were breaking bread under the protection of friendship understood the mute reminder of the loyalty that enjoins silence regarding any information obtained under such circumstances. From this usage grew the expression 'sub rosa,' with which many individuals precede or close any information which the hearer is not to repeat. The rose is also supposed to be emblematic of certain sentiments, the nature of these depending on the color of the blossom bestowed. The pink rose symbolizes love, the white rose youth and the yellow jealousy.

"A pretty legend ascribes to an angel's gift the extra beauty possessed by the moss rose, veiled with its mantle of green. The angel, grateful for the protection of a rose bush, asked the rose what gift it desired in return. The rose desired the angel to bestow another grace upon it, and the flower in a moment was covered with moss. Of the flower's lineage an old legend says: 'I came from nectar spilled from heaven'; and in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sorrowed alone, the rose bloomed as it still does in fragrance and beauty.

"The Boers of the Transvaal are fond of roses, and in Pretoria the streets are bounded by rose hedges, which for all but three months of each year are fragrant and beautiful with blossoms.

All the public places display a profusion of roses of many varieties. The Burghers' Park has a beautiful collection. This flower has been chosen as the floral emblem of several States, including New York, Iowa and North Dakota, the last two mentioned having chosen the wild rose."

The following extract gives an interesting account of an increasing flower industry:

Violet Farms in Virginia.....New York Tribune

"The worn-out farms of Virginia, principally in Albemarle and adjacent counties, of late have been turned to good account by their owners, who have directed their attention to violet growing. The violet industry is spreading rapidly in that section, and the growers, the most successful of whom are women, employ small negro boys to carry on the work, which, while not laborious, is tedious, for the violets require constant attention. The greater part of the yield is taken by Philadelphia dealers. Although they are not 'making wealthy,' the growers are receiving substantial returns and find this new industry more profitable than ordinary farming.

"The great violet growing centre is Poughkeepsie, N. Y.," says Dr. B. F. Galloway, of the Department of Agriculture, who has had the violet hobby for years. He is the author of several books on the subject of profit in violet raising. All violets from this district find a ready market in New York City, and as the demand for them is increasing yearly a promising field is opened for the young, energetic and intelligent men and women of to-day.

"Answering a question as to why the violet has always been a popular flower, Dr. Galloway said that for four or five months in the year the public has no violets at all. It is only from the middle of October to the end of Easter time that violets are in season, and when they do arrive they are in great demand. On the contrary, roses abound all the year round. There is also a certain delicacy, a modesty, about the violet that makes it always wanted, while its perfume is another important point in its favor.

"Only two of the double varieties of violets are grown—the Maria Louise and the Lady Hume Campbell. There are many kinds of single flowers, which, while beautiful and fragrant, are not popular. This is a matter of taste, however. In Europe, especially in Paris, the single violets are in great demand. There is a growing demand for the single violet in this country, however. The old-fashioned way of growing violets, borrowed from the English twenty-five or thirty years ago, was in 'cold frames.' These were cheap, box-like arrangements put up and covered

over in winter with a glass sash. As the demand increased it was seen that this method of culture was not practical. Dealers in the cities were unable to secure the flowers at times, as the frames would be covered with two or three feet of snow, and it would be impossible for the growers to get at them. American ingenuity took a hand at this point and cellars were constructed adjacent to the beds and this difficulty was obviated. From this evolved the regular violet houses of the present time, properly heated and ventilated and so constructed that they can be reached at all times. Still a great number of violets are grown in frames, and for the beginners it is the best plan to adopt on account of its cheapness as valuable experience can thus be won at slight expense.

"Violets to be successful must be grown entirely from cuttings. Young offshoots taken early in the spring give the most satisfactory results. In some cases the old plants are allowed to remain year after year, but this is unsatisfactory, as each year's crop shows a decrease in the number and the size of the flowers. The best results are obtained by replanting every year. A start should be made every spring with young offshoots—baby plants—planted in small boxes. As soon as they make good roots they should be planted directly to where they are to stand all summer. It is at this time that they should be carefully watched. Dead leaves and runners should be taken off and the plant made to contract, each forming a bushy crown. By the middle of September, if properly treated, these plants should cover the entire ground. By the first of October they begin to blossom. At first the flowers are small, and, consequently, of little or no value, and are thrown away. By the middle of October they are sufficiently large, however, to send to market and immediately bring a good price.

"Violets generally sell for not less than a cent apiece, and when the average of a single plant is fifty flowers a season, and, with good care, a hundred, the profit can be readily seen. In the vicinity of every city violet raising could be made profitable. Any land that will grow potatoes, made rich by the addition of fertilizer, proves excellent breeding ground for violets. In starting a violet house care must be taken to see that there are proper facilities for shipping, although a person from four to six hours from the city can ship to good advantage.

"In the Virginia violet farms, after the young offshoots have been transplanted into open frames, rolling wooden screens are used on the top of the frames to regulate the amount of sunshine which shall be admitted to the plants."

A Tragedy of the Tides*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



This is the story of the fate that befell Lieutenant Henry Crewe and Margaret Neville, his betrothed, who disappeared from the infant city of Halifax on the afternoon of September 18, 1749. The facts were gathered by one Nicholas Pinson from the mouths of Indians more or less concerned, from members of the Neville family, and from much sagacious conjecture; and woven, with an infinite deal of irrelevant detail, into a narrative which has been rigorously condensed in the present rendering. The industrious Pinson's manuscript, with all its attenuated old French characters, its obscure abbreviations, and its well-bred contempt for orthographical accuracy, might perhaps be found even yet in the provincial archives at Halifax. At least, if any one be curious to examine this story in the original, just as M. Pinson wrote it, he may search the archives of Halifax with a reasonable surety that the manuscript is as likely to be found there as anywhere else.

There was a faint, opaline haze in the afternoon air, and in the still waters of the harbor the low hills, with their foliage lightly touched in bronze and amethyst and amber, were faithfully reproduced. Into a hollow between two knolls wooded with beech trees ran a shallow cove, its clear waters edged with sand of a tender, greenish-gray. Close to the water's edge stood the lovers, and across the silence they could hear, pulsating dimly, the hammers of them that were building the city.

"Listen," said the man, as he drew the girl closely to him and kissed her on the forehead; "those are the strokes that are making a home for us."

The girl lifted her lips for a kiss that never reached them. The man was seized from behind, a dark hand covered his mouth, and Lieutenant Henry Crewe, his sword unstirred in its scabbard, found himself pinioned hand and foot, ere he had time to realize that other arms were about him than those of the woman he loved. With her it fared in like fashion, save that before they covered her mouth she found time for one long piercing cry. It was heard by those who were working on the city palisades; but no man could tell the direction whence it came. Pres-

ently a search party set out for the thick woods lying a little north of west from the city, but in the meantime the Indians had carried their captives northeastward to the lakes, and were making all speed on the Fundy coast by way of the Shubenacadie trail.

Henry Crewe was a tall man, and well sinewed, and for a brief space he strove so fiercely with his bonds that his fair skin flushed well-nigh purple, and his lips, under the yellow moustache, curled apart terribly, like those of a beast at bay. Unable to endure the anguish of his effort, Margaret averted her eyes, for she knew the hopelessness of it. Like all the Nevilles of Nova Scotia to this day, the girl was somewhat spare of form and feature, with dark hair, a clear, dark skin, and eyes of deep color that might be either gray or green. Her terrible cry had been far less the utterance of a blind terror than a deliberate signal to the garrison at the fort, and so complete was her self-control that when Crewe presently met her gaze his brain grew clearer, he forgot the derision in the Indians' painted faces, ceased his vain struggles, and bent all his thought to the task of finding means of deliverance.

The captives were thrown into canoes and paddled swiftly to the head of the long basin which runs inland for miles from the head of the harbor. At the beginning of the portage their feet were unbound, and their mouths set free from the suffocating gags.

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret! To think I should have brought you to this!" exclaimed Crewe in a harsh voice, the moment his lips were free.

The girl had confidence in her lover's power to find some way of protecting her, in case no help should come from the city. Her sole thought now was to show herself brave and in no way to embarrass his judgment. Before she could answer, however, the leader of the band struck Crewe across the mouth with the flat of his hatchet, as a hint that he should keep silence. Had Crewe been alone, bound as he was, he would have felled his assailant with a blow of the foot; but for Margaret's sake he forced himself to endure the indignity tamely, though his blue eye flamed with so dangerous a light that the Indian raised his hatchet again in menace. The girl's heart bled under the stroke and at sight of the wounded mouth, but she prudently abstained from speech. Only she spoke one word

*Reading from *The Marshes of Minas*. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.25. Printed by permission. Copyright, 1900.

in a low voice that said all things to her lover's ear, the one word, "Beloved!"

To the chief now spoke one of the band in the Micmac tongue:

"Why not let the paleface talk to his young squaw? It will be the more bitter for them at the last!"

"No," said the chief, grinning; "it is as death to the palefaces to keep silence. But they shall have time to talk at the last."

Throughout the long journey, which was continued till midnight, under the strong light of a moon just at the full, the lovers held no converse save in the mute language of eye and gesture, and that only during the rough marches from one lake to another. The greater part of the journey was by canoe. At night they were lashed to trees some way apart, and separated by the camp-fire. Crewe dared not address a word to Margaret lest he should anger his captors into doing him some injury that might lessen his powers of thought or action, and the girl, seeing that no immediate gain could be had from speech, dreaded to be smitten on the mouth in a way that might disfigure her in her lover's eyes. Only at times, when a wind would blow the smoke and flame aside, she looked across the camp-fire into the young man's face, and in the look and in the smile of the steady lips he read not only an unswerving courage, but also a confidence in his own resourceful protection, which pierced his heart with anguish. All night he pondered schemes of rescue or escape, until his brain reeled and his soul grew sick before the unsolvable problem. He could move neither hand nor foot, and just before dawn he sank to sleep in his bonds. Then for the waking girl the loneliness became unspeakable, and her lips grew ashen in the first light of the dawn.

Late on the following day the band drew up their canoes on the banks of the Shubenacadie, where its waters began to redden with the tide and struck through the woods by a dark trail. The next day the captives were tortured by the sight of a white steeple in the distance, belonging to an Acadian settlement. Crewe judged this to be the village of Beaubassin. The surmise was confirmed when, a few hours later, after a wide detour to avoid the settlement, the flag of France was seen waving over the foliage that clothed a long line of heights. By this time the band was traversing a vast expanse of salt marshes, and after crossing a little tidal stream near its head they turned sharply southwestward toward the sea. Presently the raw red earth-works of Beauséjour rose into view some seven or eight miles distant across the marshes. There,

among his bitter enemies, Crewe knew he might find sure succor, if only the gallant Frenchmen could be made aware of what was passing so near them. He saw Margaret's eyes fixed with terrible appeal upon the hostile works, wherein for her and for her lover lay safety; and agonized to feel his utter helplessness, he raised a long and ringing shout, which, as it seemed to him, must reach the very souls of those behind the ramparts. Margaret's heart leaped with hope, which flickered out as she saw the Indians laugh grimly at the foolish effort. To be within sight of help, and yet so infinitely helpless! For the first time the girl yielded to complete despair, and her head sank upon her breast. In the Journal of the Sieur Carré, at this time a lieutenant at Beauséjour, occurs this entry, under date of September 20, 1749:

"Noted this morning a small party of natives moving down the shores of the River Tintamarre. Too far off to distinguish whether it was a war party or not, but this their order of march seemed to suggest."

After skirting for perhaps an hour a red and all but empty channel, which Crewe recognized by hearsay as the bed of the Tantramar (or Tintamarre, "water of hubbub"), the savages suddenly led their captives down the steep, gleaming abyss of mud to the edge of the shallow current, which now, at low tide, clattered shrilly seaward over clods of blue clay and small stones rolled down from the uplands.

Margaret awoke from her despair enough to shudder disdainfully as her feet sank more than ankle-deep in the clinging ooze, and to wonder why the Indians should halt in such a place. She met her lover's glance, and saw that he was singularly disturbed.

The place was like a hideous gaping pit. A double winding of the channel closed it in above and below. Some forty or fifty feet over their heads, against a pure sky of loveliest blue, waved a shaggy fringe of salt grasses, yellowing in the autumn air. This harsh and meagre herbage encircled the rim of the chasm, and seemed to make the outer world of men infinitely remote. The sun, an hour or two past noon, glared down whitely into the gulf, and glistened, in a myriad of steely reflections, from the polished but irregular steep slopes of slime. There was something so strange and monstrous in the scene that Margaret's dull misery was quickened to a nameless horror. Suddenly a voice, which she hardly recognized as that of her lover, said slowly and steadily:

"Margaret, this is the end of our journey. We have come to the end."

Looking up she met Crewe's eyes fastened upon her with a gaze which seemed to sustain her and fill her nerves with strength. With the end of his uncertainty his will became clear, and his resolution as perfect as tempered steel. An Indian had brought two stakes and thrown them on the mud at the leader's feet. Margaret looked at the rough-trimmed saplings, at the tide-mark far up the dreadful slope, then again into her lover's face. She understood; but she gave no sign, save that her skin blanched to a more deathly pallor, and she exclaimed in a voice of poignant regret: "Have we kept silence all these long hours only for this? And I had so much to say to you!"

"There will be time," he said gently, and his voice was a caress. "The flood-tide has not yet begun, and it will take some hours. And it was well, dear, that we could not speak; for so you had hope till the last to support you, while I had none, having heard the Indians say we were to die, though they said not in my hearing when or how. Had you known, you might not have had this courage of yours, that now gives me strength to endure the utmost. Dear, your heroic fortitude has been everything to me."

A faint flush of pride rose into the girl's face, and she stretched out her pinioned arms to him, and cried: "You shall not be deceived in me. I will be worthy of you, and will not shame our race before these beasts."

By this time the stakes were driven into the strong clay. They were placed some way up the slope, and one a little space above the other. To the lower stake they fastened Crewe. As the girl was being bound to the other, her arms were freed for a moment that the savages might the more readily remove her upper garments, and by a swift movement she loosened her hair so that it fell about her to her knees—the splendid Neville hair, still famous in the Province. There was no bounty then on English scalps, and the horror of the scalping-knife was not threatened them. When the savages had made their task complete, they laughed in their victims' faces and retreated up the steep and over the grassy rim.

"Are they gone?" asked the girl.

"No, they are lying in wait to watch us," answered Crewe; and as he ceased speaking a muffled sound was heard, and with a sudden hubbub that filled the chasm with clamor, the first of the flood-tide came foaming round the curve, and the descending current halted as if in fear of the meeting. The next moment the bed of the stream was hidden by a boiling reddish torrent, racing up the channel, and the tide was creeping by inches toward the captives' feet. For an hour

or more the bright gulf of death was so loud in this turmoil and with the echoes from the red walls of mud, and the yellow eddies of foam whirled and swept so dizzily past their eyes, that the captives' senses were dulled in a measure, as if by some crude anodyne or vast mesmeric influence. When, however, the channel was about one-third full and the water was beginning to cover Crewe's feet, the flood became more quiet and equable, spreading smoothly over freer spaces. Presently there was a frightful silence, intensified by the steady sunlight, and broken only by the stealthy, soft rush and snakelike hiss of the tide. Then, as Margaret's brain grew clear in the stillness, a low cry, which tortured Crewe's features, forced itself from her lips. She realized for the first time why the stake to which she was bound had been set higher than her lover's. She would watch the cruel colored water creep over Crewe's mouth, then cover his eyes, and hide at last the brave head she had longed to kiss, ere it climbed to ease her own lips of life. She said, "Love, I will lay my face down in the water as soon as it is near enough, and I shall not be far behind you."

A wide-winged gray gull, following the tide up the channel, gave a startled cry as he became upon the silent figures, and rose higher, with sudden flapping, as he turned his flight away across the marshes.

In the *Journal of the Sieur Carré*, in Beauséjour, there is a second entry under the date of September 20, 1749. It was added on a succeeding day. Translated fully it runs thus:

"In the afternoon took a guard and marched across the Tintamarre to see what mischief the redskins had been at, having observed them to leave two of their number in the channel, and to linger long on the brink, as if watching something in the stream. It was within an hour of high tide when we reached the spot, the savages disappearing on our approach. Saw on the farther shore a piteous sight, whereat our hearts burned to follow the redskins and chastise their devilish malice. A woman was bound to a stake, her face fallen forward in the water, and a wonderful luxuriance of dark hair spread about her and floating on the current. Swam across the river, with those of my men following who could, and, plunging beneath the tide, cut her bonds. But found the life had fled, at which we wondered, for had she held her head erect the water would not yet have been within a little of her chin. But presently we found, beneath the water, the body of a young man, bound to a stake, and it seemed to us we thereupon understood why the poor lady had been in such haste to die.

Scientific Problems, Progress and Prophecy

*Is Distilled Water Poisonous? ... M. Victorie de Clèves ... La Nature**

If the poets were more learned in chemistry, they certainly would not fail to take distilled water for the emblem of purity. In doing this, however, they would be wrong, for this commercial product is really a very complex mixture, even containing noxious substances. This may be proved as follows, without an appeal to chemistry, which would be useless here, for the impurities of distilled water are in such small quantities that they escape analysis.

Take a grain of wheat, soak it twenty-four hours in water, and then put it between two leaves of moist paper so as to make it sprout. When the roots have become one or two centimeters long, place the sprouted grain on the surface of a vessel of distilled water, supporting it with a rod of glass. In these conditions, the upper part, that is, the leaves will grow and unfold. The roots will attempt to grow also, but, after lengthening by a few millimeters, they will cease. As biologists say, they become "aborted." If the experiment is made with spring water, the roots grow 30 to 40 centimeters.

Why are the roots stunted in distilled water? This question, long debated by botanists, has just been solved by M. Henri Coupin. Take the distilled water of commerce and redistill it in a glass still; cause a wheat-grain, as before, to sprout in it, and we shall obtain a fine germination, with five to six roots of more than 40 centimeters (16 inches) in length, and bearing numerous rootlets. We conclude that distilled water is not poisonous in itself, but that the commercial variety contains substances harmful to plants. These substances are evidently, in greater or less part, salts of copper from the still in which the water was distilled. And the large degree of poisonousness need not astonish us, for we know, as M. Coupin has experimentally shown, that wheat roots will not grow in a solution of copper sulphate of 0.0000014 per cent. strength, and that those of the lupine refuse to grow in a 0.000005 per cent. solution.

One of the last botanists to experiment on the toxicity of distilled water took commercial distilled water and redistilled it six successive times. In the last product of distillation, he placed sprouting seeds and saw that the roots were aborted as in the commercial distilled water. Thus he concluded that distilled water is poisonous in itself.

*Translated for the Literary Digest.

It seemed that the argument could not be gained, for he who would have maintained that water six times distilled was impure would have been indeed courageous.

Nevertheless, M. Coupin repeated the experiment, removing a bottle of water after each distillation. In each bottle he put a grain of wheat. All sprouted wonderfully and sent out long roots.

How shall we reconcile these two identical experiments which give such contradictory results? After long reflection, M. Coupin solved the problem. He had used a glass rod to sustain his grain on the surface of the water, while his predecessor had employed a cork and pins. The latter were attacked by the distilled water, which soon contained poisonous copper salts. This hypothesis was experimentally verified by M. Coupin, and gave satisfactory results; the roots were stunted in distilled water in which a pin had been placed. The germination obtained was identical with that in the distilled water of commerce.

Earthquake-Sounds ... Charles Davison, Sc.D., F.R.S. ... Knowledge

The sound which accompanies an earthquake has rarely, if ever, been described more graphically than by an observer of the Charleston earthquake of 1886. He was at the time on the second floor of a lofty building in Charleston when his attention was "vaguely attracted by a sound that seemed to come from the office below, and was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavily laden truck, over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a car or dray along the street. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then by swift degrees, or all at once—it is difficult to say which—the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of window-sashes, gas-fixtures and other movable objects. . . . The long roll deepened and spread into an awful roar, that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude rapid quiver, that agitated the whole lofty, strong-walled building." Soon "the floors were heaving underfoot, the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead and without, the terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the

mind and heart, dazing perception, arresting thought . . . until at last "the uproar slowly died away in seeming distance. The earth was still, and oh! the blessed relief of that stillness!"

Though the chief features of the earthquake-sound are described in the above extract from the Ninth Annual Report of the American Geological Survey, its character varies considerably in different earthquakes, in various parts of the area of one and the same earthquakes, and even with individual observers in the same house. For several years I have paid special attention to the phenomena of earthquake-sounds, and have collected several thousand descriptions, the types of comparison employed belonging generally to one of the classes mentioned below. Occasionally, however, an observer is uncertain, and quotes alternative types which may belong to different classes. But often the resemblance is so close that he is himself deceived, and starts up from his chair to see the unexpected carriage pass.

(1) The most frequent references of all are to passing vehicles of various kinds, and, as a rule, to very heavy ones, such as traction-engines, steam-rollers or wagons, driven rapidly over stone paving or on a hard or frosty road; express trains or heavy goods trains rushing over an iron bridge or through a tunnel or cutting; or weighty furniture dragged along the floor. (2) Next in frequency come comparisons to thunder, occasionally to a deep peal, but most often, perhaps, to distant thunder. (3) In some earthquakes, but by no means in all, the sound appears to resemble a rough or moaning wind, the howling of wind in a chimney and a chimney on fire. (4) When it is of short duration and fairly uniform in intensity, we find the sound described as like that of a load of coal or bricks falling from a cart, or of a wall or roof tumbling down. (5) Again, when still briefer, it is compared to the thud of a ponderous weight, a large mass of snow or of heavy timber, or the slamming of a door. (6) In weak earthquakes, and above all in the slight after-shocks of a great earthquake, we have references to explosions of different kinds, but chiefly to colliery explosions, rock-blasting or the firing of artillery, especially when they occur at a distance. (7) Lastly, there are several descriptions of a miscellaneous kind, which are rarely used and do not fall under any of the above headings, such as the trampling of many animals, a covey of partridges on the wing, the roar of a waterfall or the rumbling of waves in a cavern.

The extraordinary depth of the sound is shown very clearly by the descriptions given above. The frequent and unprompted use of the word

"heavy," whether applied to thunder, explosions, or traction-engines, is some evidence of this. The same impression is also conveyed by the more detailed accounts; "much lower than the lowest thunder" one observer writes, and another, "I can only compare the sound with the pedal notes of a great organ, only of a deeper pitch than can be taken in by the human ear, shall I say a noise more felt than heard?" Still more striking is the fact that, while the sound is heard by some observers, it is quite inaudible to others at the same place and even in the same house. To one person the sound is so loud that it seems like the rumbling of a heavy traction-engine passing; another in the same place and equally on the alert will be just as positive that the shock was unaccompanied by sound. The explanation offered rather confidently by some writers that the attention of the second observer was distracted by the shock is untenable for several reasons, which may be worth mentioning. (1) In the first place, the sound is often too loud to escape notice in this way. (2) It is generally heard before the shock begins to be felt. (3) Different races, as will be seen afterward, vary much in their powers of hearing the earthquake-sound. A whole nation, and especially one so accustomed to observing earthquakes as the Japanese, cannot be accused of constant inattention. (4) Lastly, my own hearing is, I believe, unusually keen for ordinary noises, but I could hear no sound during the Hereford earthquake of 1896, though I was in a quiet room and listened intently, and more than 60 per cent. of the observers in Birmingham heard the earthquake-sound. We may therefore conclude that the inaudibility of the sound is not due to inattention, but simply to the fact that some observers are deaf to very low sounds.

Another fact deserving of notice is that the sound-vibrations are not all of one pitch. The loud and deep explosive crashes observable near the epicentre at the time when the shock is strongest are only heard by some persons. Again, the observers at any one place make use of widely different means of comparison. Thus, out of more than fifty observers of the Hereford earthquake in Birmingham, 35 per cent. compared the sound to passing wagons, etc., 18 per cent. to thunder, 17 to wind, 4 to loads of stones falling, 9 to the fall of heavy bodies, 11 to explosions, and 6 per cent. to miscellaneous sounds. The difference in loudness was also very marked. On the one hand, we have such descriptions as a traction-engine passing, an express train rushing beneath an arch, a heavily laden cart passing over a rough street, and heavy thunder; on the other, distant thunder, a rushing wind and a very

distant explosion. If all the observers in one place were equally endowed, the sound would present the same character to every one of them. But their powers differ widely. Their ears, indeed, act like sieves of varying degrees of fineness; some are affected by many vibrations, and to them the sound is loud and complex; others are impervious to all but a few vibrations, and they hear a sound that is faint and monotonous.

As the inhabitants of any one country do not agree in this respect, it is only natural to suppose that "different races should also vary. The people of Great Britain seem to have unusually good powers of hearing earthquake-sounds. It may fairly be said that an earthquake never occurs in these islands without the sound being heard. It is not altogether easy to make a just comparison with other nations, for we cannot be certain that the omission of sound-records is not accidental. There are, however, two countries, Italy and Japan, where earthquakes are closely studied. In Italy about one-third, and in Japan about one-quarter, of the earthquakes seem to be accompanied by sound. But there is this difference between them. The Italian shocks, which are unattended, so far as we know, by sound, are generally felt by very few persons; when there are many observers, there are always one or more to be found among them who are capable of hearing deep sounds. But, in Japan, although the proportion of audible earthquakes increases with the area shaken by them, nearly one-third of the strongest shocks are unaccompanied by any recorded sound. The only inference we can make from this is that the Japanese, as a race, are less susceptible than Europeans to very low sounds.

Astronomical Photography.....Harold Jacoby... International M.

At a congress held at Paris in 1887 it was decided that the end of the nineteenth century should see the making of a great catalogue of all the stars in the sky, upon a scale of completeness and precision surpassing anything previously attempted. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a work; for upon our star catalogues depends ultimately the entire structure of astronomical science.

The work was far too vast for the powers of any observatory alone. Therefore the whole sky, from pole to pole, was divided into eighteen belts or zones of approximately equal area; and each of these was assigned to a single observatory to be photographed. A series of telescopes was specially constructed, so that every part of the work should be done with the same type of instrument. As far as possible, an attempt was made to secure

uniformity of methods, and particularly a uniform scale of precision. To cover the entire sky upon the plan proposed no less than forty-four thousand one hundred and eight negatives are required; and most of these have now been finished. The further measurement of the pictures and the drawing up of a vast printed star catalogue are also well under way. One of the participating observatories, that at Potsdam, Germany, has just published the first volume of its part of the catalogue. It is estimated that this observatory alone will require twenty quarto volumes to contain merely the final results of its work on the catalogue. Altogether not less than two million stars will find a place in this, our latest directory of the heavens.

Cyclones.....H. B. Goodwin, R.N..... United Service Magazine

The theory of cyclones has during the last century engaged the attention of a number of distinguished meteorologists, prominent amongst whom are Piddington, Meldrum, and Dove, and a considerable amount of literature recently published shows that the subject has lost none of its attractiveness either for scientific observers or for practical men. To give an idea of the leading characteristics of a cyclone storm we cannot do better than quote the account given in the Admiralty Manual upon the subject, published for the guidance of mariners in general:

The space over which these storms have been known to expand varies from twenty or thirty to some hundreds of miles; blowing continually round a centre or vortex, but with an ever-varying force, now lulling into little more than a strong breeze, and then again suddenly swelling up into uncontrollable fury. But the peculiar characteristic of their revolving action is this: that in each hemisphere the gyration takes place in one direction, and that direction contrary to the apparent course of the sun, so that in the north latitude these storms revolve from right to left (or in the opposite direction to the hands of a watch), and in south latitudes from left to right (or in the same direction as the hands of a watch). Another remarkable feature of these storms is their increasing violence in the neighborhood of their centre or vortex, and yet there they are so much more fitful and uncertain as to render a vessel helpless and unmanageable. Besides which, as she approaches the vortex (unless on the direct line of its own progressive motion) the more rapid become the changes of the wind, till at length, instead of veering point by point as she had found when entering the storm-field, it now flies round to the opposite point—the vessel is taken aback, or brought by the lee, in an

irresistible squall, and forced into sternway against an overpowering sea.

"But besides this circular motion of the wind round a centre, these storms have a bodily progressive movement, rolling onwards, if it may be so expressed, along their desolating tracks, sometimes with great velocity, and sometimes appearing to pause, or scarcely to advance more than a few miles in the hour."

The task of the sailor in devising means of coping with the cyclonic storm is somewhat simplified by the fortunate circumstance that such storms are fairly methodical in their habits. In the South Indian Ocean, for example, the storms always occur at the same period of the year, between December and April; they always originate about 5° and 6° from the equator in the eastern part of the ocean, and pursue a course approximately W.S.W. On reaching the neighborhood of Madagascar, it is true they appear to be deflected by the land, and curve away to the S.E., so that in latitudes of 25° and upward the mariner has to ascertain for himself as well as he can, the course followed by the path of the storm; and thus some additional degree of caution is required in the higher latitudes.

But the great point to determine is the probable bearing of the centre, and it is to this end that the efforts of all the observers, scientific men and mariners alike, are principally directed.

In the old days it was customary for the seaman who suspected that he was caught in a circular storm to determine its centre by a sort of simple mathematical construction. He conceived his position to be somewhere on the circumference of a circle. Upon this circumference he took the point determined by a tangent line drawn from the direction of the wind, and a line drawn at right angles to this line gave the required direction. For example, in the southern hemisphere the wind being S.W. the direction of the centre would be at right angles to a line so drawn, that is, the bearing of the centre of the storm would be taken as S.E.

This rough-and-ready rule, which was for many years looked upon as an absolute guide, has of late been accepted with a certain amount of reserve. In the Admiralty Manual it is stated in a footnote: "It must, however, be observed that at a considerable distance from the centre, and before the barometer shall have fallen much below its normal value, the centre may bear 10 or 12 points from the direction of the wind." This view is emphatically confirmed in the memorandum of Señor Faura, Director of the Manila Observatory, translated for the *Annales Hydrographiques*, published by the French Admiralty.

He reports: "This law is erroneous and is responsible for many disasters." Señor Faura goes on to explain, as in the manual, that the angle is in general greater than 90° and that its obliquity varies not only in different cyclones, but in different parts of the same cyclone.

But if he destroys our faith in the old time-honored rule, it cannot be said that he gives us nothing in return. On the contrary, he formulates a complete system of rules, based on the indications of the barometer, from which he is able to predicate with absolute certainty both the advent and the character of the approaching cyclone. In fair weather in tropical latitudes, the readings of this instrument are much more uniform and its variations much more regular than in parts of the earth more remote from the equator. There is, in fact, at Manila a species of diurnal atmospheric "tide," such that the mercury reaches its highest point about 9 to 10 a. m., and from 4 a. m. to 9 a. m. the rise should be not less than 2.5 or 3 millimetres, if fair weather is to be expected. From 9 a. m. to 3 or perhaps 5 p. m., according to the season, the level falls, and if the fall is not greater than 3 millimetres all is well. From the minimum in the afternoon to about 10 p. m. a second rise takes place, and the mercury then falls until a minimum is again reached at 4 a. m.

When during a rising period the reading remains unchanged, or when the rise is considerably less than its normal amount, bad weather may be expected, but if during a rising period it continues falling, as between 4 a. m. and 9 a. m. or from 4 p. m. to 10 p. m., then we have unequivocal signs that a cyclone is impending. In the words of Señor Faura: "There is no time to lose, the cyclone is certain; it is approaching the point of observation rapidly, and it is equally certain to break upon it with violence."

Of the certainty of these barometrical indications Faura is able to remark: "This rule is so exact that of all the cyclones announced by the observatory of Manila none has failed, nor has any cyclone appeared which has not been previously announced by this law." A second system of indications is supplied by observations of certain clouds of the class known technically as the "cirrostratus," about the time of sunrise or sunset, which converge toward a point somewhere near the horizon. From careful observations of this point of convergence, it is claimed that information may be obtained both as to the position of the centre, and as to the probability of the cyclone passing over the point of observation. Such a system, however, is probably more suited to an observatory, than for general use at sea.

Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking

The Value of Pure Water.....Nikola Tesla.....Century

Whisky, wine, tea, coffee, tobacco and other such stimulants are responsible for the shortening of the lives of many, and ought to be used with moderation. But I do not think that rigorous measures of suppression of habits followed through many generations are commendable. It is wiser to preach moderation than abstinence. We have become accustomed to these stimulants, and if such reforms are to be effected, they must be slow and gradual. Those who are devoting their energies to such ends could make themselves far more useful by turning their efforts in other directions, as, for instance, toward providing pure water. For every person who perishes from the effects of a stimulant, at least a thousand die from the consequences of drinking impure water. This precious fluid, which daily infuses new life into us, is likewise the chief vehicle through which disease and death enter our bodies. The germs of destruction it conveys are enemies all the more terrible as they perform their fatal work unperceived. They seal our doom while we live and enjoy. The majority of people are so ignorant or careless in drinking water, and the consequences of this are so disastrous, that a philanthropist can scarcely use his efforts better than by endeavoring to enlighten those who are thus injuring themselves. By systematic purification and sterilization of the drinking-water the human mass would be very considerably increased. It should be made a rigid rule—which might be enforced by law—to boil or to sterilize otherwise the drinking-water in every household and public place. The mere filtering does not afford sufficient security against infection. All ice for internal uses should be artificially prepared from water thoroughly sterilized. The importance of eliminating germs of disease from the city water is generally recognized, but little is being done to improve the existing conditions, as no satisfactory method of sterilizing great quantities of water has as yet been brought forward. By improved electrical appliances we are now enabled to produce ozone cheaply and in large amounts, and this ideal disinfectant seems to offer a happy solution of the important question.

World's Food Reserve.....New York Herald

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is authority for the statement that the food supply of the world is inexhaustible. For some time past the department has been systematically in-

vestigating food. Agents who are food students have been sent to the remotest ends of the earth for the purpose of finding out what the new or neglected food products are, their value as a nutritious diet, and the extent to which they can be used to lengthen the menu of the civilized cook. Some very interesting and startling facts are being handed in through the reports. It has been discovered that the nut trees alone of the world could at a pinch feed a population three times as great as the present number of inhabitants. While a dozen vegetables cover the limit of variety on the average table, the earth is growing hundreds of kinds that are nutritious, delicious and easy to cultivate. That a single wild tribe of western Indians is using forty-one kinds of vegetables which are absolutely unknown in the East. An endless variety of down-trodden weeds can be converted into wholesome, succulent "garden truck." Even the much-maligned nettle has the latent qualities of a delicious "entremet." Especially interesting are the facts furnished by the nut specialists. There is no product that requires so little cultivation as the nut, and none is more wholesome as a food staple. An orchard of 2,000 trees in California yields every year over 24,000 pounds of hulled nuts. Already the commercial mind has seized upon the enormous profits to accrue from the sale of various preparations of nuts, and at least ten large companies manufacture nothing but nut foods. In the past the objection to nuts as a food has been that they were deemed hard to digest, but, with the new methods of preparing and cooking them, they are rendered as healthful as they are palatable, even in America, where good digestion does not invariably wait on appetite.

The introduction of new foods is an excellent plan for both the health and commercial prosperity of a nation. Nearly all of what are now regarded as indigenous fruits and vegetables have been imported to us from other lands. Of the food plants now in use only pumpkins and a few grapes, plums and berries were originally found on the soil. Oats, barley and rye originated in wild forms along the Mediterranean. The first noted species of wheat were brought from Persia. The common garden bean traces its ancestry back of the landing of the Pilgrims to an early aboriginal state in the Andes. The Orient furnished us with melons, cucumbers and onions. Eggplant and tomatoes were discovered in Peru. Quinces, pears, currants and large white grapes

in Europe. While the most common of our vegetables, celery, lettuce, cabbage and spinach, were transplanted from the shores of the Mediterranean. If these important features of our daily food supply have all found their way to us from foreign lands, it seems but a question of sufficient search throughout the world to increase the store until all possibility of a food famine in future ages is rendered inconceivable. One point that is being strongly brought out by the Government is that many things once considered wild and poisonous and many that are still looked down upon as weeds are health-giving products and should be ranked as a portion of the reserve food supply. Indeed, the Bureau has selected seventeen of the most ordinary weeds and has issued a pamphlet extolling their virtues as available, healthful foods. In the list are found dock, the mashed marigold, mercury, black charlock, commonly held as poisonous; chicory, pokeweed, also regarded as a poison; purslane, for which the farmer inherits his dislike, and the despised nettle. A wonderful reserve fund for the human appetite is to be found in the vegetable diet of the Klamath Indians. A novel variety of food forming a menu unknown to the civilized is offered in the pulp of the great yellow water lily, which is converted into a farinaceous food; in the weed known as goosefoot, which bears a black seed that is ground up for loaves and cakes, and in the arrowhead, which in the fall develops a starchy white tuber at the end of the roots, not to mention the tubers that resemble beets, turnips and carrots, the nuts that are ground into "coffee" and the flower leaves that furnish fairy-like desserts. The taming of wild fruits is another branch of the food agent's business. Mr. Augustus Henry, who is authority on Chinese flora, states that there are at least 100 varieties of fruits growing wild in the interior of China that, if transplanted to another soil and properly cultivated, would prove as important a food supply as our present necessary apple and pear. The Le Conte pear, which has revolutionized pear growing in southern California, was originally the Chinese sand pear, grown solely for ornamental purposes.

Ceremonial Cakes.....F. J. Ziegler.....Cosmopolitan

Cakes figured in the religious observances of the nations of classic antiquity. Roman milkmaids offered cakes of millet to the goddess of shepherds during the rustic festivities of the Palilia; and during the Liberalia, celebrated March 17, the ivy-garlanded priests and priestesses of Dionysos went through the Eternal City carrying with them wine, honey, sweetmeats

and cakes, as well as a portable altar upon which rested a sacred frying-pan for burnt-offerings. A bun, either stamped with the horns of the sacred ox or crescent-shaped, was sacred to As-tarte, and Athenæus mentions a kind of cheese-cake dedicated to Diana, which had figures of lighted torches about its circumference, and was offered at cross-roads.

Nor had the heathen bakers a monopoly of such dishes. The ovens of Israel were acquainted with ceremonial cakes. The showbread, twelve loaves in a double file, was placed regularly upon the temple table; while loaves without leaven, tempered with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, are the oblations prescribed by the book of Leviticus for peace-offerings. Then there is the thin unleavened "matsath," the Jew bread as we call it sometimes, an orthodox baking eaten to this day at the feast of the Passover. During the Middle Ages, a fritter shaped like a ladder with seven rungs was eaten at Pentecost as an emblem of the "seven heavens which God rent at the giving of the law," and in Germany cakes known as "pasdida" were made especially for consumption on the Sabbath. But it must have been to some such forbidden food as the horned bun just mentioned that the renegade Jewish women of Pathros referred when they answered Jeremiah's rebuke of their idolatrous reverence for the Queen of Heaven by the retort, "Did we make cakes to worship her, to pour out drink-offerings to her without our husbands?"

In Italy—that land where the past and the present clasp hands over the intervening centuries and where many a rite of ancient heathendom lingers under the thin disguise of modern garb—one finds no end of ceremonial cakes of distinguished lineage. During Lent the Romans religiously eat a bun known as "maritozze," which is filled with the kernels of an edible pinecone, and there are numerous bakings peculiar to various festivals of the saints. San Guiseppe seems to have rather more than his share of this kind of reverence, but then this important personage in the Christian calendar appears to have fallen heir to many of the honors formerly paid to the God of Wine during the Liberalia. The feast of this saint is celebrated on March 19—two days later than the vintage festival of pagan times—and is observed with much ceremony throughout the Italian provinces. Ivy-crowned priests no longer escort the sacred frying-pan through the thoroughfares of the City of the Seven Hills, but the "frittelle di San Guiseppe" sizzle in huge caldrons of oil on the street corners and are lauded in doggerel verses painted above the principal booths in which they are dispensed.

In Chiusa Scalfani, Sicily, the cakes baked on this occasion are most elaborate in form; saints, animals and droll puppets being modeled out of the dough.

Then there is the "pane di morte," baked in the form of the cross and eaten upon the feast of All Souls (November 2); the occhialino, or little eye, an accompaniment of the feast of Santa Lucia (December 13), the protectress of the vision; the minuzza, which looks like a breast and is dedicated to Santa Agata, invoked by those troubled with diseases of that organ; and a roll representing a trachea, sacred to San Brasi, a holy personage whose aid is sought by those suffering with sore throats. Still another roll of peculiar form, dedicated to San Nicola, is credited with the power to protect the household from fire. In Perugia they make Christmas cakes in the form of human femurs, consisting of a shell of sugar filled with a soft white mass representing marrow. What association a legbone has with Yuletide, I am unable to surmise.

other animal fats and for this reason approaches more nearly many of the vegetable oils. Clinical experience has shown how beneficial for human consumption are the fish oils, which are also rich in olein. The product is, however, expensive and its preparation for table use requires most careful precautions, as it may have associated with it a number of undesirable substances that make it unpalatable and indigestible, especially for the delicate stomachs of the patients who most need it. The vegetable or plant oils are not open to these objections. Moreover, they can be obtained very cheaply. Modern manufacturing enterprise has made it possible to obtain certain of them in a perfectly neutral state, and much cheaper than even the ordinary animal fats. There seems every reason, then, that their use in the family should be encouraged as much as possible. They represent a most desirable addition to the domestic economy of the modern household, a cheap, clean, eminently nutritious and wholesome fat.

Plant Oils as Food.....Medical News

The possibilities latent in vegetable oils as an article of diet are not utilized, especially in this country, to an extent proportionate to their merits. Theoretically we may admit that plant oils are of the greatest nutritive value, but do not realize the practical importance of this fact. Fat is a substance elaborated by cellular activity in living organisms. Whether the cell that accomplishes the production of the fatty material from indifferent elements, or collects it little by little from the nutritive material supplied to it, be plant or animal, the process and its result are biologically equivalent. The protoplasm of the plant cell is to all intents and purposes exactly the same as that of the animal cell. Analyzed, chemically, after the death of the cell, they are found to be made up of the same substances. It is no wonder, then, that the various products of their activity should resemble each other. Plant oils and animal fats have, it is true, certain characteristic qualities in which they differ from each other. Certain members of the plant series of fat compounds are, however, much more nearly related to certain animal fats than they are to other members of their own series; and, on the other hand, many animal fats resemble others of their own series much less than they do the plant oils. The more fluid fats contain a larger proportion of olein than do the harder fatty substances which are rich in palmitin and stearin. The yellow fats are richer in olein than are the white fats, which owe their color mainly to stearin. Human fat is much richer in olein than most

Unusual Pie Receipts....F. D. Bergen...American Kitchen Magazine

The "pie-belt" is generally supposed to be best developed in New England, but I doubt if in quantity or kinds of pies any State therein can quite equal some of the Middle States. Marvelous ingenuity has been shown in the invention of certain pies that are more or less local, and that in a few more years will doubtless have become absolutely unknown. It is only in localities too remote from railroads to have a variety of foreign fruits brought at all seasons of the year, that such recipes as some I am about to describe still survive. In farming districts, where pie is considered a necessary article of diet in at least two out of three meals, when the season of small fruits has passed, housewives have only apples and dried fruits to fall back upon with which to make pies. So it is not strange that some recipes quite unknown to urban families should have been devised. There, too, in pies as in preserves, variety is counted of consequence. In localities where elderberries are made into jelly and marmalade, they are also used for pies.

Pies made of dried apples, stewed and mashed, are common in springtime in various parts of the United States, but, as far as I can learn, it is less customary to make them of a mixture of dried-apple sauce and green currants. As a little girl, many a quart of green currants have I picked and stemmed, some for plain currant-pie, others to sprinkle in the dried-apple pie filling, and others to stew for sauce. Where fresh fruits, save apples, are rare or unknown, any acid flavor, I suppose, is grateful after a long winter. I have

been told that the sour leaves of both wood and field sorrel (*Oxalis* and *Rumex*) are sometimes pressed into service in pie-making in some of the Canadian provinces. In parts of the West, farmers' wives gather the green fruit of the wild frost-grape for pies, though I think this is more "to make a change," as they say, since the grapes blossom and mature so late that in most places there must be other fruits before the grapes are large enough to cook.

Speaking of these wild grapes, I wonder if country housewives still preserve them according to a fashion I well knew a generation and more ago. It was always called "laying down." You would hear one neighbor say to another, "I've been laying down my grapes." One or two frosts were considered necessary to ripen the fragrant clusters hanging from the wild vines that gracefully clambered over our Virginia rail fences, or festooned tall tree trunks on the edge of the woods. A stone jar or milk crock was filled with fine bunches of the wild fruit, which was then almost covered with molasses and put away in some cool closet or down cellar. After some weeks, or even months, both fruit and liquid had a sweet-sour, spicy tang that was very pleasant. The grapes, with a little of the rich juice, were served as a sweet pickle, or in some families the grapes were removed from the stems, and, covered with the juice, used to make pies.

The cream-pies of my day, still surviving in the part of Ohio where I was reared, were very different from the cream-cakes of the bakeries. The pie-pan was lined with crust, then it was filled with rich cream that had been well sweetened. Into this was sifted very slowly from a dredging-box a little flour—perhaps a dessert-spoonful to one pie. About a dessert-spoonful of butter was cut up into small bits and scattered over the cream. A pinch of cinnamon was added. This made an indigestibly rich but delicious dessert. Another queer northern Ohio dish is known as cheese-pie. A cup of the curd obtained from sour milk by draining off its whey is beaten with two eggs, a little sweet milk and "sugar to taste."

The Art of Dining.....Lady Morgan*

The following is a description of a dinner given by Baron Rothschild and prepared by the great French chef Carême:

I did not hear the announcement of "Madame est servie" without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the

*From *The Art of Dining* by Abraham Howard. London: John Murray.

courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favor of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and, in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees; it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odor that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervor of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset; no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season, that it was up to its times, that it was in the spirit of the age, that there was no perruque in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish, no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavor of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times—fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

"On tepid clouds of rising steam."

Every meat presented its own natural aroma, every vegetable its own shade of verdure; the mayonnaise was fried in ice (like Ninon's description of Sévigné's heart), and the tempered chill of the plombière (which held the place of the eternal fondue and soufflets of our English tables), anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite avalanche, which, with the hue and odor of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavor.

With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the gauge of modern civilization.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled*

America.....William Cullen Bryant

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own summer sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not in their hate and pride
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared
In woodland homes;
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back its baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And as they fleet
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy frown shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

Old Grimes.....Albert Gorton Greene

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man;
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

*Editorial Note.—Through an oversight in this department last month, *Knee-Deep in June* was printed as an anonymous poem. Its author is, of course, James Whitcomb Riley, to whom and the public we desire to make reparation.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design.
His eyes were dark and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse;
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
He lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

A Welsh Classic.....H. H. Ballard

An unlettered clergyman wanting a place
(His manners were genial and pleasant his face)
Received a kind letter inviting him down
To preach in a church in a large country town.

The town was uncultured, old-fashioned and plain;
The principal business was harvesting grain,
And none of the church members ventured to speak
A word of the Hebrew, or Latin, or Greek.

For this very reason they wished all the more
A scholar well grounded in classical lore;
While a candidate might just as well stay away
If he didn't quote Hebrew at least once a day.

The divine about whom this story was told
By the Times of Manhattan was cunning and bold,
And knowing they wished for a classical man,
Though he didn't know Latin, he hit on a plan,

For he thought, "We shall see how much shrewd-
ness avails,
Though I cannot read Greek, I'm a native of Wales;
If a few Welsh expressions I cautiously use,
It may rival the Hebrew in pleasing the pews."

On the critical day, with exceptional grace,
With well-attuned voice and well-controlled face
He read from the Bible a passage or two
And remarked, "My dear friends, this translation
won't do.

"To be sure, 'tis correct, but if beauty you seek,
Hear the rhythmical sound of original Greek!"
Then boldly a medley of Welsh he recited
And marked the effect on his hearers benighted.

The children gazed up with a wondering stare,
Their mothers assumed an intelligent air,
While the deacons all nodded as much as to say
That Greek was by far the more excellent way.

A still bolder venture he hazarded next,
By a curious way of announcing the text:
"These words, as my hearers have noticed, of
course,
Have lost nearly all their original force.

"In Hebrew how clearly the thought flashes out."
And more of the Welsh he proceeded to spout;
When, what was his horror to spy near the door
A jolly old Welshman just ready to roar!

Overcome with remorse and foreseeing the shame
Exposure would bring to his reverend name,
The preacher's mad impulse at first was to run,
But the Welshman's round face so brimming with
fun

Suggested a possible plan of escape,
Which none but a terrified parson could shape.
He bravely confronted that dangerous smile
And coolly continued his sermon a while,
Till at length without showing the least agitation
He rallied himself for a final quotation:

"The rendering here is decidedly wrong,
Quite different thoughts to the Chaldee belong."
Then Welshman in pulpit to Welshman in pew,
In the barbarous dialect they alone knew,

Cried, "Friend! By the land of our fathers, I pray,
As you hope for salvation, don't give me away!"
The joke was so rich, the old Welshman kept still,
And the classical parson is preaching there still.

Before Sedan..... Austin Dobson

Here in this leafy place
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;—
Message or wish may be;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;—
Prattle that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His, her dead father's kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet,
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that blid
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—But no;—
Death will not have it so.

The Equality of the Grave..... James Shirley

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

A Trout Nurse.....George A. B. Dewar*

I was fishing one day some twelve seasons ago at Testcombe, where the Anton joins the Test, when I saw swimming slowly along the side of the stream just below me a large black trout of about two pounds. It was a year when there were many fish suffering from fungoid disease, and this trout had the fungus all over its head, and was evidently quite blind. Behind this sick trout was a fine, healthy trout of about one and one-half pounds. Both swam slowly along close to the side, so that I was able to watch them for about ten minutes. The healthy trout was watching over the sick one. Whenever the sick fish got too near the edge of the stream the healthy one would swim inside and gently push the former in the side with its nose, and so get it out into deeper water. This was done repeatedly until I put my landing-net under the diseased fish and took it out of the water, when the healthy one left the spot. I have not the slightest doubt that the healthy fish had taken charge of the sick one. Up to that time I had always been accustomed to look on fish as very cold-blooded creatures. The incident presented matters in a somewhat new light, and for a while it rather took the edge off my pleasure in fishing.

Bird Strategists.....George A. B. Dewar*

The conduct of various birds during the breeding season is so different from what it is at other times, that to my mind it is often very hard to say for certain where distress ends and strategy begins, or to which of the two the behavior of the bird should be attributed. Birds disturbed off their eggs or their newly-hatched young often flutter about as though they were half paralyzed. I cannot believe that this is always for the purpose of drawing the unwelcome intruder away from the precious nest. Birds which have been sitting for a long time are invariably inactive when disturbed, and this should be taken into account in considering the question of whether there is strategy or no. On the other hand, one finds at times both male and female behaving in a way that suggests something like a regular scheme on the part of the parent birds for rescuing their young from real or imaginary danger. I came upon a covey of very young partridges accompanied by their parents on the dusty high-road one July evening when going with my rod

to the riverside. The cock bird, I had just time to observe, hurried the young through a gateway into a field, whilst the hen instantly started running along the road a dozen yards or so ahead of me. Once or twice she stopped, apparently to allow me to come up fairly close to her, and then ran on again. This continued till we were about a hundred yards from the spot where the covey ran into the field, when the hen bird also ran through a gap in the hedge. I got up just in time to see her rise from the ground and fly straight back to the spot where her family were no doubt lurking. If that was not strategy, it was curiously like it. On the Test one day I disturbed a family party of wild ducks in a little reed-sheltered creek. The female bird, within reach of my ten-foot fly rod, flapped helplessly about the water as though grievously wounded. The male flew across the stream, where he was joined by the young; not until all the latter were safely across the water did the mother rise on strong wing to follow the rest of the family. In both these cases the conduct of the parent birds surely implied strategy of a high order. The female bird in both cases played the chief part, but the male took his share in the work of keeping together and leading the young. The ringed dotterel, I believe, will also resort to similar devices when her young are threatened, but I have no personal experience in this matter, having only made the acquaintance of that natty little bird within the last year and after the conclusion of the nesting season.

A Crab Fishing for Prawns.....Matthias DunnContemporary R.

Some time ago I was waiting for the tide to come into a neighboring harbor, and with its advances I noticed that quantities of young prawns were anxious to explore its mud and sea-weeds; and that in the long furrow made by the last ship's keel, these active creatures came along by the score. Many had not passed in before "*Carcinus mœnas*" came to the front, out of the mud. At once he showed me he had a design on the life of these prawns, for he quietly crept into the keel-mark and stood across their track with extended claws and open nippers; and in his green-gray form, covered with dirt and mud, he could scarcely be seen on the sea bottom. Here he waited to grapple with the first comer. But wariness barely expresses the watchful care of these prawns, for the crab was noted at once and they came up to him with extended

*From *Wild Life in New Hampshire Highlands*. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

antennæ,* and either touched or smelt his nippers and quickly passed by on the other side. This was done again and again, but he stood like a statue under their scrutiny. At last one of the prawns seemed to come a little nearer than the others, and the final rush and nip were given, but without effect, for the feelers were quickly withdrawn, and with a flip of the tail the creature was out of reach.

But although unsuccessful the crab was not without further resources. His next move was to look around the track a little, and soon he found some green sea-weeds near. These he touched up lightly, and after moving them a little more to the centre he quietly got into the middle of them, and again stood up with extended claws and open nippers. Here the green crab, in these green garments, was fairly hidden. Quickly but cautiously again came on the prawns. Soon their antennæ struck his open nippers in the weeds, and again in cautious haste they moved away. Patience is said to be a virtue, and if it is so this little crab had a good share of it, for more than a score of these prawns touched his nippers in the weeds, and went their way without coming within gripping distance of the silent watcher. At last his virtuous feelings became exhausted, and he rushed with violence on his wary neighbors, but without effect, for with a swift move of their tails they were out of danger. But the crab's artifice was not yet ended. After taking a little rest (for now his arms must have been as weary as those of the disobedient schoolboy after the punishment of holding out his book) he began to search for a soft place on the bottom, away from the weeds, and, having succeeded, much to my surprise, he began an unexpected caper. After working his claws and tail violently for some time we saw his purpose, for in this clear water he made a thick mud-cloud over six inches high and four or five inches wide. Instantly he got into the middle of it, and there he stood with outstretched arms, hopping and waiting for the coming of the prawns. But they seemed aware of his presence, and appeared to know that tricks like this had been played before for the capture of prawns; for they approached cautiously with extended feelers, and, after probing the cloud for a time, evidently found their enemy, and quickly passed

on without entering the trap. Soon the cloud subsided, and the crab again appeared, and dimly seeing the retreating forms of the prawns, darted after them, but again without success. These efforts seemed to be too much for the poor hungry one, who soon retreated to his old cover.

A Pet Cockatoo.....Lady Broome.....Cornhill Magazine

I am afflicted with a cockatoo! I can't "curse him and cast him out," for, in the first place, I love him dearly, and in the next he is a sort of orphan grandchild, toward whom I have serious duties and responsibilities. But he certainly is the most mischievous and destructive of his mischievous species. Nothing is safe from his sudden and unexpected fits of energy. I first put him in a little conservatory where he had light and air, and the cheerful society of other birds. This plan, however, only worked for two or three days. One Sunday morning I was awakened by ear-piercing shrieks and yells from Master Cockie, only slightly softened by distance. These went on for some time until I perceived a gradual increase in their jubilant note, which I felt sure betokened mischief, so I hastily got myself into a dressing-gown and slippers, and started off to investigate what trouble was "toward." It was so early that the glass doors were still shut, and I was able to contemplate Master Cockie's manœuvres unseen. The floor of the little greenhouse was strewn with fern leaves, for gardening, or rather pruning, had evidently been his first idea. The door of his traveling cage—which I had left over night securely fastened—lay flat on the pavement, and Cockie with extended wings was solemnly executing a sort of "pas seul" in front of another cage divided by partitions, in which dwelt a goldfinch and a bullfinch side by side. Both doors were wide open and the bullfinch's compartment was empty, but the goldfinch was crouched, paralyzed with terror, on the floor of his abode. He evidently wanted to get out very badly, but did not dare to pass the yelling door-keeper, who apparently was inviting the trembling little bird to come forth. The instant the artful villain perceived me, he affected perfect innocence and harmlessness, returning instantly to his cage, and commencing his best performance of a flock of sheep passing, doubtless in order to distract my attention. How could one scold with deserved severity a mimic who took off not only the barking dogs and bleating sheep, but the very shuffle of their feet, and the despairing cry of a lost lamb? And he pretended great joy when the bullfinch—more dead than alive—at last emerged from the shelter of a thick creeper where he had found sanctuary, asking repeatedly after his

*Professor Milne Edwards regards the inner pair of antennæ, in crabs generally, as organs of smell, and the outer and longer pair as organs of hearing. As prawns have three pairs of antennæ, we are led to believe from the actions of these creatures that the third and longer pair are organs of feeling, and, to some extent, answer the purpose of the human hand.

health in persuasive tones. I gave up the cage after that and established him on a smart stand in the dining-room window; for I found that the birds in the conservatory literally could not bear the sight of him. A light chain securely fastened on his leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half-yard or so of a hand-painted border which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining-room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it. I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand, and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate, and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining-room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails, and next tore holes in the leather.

The Aesthetic Development of the Cat and Dog....London Spectator

Aesthetic sensitiveness seems more developed in the cat than in the dog. The keenness of a dog's intelligence combined with the inferiority of nature that lies behind it makes the employment of the senses almost entirely utilitarian. Among æsthetic sensibilities the enjoyment of music is the keenest and most common, and the perception of color perhaps the rarest. Neither the cat nor the dog can compare of course in musical susceptibility with the parrot, who is shaken by storms of emotion; but we have known a cat show very marked pleasure in a whistled tune. It is common to find dogs who "sing" following, to some rough extent, high or low notes of music, but one doubts if such imitation is conscious, or based at all on enjoyment. The dog appears depressed with lowered head and tail, or uncomfortably excited, and a kind of thrill precedes the sounds. On the other hand, both cats and dogs appear to be unconscious of the sounds they utter until experience or definite teaching has shown them the result. To make a dog utter sounds voluntarily is often very diffi-

cult, and those who can "sing" to order seem to exercise a painful tension of will. Again, excitement will strangle the voice of a dog, like that of a shy girl at a singing lesson, so that his strongest impulse to appeal is mute. So, too, cats often silently open their mouths when they demand food. Such facts seem to point to the conclusion that the voice is not purposely produced, and that though sounds may give warning or guidance to other animals, the utterance is dependent on physical impulse. When the impulse is imitative it may depend ultimately on such sensation as is felt by some people in the throat when a Bourdon stop is on the organ, and by most people when they hear, for instance, the cheering of a large crowd. It is so we are on the wrong tack in comparing the sounds of animals, varied and specified though they are, to language; and should rather compare them to weeping and laughter, which provoke an imitative response, or even to the sounds of a man who has early become dumb through deafness. For in such cases it is not purpose but efficient cause that must be the subject of inquiry.

With regard to color both cats and dogs appear to have little æsthetic perception. We have heard of a dog appearing to prefer scarlet to blue, but it is difficult to eliminate the effect of association in dealing with a single instance. Cats, however, seem to show a definite æsthetic perception of texture—æsthetic, for it is not ordinary bodily comfort which rules. They may like to sleep on velvet, but they revel, waking, in the feeling of crackling paper, or texture of stiff silks; and there is a well-authenticated story of a cat which goes into the garden to lick the under sides of foxglove-leaves, and cannot be kept from trying with his tongue the texture of flannelette. But the keenest æsthetic pleasure for a cat lies in the region of smell. The dog uses smell merely as a medium of information, but the cat revels in it. She will linger near a tree trunk, smelling each separate aromatic leaf, for the pure pleasure of it, not, like a dog, to trace friend, foe, or prey. If the window of a close room is opened the cat leans out, smelling the air, new dresses are smelt, partly perhaps for future recognition, but also apparently for pleasure. A strong smell, above all a spirituous smell, is not only disagreeable but absolutely painful. Lavender water may please a tiger, but it will put a cat to flight.

This apparent power of æsthetic enjoyment in the cat is counterbalanced in the dog by a quality we are wont to rank highly, yet not without a haunting misgiving. The dog has a rudimentary sense of humor. It is the commonest thing in the world to see a petted dog try to laugh off a

scolding. If he is encouraged, if his fooling is successful, he will repeat it again and again with growing exaggeration, will roll with wide mouth and absurd contortions, or fly at one's face to lick it. On the other hand, he will recognize that teasing is a humorous proceeding, and when he begins to get bored will try to stop it humorously.

Now the cat is solemnity incarnate; to punish it is to cause instant offence, to tease it is to outrage its dignity. The better bred a cat is the more easily is it offended. But the "sense of the ridiculous" is, after all, a gross quality, and the humor of one age seems vulgarity to the next. A cat is never vulgar. The old Egyptians said that a cat reasoned like a man, and the root of the matter is there. In the dog there is a quicker intelligence, a greater adaptability, and more facility in planning. But a dog cannot, as a cat can, determine its own end and purpose, and live its own life. He is, after all, the kinsman of Brer Fox, but the cat is a scion of royalty.

Ruffs and Reeves.....London Saturday Review

The changes of birds during the breeding season are, in different parts of the world, very wonderful. No transformation is, however, more remarkable than that of the ruff as the time for courting draws near. His face is then covered with singular fleshy tubercles, yellowish or pinkish in color. Curious tufts of stiff plumage protrude themselves near either ear, and a large ruff of elongated feathers stands out over the neck. This ruff, from which the birds receives its name, is distensible at pleasure. The bill, legs and feet are then yellow or orange color. The color of the plumage and especially of the ear tufts and ruff vary greatly, so that two birds are seldom found alike; the ruff is usually barred black, but in some individuals it is marked with white, brown or gray. Metallic hues are often noticeable. Purplish black is more usually the color of the ear tufts while the general color of the neck ruff is chestnut. Young birds of the year do not display the ruff and other sexual changes of plumage and appearance. The assumption of this strange and beautiful breeding plumage is completed in May and begins to vanish again toward the end of June. The deeper colors, such as purple and chestnut, disappear together, and by September the change is complete and the ordinary plumage usually regained. The female makes no pretence to anything in the shape of the ruff or ear tufts. During the courting season, the ruffs, resplendent in their gay plumage, meet together on pieces of rising ground, among the fens and marshes, and there battle together fiercely for the possession of the reeves.

This practice was termed by the fenmen "hilling" and the turf and herbage were usually to be found beaten down by the movements of the birds during these contests. Besides these battles royal the ruffs are in the habit of displaying their plumage, distending their ruffs, and performing various curious antics for the benefit of the admiring reeves very much as does the peacock of Europe and Asia and the paauw or great bustard of South Africa. The eggs are usually laid in a tussock of grass; they are whitish-green in color, marked with reddish-brown blotches, and are four in number.

The range of these birds is very large, as is so often the case with many of the wading birds. The bulk of the species breed mainly in Northern Europe and Siberia, occasionally being found as far west as Iceland and even Eastern North America. Toward autumn they fare southward, visiting England and other parts of Europe; thence, seeking warmer regions, they pass into Africa, India, and even Japan. They migrate far south and are familiar birds in South Africa, being found in Cape Colony as far south as the neighborhood of Cape Town, as well as in Natal, and many other parts of the country. Their appearance in South Africa usually coincides with the approach of the rainy season. From the nature of their food, which consists of insects, worms and so forth, and from the shape of their longish bills, it is apparent that a moist soil and wet marshy localities are essentials to their existence. Ruffs and reeves are, whether in Europe or Africa, comparatively tame birds and are usually to be seen in little flights of from three to a dozen. It is somewhat remarkable that the late C. J. Andersson, the well-known South African naturalist and traveler, shot three reeves in Damaraland (now German Southwest Africa), during the month of August and that remains of the somewhat brighter nuptial plumage were then visible. It would seem probable that these birds had not passed to Europe or Asia for the spring migration, but had remained and bred in some part of Africa. Andersson himself seems to have had the idea that some of them remained during the breeding season in the neighborhood of Lake Ngami. Amid the vast swamps and river systems of that country there is certainly ample solitude for nesting purposes. During the last century, when ruffs and reeves were still comparatively plentiful in England, their haunts seem to have been chiefly in the fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the Somersetshire fens near Bridgewater. Colonel Montagu, the well-known ornithologist, to whom we are indebted

for much of the lore concerning these birds, made special journeys in the fen-country at the beginning of this century for the purpose of collecting information about them. By the year 1812 he found that they were, in consequence of the drainage of the fens, becoming much more scarce, and even in his time their haunts in Lincolnshire were chiefly restricted to the north fen near Spalding and the east and west fens between Boston and Spilsby.

The Rights of Animals... Henry S. Salt... Internat. Journal of Ethics

We hold that to draw an absolute line of demarcation between men, as "persons" and "ends," and animals as "mere means," is a thoroughly unsound basis for any ethical structure, inasmuch as the more highly organized animals possess, like men, though, of course, in a minor degree, the qualities of a true personality. "The senses and intuitions," says Darwin, "the various emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitation, reason, etc., of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient, or even sometimes in a well-developed, condition in the lower animals. The attempt to hedge off the animals from mankind on the plea that they do not "reason" is equally futile. Note, for example, the following passage in Dr. Wesley Mills' suggestive book on *The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence*:

"The trend of investigation thus far goes to show that at least the germ of every human faculty does exist in some species of animal. . . . Formerly the line was drawn at reason. It was said that the brutes cannot reason. Only persons who do not themselves reason about the subject, with the facts before them, can any longer occupy such a position. The evidence of reasoning power is overwhelming for the upper ranks of animals, and yearly the downward limits are being extended the more the inferior tribes are studied."

Nor is it true that the worth of an animal's life, any more than of a man's, can be measured simply by the amount of "agreeable sensation," a fallacy often put forward by those who cage animals in menageries, on the plea that they are there well tended and saved from the struggle for existence. To live one's own natural life, to realize one's self, is the true moral purpose of man and animal equally, and the wrong done by the unnecessary cramping and thwarting of animal individuality, as in the turning of an active, intelligent being into a prisoner or pet, cannot really be compensated by the gift of any material "comforts." Compare the life of the wild bison with that of the stall-fed ox, or that of the sheep-

dog with the pampered pug, and the moral can hardly be overlooked. An animal has his proper work to do in the world, his own life to live, as surely as a man; and those who scoff at this idea, and deny individuality to animals, should remember that there was a time, under the Greek and Roman civilization, when it was held to be doubtful whether a slave, in like manner, had any claim to be regarded as a person. "Neither can men," says Aristotle, "have friendships with horses, cattle or slaves, considered merely as such; for a slave is merely a living instrument, and an instrument a lifeless slave. Yet, considered as a man, a slave may be an object of friendship." "Slaves," says Bentham, "have been treated by the law exactly upon the same footing as in England, for example, the inferior races of animals are still. The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which could never have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny."

The mention of "Rights" brings us to the core of our subject. We claim for animals, as for men, in so far as it is compatible with the public welfare, a measure of individuality and freedom, a space in which to live their own lives—in a word, Rights. Into the interminable field of discussion as to the fitness of this term I do not propose to enter, because my purpose is not an academic but a practical one, and in the redressing of social injustice Action cannot forever wait for the good pleasure of Logic. It may be that, from a strictly logical point of view, there are no such things as "Rights," in which case it is obvious that we cannot claim for animals what is denied to men; but if, as is usually conceded, there are rights of men, then we assert there are also, in due degree, rights of animals also. "Every man," says Herbert Spencer in his *Justice*, "is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal liberty of any other man"; and again, "Whoever admits that each man must have a certain restricted freedom, asserts that it is right he should have this restricted freedom. . . . And hence the several particular freedoms deducible may fitly be called, as they commonly are called, his rights." The essential part of my contention is that in this matter there is no absolute difference, no impassable gulf, between mankind and "the animals." If man has reason, animals have the germ of reason. If man has rights, animals have the same—in kind.

On the other hand, if objection be taken to the use of the word "rights," whether of men or of animals, it is open to us to consider the question from another side, and to arrive at the same result by a different process, viz., by the way of

"duties." Duties and rights, as Mr. G. W. Foote has pointed out in an admirable chapter on *The Kinship of Life*, in *The New Charter*, are in reality correlative. "A right is really a duty that some one owes to me, and a duty is a right that I owe to another; they are like the two halves of a pair of scissors, inoperative and unintelligible except in relation to each other." But if it be a satisfaction to any one to express it in this manner, and to say that men have duties toward animals, rather than that animals possess rights, I do not know that the difference is worth quarrelling over—provided always that the duties be acknowledged to be real and direct ones.

It is impossible (for a humanitarian, at any rate) to look in the eyes of an intelligent, highly-organized animal and doubt for a moment that we have a direct duty toward the races below us, a duty which is the same in kind as that which we owe to human beings, however greatly it may differ in degree.

Egg-Carrying Zaita,.....F. W. Slater.....*American Naturalist*

It is a well-known fact that certain bugs of the family *Belostomidae* carry their eggs on their backs until they are hatched. This has been frequently observed in the case of *Zaita fluminea*, common in the Atlantic States, and with *Serphus dilatatus* of the Western States.

It has been taken for granted by all who have described this habit that it is the female that carries the eggs. And Dimmock even states: "These eggs are nicely set upon one end, and placed in transverse rows, by means of a long protrusile tube, or ovipositor, which the insect can extend far over her own back." Investigation proves, however, that, in the case of *Zaita* at least, the credit of carrying the eggs belongs to the male, and that the ovipositor of the female is so short as to make it impossible for her to reach her back with it.

In the course of a study of the reproductive organs and genital armature of *Zaita*, made in the entomological laboratory of Cornell University, I have had occasion to dissect many egg-bearing individuals, and in every case they have proved to be male.

The specimens used were collected in the vicinity of Ithaca, where the species is abundant in ponds; and as the egg-laying season lasts from June until the latter part of August, it was easy to obtain material for study. The insects were found most abundant in shallow water, quite near the shore, clinging to the underside of aquatic plants, especially *Marsilia*.

The eggs of *Zaita* are very large as compared with those of other insects. They number from

seventy-five to eighty-five and are placed in regular diagonal rows on the upper side of the wings of the male. This makes a heavy load for the male to carry and also deprives him of the use of his wings, confining him to one pond.

That the male chafes under the burden is unmistakable; in fact, my suspicions as to the sex of the egg-carrier were first aroused by watching one in an aquarium, which was trying to free itself from its load of eggs, an exhibition of a lack of maternal interest not to be expected in a female carrying her own eggs. Generally the *Zaitas* are very active, darting about with great rapidity; but an egg-bearer remains quietly clinging to a leaf with the end of the abdomen just out of the water. If attacked, he meekly receives the blows, seemingly preferring death to the indignity of carrying the eggs.

At other times paternal instinct seems to predominate, for with the third pair of legs, which are covered with long hairs, he brushes the eggs carefully to free them from foreign particles. Oftener, however, he vigorously kicks and pushes the eggs. In this way several of the males in my aquarium were successful in dislodging the eggs in a mass; then the hitherto meek, morbid *Zaita* darted hither and thither as if intent upon exhibiting his regained liberty.

My observations indicate that the female is obliged to capture the male in order to deposit the eggs. Upon visiting the aquarium one afternoon a male was found to have a few eggs upon the caudal end of the wings. There was a marked difference in the color of these, those nearest the head being yellow, while those nearest the caudal end were dark gray. The small number of the eggs indicated that the female had been interrupted in her egg-laying, and the difference in color of the eggs, that the process must be a slow one.

For five hours I watched a silent, unremitting struggle between the male and the female. Her desire was evidently to capture him uninjured. She crept quietly to within a few inches of him and there remained immovable for half an hour. Suddenly she sprang toward him; but he was on the lookout and fought so vigorously that she was obliged to retreat.

After this repulse she swam about carelessly for a time, as if searching for food was her only thought. But in ten or fifteen minutes she was back to her first position in front of him. Again there was the attack and again the repulse. The same tactics were continued until midnight, when despairing of her success, I left them. At six o'clock the entire abdomen of the male and half of the thorax were covered with eggs.

Malay Mining Magic*

The Malay mining pawang will soon be a thing of the past and many a pawang has returned to tilling the soil in place of his less legitimate occupation of imposing upon the credulity of the miners. The reason for this is not far to seek, as the Malay miner, as well as the Chinese miner, of the old school, with their thousand-and-one superstitions, has given place to a more modern and matter-of-fact race, who place more reliance for prospecting purposes on boring tools than on the divination and jampi of the pawang. But the profession of the pawang has not altogether died out, as he is sometimes called into requisition for the purpose of casting out evil spirits from the mines; of converting amang (pyrites) into tin-ore, and of invoking the spirits of a mine previous to the breaking of the first sod in the new venture. These ceremonies generally involve the slaying of a buffalo, a goat, or fowls, and the offering of betel-leaf, incense and rice, according to the means of the towkay lombong.

To the pawangs are attributed extraordinary powers, for besides inducing tin-ore to continue or become plentiful in a mine, he can cause its disappearance from a rich claim by the inevitable jampi, this latter resource being resorted to by way of revenge in cases where the towkay lombong (or labor) fails to carry out his pecuniary obligation toward the pawang whose aid he had invoked in less prosperous times. Some of the stories told of the prowess of the pawangs are very ridiculous; for instance, a native lady in Ulu Langat (for women are also credited with the pawang attributes), who was the pawang of Sungei Jelok in Kajang could command a grain of tin-ore to crawl on the palm of her hand like a live worm. The failure of the Sungei Jelok mines are attributed to her displeasure on account of an alleged breach of contract on the part of the towkay lombong.

The professional duty of the pawang of a mine consists in carrying out certain ceremonies, for which he is entitled to collect the customary fees, and in enforcing certain rules for the breach of which he levies the customary fines.

About 1878 the principal pawang of the Larut district, one Pa'Itam Dam, applied to me as Assistant-Resident to reinstate him in the duties and privileges which he had enjoyed under the Orang Kaya Mantri, and before him, under Che

Long J'affar. He describes the customary ceremonies and dues to be as follows: He had to visit all the mines from time to time, especially those from which tin-ore was being removed; if the daily output of tin suddenly decreased on any mine it was his business at once to repeat certain invocations (puja) to induce the tin-ore to remain (handak di-pulih balik sapaya jangan mengorang biji). Once in every two or three years it was necessary to carry out an important ceremony (puja besar) which involved the slaying of three buffaloes and a great feast, the expense of which had to be borne by the pawang. On the day of the puja besar strict abstinence from work is enjoined on every one in the district, no one might break ground or even pull up weeds or cut wood in the whole province. Further, no stranger whose home was three days' journey away might enter one of the mines under a penalty of twenty-five dollars. The pawang was entitled to exact from the owners of mines a customary payment of one slab of tin (or \$6.25 in cash) per annum for every sluice-box (palong) in work during the year. In any mine from which the tin-ore had not yet been removed it was strictly forbidden to wear shoes or to carry an umbrella; no Malay might wear a sarong.

The pawang being a person who claims to have powers of divination and other imperfectly understood attributes, endeavors to shroud his whole profession in more or less of mystery. In his vocabulary, as in that of the gutta-hunters, special terms are used to signify particular objects, the use of the ordinary words being dropped; this is called bahâsa pantang.

It was important that the pawang should be a marked man as to personal appearance; for this reason there are certain positions of the body which may be assumed by him only when on the mine. These attitudes are: First, standing with the hands clasped behind the back; and secondly, with the hands resting on the hips. This second position is assumed when he is engaged in invoking the spirits of a mine; the pawang takes his station in front of the genggulang, having a long piece of white cloth in his right hand, which he waves backward and forward over his shoulder three times, each time calling the special hantu whom he wishes to propitiate, by name; whilst engaged in this invocation his left hand rests on his hip. During the performance of any professional duty he is also invariably dressed in a black coat; this nobody

*Reading from Malay Magic. By W. W. Skeat. Macmillan & Co. \$6.50.

but the pawang is allowed to wear on a mine. These attitudes and the black coat comprise what is technically termed the pakei pawang.

The term pawang is sometimes used as a verb in the sense of "to prospect" a sungei or stream; thus in alluding to certain streams of mines, it is not uncommon to hear a Malay say that they have been prospected (sudah di-pawangkan) by "Inche" So-and-so—meaning that the stream had been discovered and proved by a pawang prior to the opening of the mines.

In the tin mine, especially if the karang, i. e., tin-bearing stratum and stone overlying the ore, has not yet been removed, it is forbidden to wear shoes or carry an umbrella. This rule, it seems, originated with the coolies themselves, who in olden times insisted that the Towkay Labur should take off his shoes and close his umbrella whenever he visited the mine, so that, as they alleged, the spirits might not be offended. But their real object was not to allow him to pry too much into the mine, in case it might not bear scrutiny; and thus, by depriving him of the protection from the sun and from the rough mining quartz which would have been afforded by the umbrella and shoes, they prevented him from going about here, there and everywhere, and making unpleasant inquiries, as he would otherwise have liked to do.

Quarreling and fighting in the mine is strictly forbidden, as it has a tendency to drive away the ore. Bathing in the mine is not allowed. A man must not work in the mine with only his bathing-cloth around his body. He must wear trousers. If a man takes off his sun hat and puts it on the ground, he must turn it over and let it rest upon its crown. Limes cannot be brought into the mine. The superstition is peculiar to the Malay miner, who has a special dread of this fruit, which, in pantang language, he calls salah nama (lit. "wrong name"), instead of limau nipis. In looking at the check-roll it is forbidden to point at the names with the finger. No one may examine the check-roll at night with an open light, owing more probably to the fear of setting it on fire than to superstitious prejudices. It is considered unlucky for a man to fall off the mining ladder, for, whether he is hurt or not, he is likely to die within the year. An outbreak of fire in the mine is considered an omen of prosperity. Several mines have been known to double or treble their output of tin after the occurrence of a fire. It is unlucky for a coolie to die in the kongsi house. When, therefore, a man is very sick and past all hopes of recovery, it is customary to put him out of the house in an extempore hut erected in the scrub, so that death may not take place in the kongsi amongst the living. His chuleis

(i. e., his connections) attend him and bury him when dead. These and other superstitious ideas and observances are, however, fast dying out, though it would still be an unsafe experience to enter a mine with shoes on and an umbrella over your head.

On reaching the tin-bearing stratum, the tin-ore is addressed by name:

Peace be with you, O Tin-Ore,
At the first it was dew that turned into water
And water that turned into foam,
And foam that turned into rock,
And rock that turned into tin-ore;
Do you, O Tin-ore, lying in a matrix of solid rock,
Come forth from this matrix of solid rock;
If you do not come forth
You shall be a rebel in the sight of God.
Ho, Tin-Ore, Sir, "Floating Islet."
"Flotsam-at-sea," and "Flotsam-on-Land,"
Do you float up to the surface of this my tank,
Or you shall be a rebel to God, etc.

Sometimes each grain of ore appears to be considered as endowed with a separate entity or individuality. Thus we find in another invocation the following passage, where the wizard is addressing the grains of ore:

Do you (Grains of Ore) that are on the hills descend to the plains,
You that are at the head-waters descend to mid-stream,
You that are at the estuary ascend to mid-stream.
And assemble yourselves together in this spot.

Assemble yourselves together, "Rice-grains" and "Spinach-seed,"
"Tobacco-seed," "Millet," and "Wild Ginger-seed,"
Assemble ye together in this spot.
I am desirous of excavating this spot,
And of making a mine here;
If ye do not assemble yourselves together
I shall curse you;
You shall be turned into dust, and turned into air,
And you shall also be turned into water.

The separate personality of each individual grain is remarkably clear in the above passage. The names of the different kinds of seed are in allusion to the various shapes and sizes of the grains of ore.

Yet in the very same charm various kinds of lizards and centipedes are begged to "bring the tin-ore with them, some of them a grain or two, some of them a fistful or two, some of them a gallon or two, some of them a load or two," and so on. No doubt the wizard was determined to allow the grains no loophole for escape.

The objects of the charms employed by the mining wizards are the following:

To clear the jungle of evil spirits (and propitiate the good ones?); to clear evil spirits away from the ground before commencing the work

of excavation; to propitiate the local spirits and induce the tin-ore to show itself, when the tin-bearing stratum is reached; to induce the spirits to partake of a banquet which is spread for them in a receptacle intended to be the model of a royal audience-chamber.

This, the spirits' audience-chamber (as it is called), is usually from two to three feet square, and is filled with offerings similar in character to those deposited on the sacrificial tray (anchak), with the addition, however, of certain articles which are considered to be specially representative of the miners' food. These articles are sugar-cane, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes and fish, etc.; all of which should be placed together with the customary offerings in the spirits' audience-chamber. Outside the "audience-hall," at each of the two corners, is placed a red and white flag and a wax taper, and at each of the two back corners a taper.

A standard censer (perasapan) must be erected in front of the audience-chamber, and a second small censer must also be obtained, so that burning incense may be waved to and fro underneath the floor of the audience-chamber in order to fumigate it before the offerings are deposited inside it.

During the fumigation a charm is recited, in which the assistance of the spirits of certain canonized Muhammadan worthies is invoked, concluding thus:

Peace be with you, O White Sheikh, wizard of the virgin jungle,
Wizards old, and wizards young,
Come hither and share the banquet I have prepared for you.
I crave pardon for all mistakes,
For all shortcomings I beg pardon in every particular.

Then when the tapers are all lighted and the offerings ready, a further charm is recited, which begins as follows:

Ho, White Sheikh, king of the virgin jungle,
It is you to whom belong all the people of the jungle and virgin forest,
Do you, whose back is turned toward heaven,
Give your orders to all the Elders of the earth and Princes who are here,
You who here hold the position of Indra,
Come hither and partake of my banquet.

I wish to ask for your assistance,
I wish to open (excavate) this mine.

The gold spirit is said to take the form of a golden roe-deer (kijang). Of the ceremonies which the Malays believe to be essential for successful gold-mining not much information has yet been published. In Denys' Descriptive Dictionary, however, we find the following: Gold is believed to be under the care and in the gift

of a dewa, or god, and its search is therefore unhallowed, for the miners must conciliate the dewa by prayers and offerings, and carefully abstain from pronouncing the name of God or performing any act of worship. Any acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Allah offends the dewa, who immediately "hides the gold," or renders it invisible. At some of the great limbongan mas or gold-pits in the Malay States of the interior any allusion to the Deity subjects the unwitting miner to a penalty which is imposed by the Penghulu.

Gold, silver, and an amalgam formed of the two, are regarded as the three most precious metals, and of these gold is, to a very uncertain and partial extent, still sometimes regarded as a royal prerogative.

Of silver still less information has been collected than of gold. This, however, is but natural, as silver has not yet been found in payable quantities, whereas many gold-mines exist. It is just possible, however, that silver may be worked by the Malays on a small scale in the Suamese-Malay States, as it would be difficult on any other hypothesis to account for the following invocation, which was given me by a Malay of Kelantan ("Che" Abas):

Peace be with you, O Child of the Solitary Jin Salaka (Silver),
I know your origin.
Your dwelling place is the Yellow Cloud Rock;
The Place of your Penance the Sea of Balongan Darah;
The Place of your Penance is a Pond in every stream;
The Place of your Birth was the Bay where the Wind dies;
Ho! Child of the Solitary Jin Salaka,
Come hither at this time, this very moment,
I wish to make you a propitiatory offering, to banquet you on arrack and toddy.
If you do not come hither at this moment
You shall be a rebel unto God,
And a rebel unto God's Prophet Solomon,
For I am God's Prophet Solomon."

No other metals, so far as I am aware, are worked to any extent in the Peninsula, yet there is the clearest possible evidence of animistic ideas about iron. Thus for the Sacred Lump of Iron which forms part of the regalia of more than one of the petty Sultans in the Peninsula the Malays entertain the most extraordinary reverence, not unmingled with superstitious terror. It is upon this Lump of Iron, when placed in water, that the most solemn and binding oath known to those who make use of it is sworn; and it is to this Lump of Iron that the Malay wizard refers when he recites his category of the most terrible denunciations that Malay magic has been able to invent.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

Egg-Canning Industry.....New York Times

When the cold-storage houses begin to stock up with eggs in summer they have to buy in such enormous quantities that there is naturally a great loss in cracked and broken eggs. In handling several million eggs a day no amount of care can prevent breakage. Indeed, thousands of them are broken in transit to the city, and others are cracked in moving from the railroad cars to the stores. If these cracked and broken eggs were all thrown away the annual loss would easily mount up into the millions. To offset these losses the storage houses can the broken eggs and sell them to confectioners.

Canned eggs keep just as well and fully as long as canned meat, fruit or vegetables. When put in cans that are rendered absolutely air-tight there is no chance of their decaying. It is the air which enters through the shell of an egg that causes its meat to decay. This is proved by the many methods of preserving eggs. Fresh eggs coated thoroughly with paraffine and then stored away in limed water will keep for months in a comparatively fresh condition, and their keeping powers will be in proportion to the success in excluding the air. Of course, a certain amount of air will reach the eggs even in this condition and gradually they will show a decaying tendency, although eggs have been preserved for six months and a year.

Before the eggs are canned, however, they are separated, and the whites and yolks are put up in different cans. When the baker or confectioner wants to make white frosting for his cake he opens a can of the whites of eggs, or if he wishes to make custard for his pie or puddings he takes the canned yolks. Thus there is no waste and time and labor are saved also.

In the middle of winter, when eggs are soaring away up in price, these canned eggs make it possible for the baker and confectioner to serve us with cakes, pies, candies and creams at the same price charged in summer. Thus the storage warehouses which have canned the eggs for us save the consumers considerable in the winter, and also lighten the labors of the bakers and confectioners. There is nothing disagreeable or unpalatable about these canned eggs. They are fresh and sweet when canned, and they do not deteriorate in the least unless the cans happen to be imperfect, in which case they spoil the same as canned fruit or vegetables.

In hot countries canned eggs are used quite

extensively, and the storage houses can considerable quantities for export. In some years the cheap eggs in the height of the laying season are actually broken for canning. In hot countries the canned eggs will keep a long time, especially if stored away in cool places, and the people can use them as needed. In many tropical countries fresh eggs are difficult to secure, and the natives often prefer the canned northern eggs to the so-called fresh eggs sold in the markets. The Americans are the only people so far who have entered into this egg-canning industry.

But sometimes the decayed and cloudy eggs are canned. In fact, all that come in the market are handed over to the canners if they cannot be sold as fresh eggs. These rotten and cloudy eggs, however, are never put on the general market, nor is there any chance of their being sent to bakers by mistake. They are canned for the leather trade, and not for the consumptive market. In tanning leather and especially in putting on the fine gloss of expensive leather, eggs have long been recognized as indispensable articles. But good eggs are too expensive for the work, and tanners do not like to accumulate rotten eggs owing to their odor.

The eggs that reach the market in a cloudy or decaying condition are not so far decayed as to have a very disagreeable odor. If canned immediately, they become no worse. When the tanners open a can of such eggs the odor may be a little offensive, but not so overpowering as might be the case if a few dozen eggs were stored away for use in hot weather. A can of eggs is opened only when needed, and the contents immediately used. Thus the cloudy and decaying eggs find a market at prices that pay the canners and save the tanners money.

The vast quantities of egg shells obtained from these canneries are also sold for various purposes. They are both utilized for making commercial fertilizers and for manufacturing some of the numerous hen foods that are now put on the market. In order to make the hens lay more eggs in winter it is necessary to feed them with lime-forming goods, such as green bone, clam and oyster shells. The egg shells are even better than any of these, for they contain the exact substances that the hens require in their systems to facilitate the work of nature in producing eggs. So hen food that contains a fair amount of ground or powdered egg shells is excellent for stimulating the birds to greater energies in winter.

Submarine Oil Wells.....St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Drilling wells in the sea is the latest and most remarkable, as well as the most picturesque, feature of the great crude oil industry. This new and radical departure, a difficult and expensive undertaking to say the least, has been successfully carried out at Summerland, Cal., the only place where it ever has been attempted, and there the precious brown fluid is now pumped from beneath the Pacific Ocean at the rate of about one hundred carloads per month, from scores of holes, while many more wells are being bored.

The development of this remarkable field was brought about by peculiar circumstances and commenced but a few years ago, when the oil industry had begun to boom in the East. The first wells were drilled on the bluff, where oil had been discovered twenty years previously in sinking for water, and where there still are many good producers. But Summerland was a beautiful place, a quiet little colony of Spiritualists, and they opposed the advent of greasy and unsightly derricks on the hills. Besides, it was observed that wells were better the nearer they were sunk to the ocean, and consequently the operators began to crowd each other toward the water line. Finally, S. W. Knapp, of Santa Barbara, conceived a plan of getting ahead of all his competitors by building a wharf-like structure along the beach and drilling out where the Pacific's breakers roll. The expense was heavy, but the well proved to be a "gusher." Others followed Knapp's example, going farther and farther out, until to-day there are dozens of wharves extending a thousand feet into the sea, connected by structures running parallel with the beach. And on these wharves, often so near each other as to be almost crowded, are the derricks—large ones for drilling and smaller ones for pumping—and all in use.

Operations are greatly facilitated by the fact that the oil strata, of which there are two, lie only from 125 feet to 250 feet below the surface. Drilling is carried on in practically the same manner as on land, the only obstacle encountered, after the extensive preliminary work of building wharves and getting machinery out upon them is done, being the water. Until the hole is well begun that obstacle is great, but it is overcome by means of casing and operations are carried on readily in 20 feet. The cost of drilling at the present time is about \$1 per foot, though some is done as low as 85 cents. When the shallowness is considered it will be seen that on the whole the total cost of these wells will compare very favorably with those elsewhere and on land. But in the improbable event of a violent storm, such

as sometimes travels along the Atlantic coast, all traces of this novel oil field—wharves, derricks and machinery—would be swept away in a minute, and the loss would be enormous.

As to the extent and productiveness of this strange ocean oil field an idea may be gleaned from the following figures: There are nearly 300 wells, and the average output per day is said to be about twenty-five barrels, or a total of 7,500 barrels. The product is of high grade and sells for an average price of 90 cents a barrel, which means a total of over \$6,000 per day, or about \$180,000 per month. Much of the oil goes under long contracts to the immense Oxnard beet sugar factory, while thousands of barrels are shipped to San Francisco at short intervals.

The cost of pumping a well is only about 30 cents per day. To illustrate how closely the derricks stand, it may be stated that the Sea Cliff Oil Company, producing 3,000 barrels a month, has a wharf 800 feet long and nineteen wells. The Treadwell Company has the longest wharf, extending 1,200 feet from shore, with a pumping well at the extreme end and eighteen others at intervals. And there are a dozen other concerns with numerous wharves. Much oil is necessarily wasted under the peculiar conditions which prevail, and this, dripping upon the water, has the effect of making a considerable patch of old ocean as calm and smooth as a land-locked bay, adding much to the striking oddity of the scene. Often when new wells are opened the gas pressure is so strong that streams of oil spurt out upon the water until the surface is black, in strange contrast with the distant blue.

New Uses of Aluminum.....New York Sun

Ten years ago one heard little about aluminum. It had been known as a solid metal for almost fifty years, but its cost had barred it from general use. In 1885 two and one-half tons of aluminum represented the world's yearly output of the metal. To-day the company that controls the supply in the United States is producing approximately 20,000 pounds daily and the two European companies at Forges, France, and at the Falls of the Rhine, are turning out large quantities of the metal.

Improvements in the process of production account for this astonishing change in conditions, and for the fact that within ten years the price of aluminum has fallen from \$5 a pound to about 33 cents. The details of the process are protected by patent and some of them are not given to the outside public, but the general features are well known and easily understood. The ore used was first found in France, but is now found in large

quantities in Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas, and in its raw state it looks uncommonly like ordinary clay. The ore is sent to Niagara, where the reducing factories are located, in order that they may utilize the cheap and abundant water power. There the ore, which is in the shape of an impure oxide, is subjected to a process of pure electrolysis, which separates the aluminum from the gas oxygen, and the metal is put into the form of sheets, wire or tubing for the market. Until within two years it was practically impossible to purify the metal to a degree higher than 98 per cent., and the 2 per cent. of impurity has caused deterioration in the metal and interfered with its utility. Now that difficulty has been overcome and aluminum is from 99½ per cent. to 99¾ per cent. pure. Another improvement has been in the manufacture of light and strong alloys. Aluminum, like copper, is rather a weak metal, but with 5 per cent. of copper, nickel or manganese it is as strong as bronze, while only one-third as heavy.

Its light weight is of course the great advantage of aluminum in its competition with copper, bronze, brass, etc., and the rapidity with which the sphere of the comparatively new metal is broadening threatens the supremacy of all common metals save iron and steel. Copper especially feels the rivalry, for the most astonishing feature of the development of aluminum is its tendency to replace copper as an electrical conductor. All over the country interesting experiments are being made along this line, and so far with fair success. The present high price of copper has given aluminum its opportunity, and while electrical wires of aluminum are necessarily larger than corresponding wires of copper, that disadvantage is outweighed by their lightness. A wire 60 per cent. larger in area of cross-section and one-fifth greater in diameter is still only one-half the weight of the copper wire.

Ten large power transmission plants and twenty-five electric railway and electric light plants are now equipped with aluminum conductors, and the indications are that this one use will consume thousands of tons of the metal each year. As a result every effort is being made to increase the output of the metal, for even now the supply is inadequate to the demand. The most extensive experiment yet undertaken with aluminum as an electrical conductor is going on in California. Between Sacramento and San Francisco three wires 150 miles long are in use, the power transmission plant sending currents of 60,000 volts—the highest voltage yet attempted in any transmission plant. In all 1,500,000 pounds of aluminum have been put into this one plant.

The Pennsylvania and several Western railways are experimenting with aluminum telegraph lines and waiting with interest to see how the metal will stand severe sleet storms and other winter tests.

In foreign countries aluminum is being used extensively in army equipment, Germany and Russia being especially interested in the experiments. Germany, with its microscopic attention to detail in military matters, considers every fraction of an ounce deducted from the infantry equipment as of importance, and has introduced aluminum even into such things as the nails of the soldiers' shoes in some regiments.

The United States Government has been exceedingly conservative in the matter. Early experiments made with a view to army equipment were unsatisfactory, for various reasons; impurity of the metals, faulty alloy and lack of experience in manufacture militating against success. Canteens and other utensils, while light in weight, were found to dent badly, and the metal was declared impracticable. Now that experiment has greatly improved the quality of the metal its use in our army may come about. During the Santiago campaign several cavalry troops had meat cans and cups of aluminum, but the general verdict was that the sheet metal used was not thick enough. The report suggested that cans made of aluminum sufficiently thick for the purpose would still weigh less than half what the regulation can of tinned iron weighs.

Aluminum mess kits, used by regiments in the Philippines, have received the same criticism. The experience has been that for officers' use the mess outfit has served admirably, but that the frying pans and plates have not been thick enough to stand the rough usage of the enlisted men. Many of the officers are using individual aluminum outfits made in Germany, where such manufacture has advanced further than in this country, and they are loud in their praise of the innovation.

The Japanese are possibly using more aluminum to-day than any other foreign nation, for they are employing it to a large extent in their ship building; and it is rather a surprising fact that India supplies a great market for the metal. Possibly the Oriental mind hails with joy anything that will even in a small degree lighten the effort of life. At any rate, the native troops, in India, are perhaps more generally supplied with aluminum kits than any other soldiers in the world. The Indian bazaars are full of aluminum work that is far ahead of anything done in the West, for the metal workers of India are among the cleverest craftsmen of the world, and, through

England, they can obtain aluminum cheaper than brass or copper.

The same circumstances that have kept aluminum out of our army have hampered the use of the metal in culinary utensils. German metallurgists long ago discovered the cheering fact that aluminum was non-poisonous in corrosion. In fact, one old gentleman with the courage of his convictions experimented by mixing the aluminum corrosion with his food for a certain number of days, and, finding himself alive at the end of that time, triumphantly scored his point. Naturally, the harmlessness of the metal should give it an advantage over the long-cherished copper in the kitchen, but for a long time the price was prohibitory and since that objection was removed the manufacturers have made the same mistake as in army equipment—that of using sheets too thin to resist dents in hard usage. One of the largest uses of the metal at present is in the manufacture of covers for fruit jars, where its chemical harmlessness makes its preferable to zinc and tin, and the manufacturers find it impossible to supply the demand for these jar tops.

A memorial has been sent to Congress, requesting the withdrawal of copper cents from circulation and the substitution of aluminum coins. The mint officials and health authorities have for a long time contended that copper coins should be abolished on account of their accumulation of verdigris and ready transmission of disease germs. From time to time congressional action on the matter has seemed probable, and at the Philadelphia mint experiments in the coinage of aluminum cents have been made with satisfactory results; but as yet Congress has taken no definite action in regard to the matter.

Manufacturing Candles.....Scientific American Supplement

The discovery of gas lighting and improvements in lamps have done much to curtail the manufacture of candles, but it is yet a vast industry. An estimate of the consumption in the United States places it at 22,000,000 pounds annually. Candles are still the staple illuminating medium for the poor of large cities and for all classes in small towns and villages where there are either insufficient or no gas works. Country hotels and taverns are large consumers, and the preference of many people for candles over lamps, as portable lights, keeps up a constant demand in all sections. Candles likewise are the true aristocrats among illuminators, and the renaissance in art taste which holds no illuminating medium to be quite so beautiful and effective as the candle for dinner tables and party and ballrooms calls for an extensive manufacture of fine grades.

Now, it is not the beauty of the polished brass or silver candelabrum alone which makes appeal to the æsthetic judgment, for, except the yet imperfect electric light, no illuminator can give so pure and white a light as a perfect candle. The finest fruit of science applied to the once homely industry is the stearic acid mold candle of to-day, which is not only quite as handsome in appearance as the wax candle, but burns with equal brilliancy and purity, and has to a great extent usurped the place of the more costly light. The mines of the far West share with the boudoirs and salons and dining-rooms of the East in the consumption of the best of these candles. A very large proportion of the finest grades goes to Nevada, Colorado and the other mining States and Territories of the Pacific slope, the high temperature of the mines demanding a very hard and pure candle. The old candle would be entirely useless here, for tallow melts at from 90° to 104° Fah., and the temperature of the deep mines of Nevada often reaches 120° and even 130°. A good stearic acid candle will withstand a temperature of from 15° to 10° more than this.

The stearic acid candle, which is now the principal candle of trade, represents the high-water mark of the progress in candle making which began seventy years ago. Unlike its primitive predecessor, the tallow dip, it is a product of scientific study, and one of the many triumphs of philosophic chemistry. The movement which effected a complete revolution in the industry, and ran a rapid growth after once it was started, was an outcome of the discoveries of M. E. Chevreul, the French chemist, published to the world in 1823, in his book, "Recherches sur les Corps Gras d'Origine Animale." In it lies the foundation of all our present knowledge of the chemistry of fatty oils, and this knowledge is the starting point of modern candle making. Chevreul established the scientific fact that, as a rule, all fatty oils, both liquid and solid, are neutral compounds of glycerine and the so-called fatty acids. In candle fats these acids are stearic and oleic.

Stearic acid is a crystalline substance, unctuous to the touch, but not greasy. It melts at a temperature a little short of 150° and when burned through a wick gives out a white and clean light. Oleic acid is liquid at common temperatures, and was the cause of the melting of the old tallow candles at a temperature of 50° lower than is withstood by pure stearic acid. The glycerine base caused them to burn yellow and to smoke with an offensive odor. The discovery of the chemical properties of these constituent elements of candle fat led with a single step to the fundamental idea of the improvement in candle making;

oleic acid and glycerine are deleterious to the candle, and must be removed; and all the steps since taken—and they followed hard on the heels of the first—have looked to the doing of this in the most expeditious and cheap manner, and the perfection of the molding machinery. Naturally the first processes were chemical, but they put a great obstacle of costliness in the way of the manufacture, which almost proved fatal. The early industry, after surmounting this difficulty by combining mechanical means with chemical in separating and purifying the fats, again came near suffering shipwreck from another cause. It was found by the French chandlers, to whom belongs much credit for developing as well as originating the modern method, that the stearic acid on cooling in the mold crystallized, and the candles became unsightly, brittle and uneven of combustion. The remedy appeared to lie in breaking the grain of the acid and this was done by the introduction of a powder. Unfortunately, white arsenic was the powder chosen, and the result was so noticeably injurious to health that Chevreul's discoveries were brought into disrepute, and the early art of stearic acid candle making was almost annihilated. Better study found a simple and harmless remedy to lie in lowering the temperature of the acid before pouring it into the mold and in heating the mold to receive it. Improvements were also successively made in the methods of preparing the fat, and when, finally, American ingenuity was brought to bear upon the mechanical side of the problem, a machine was developed out of Sieur de Brez's last-century mold that has marvelously simplified and cheapened the manufacture of candles. The purification of the fat had done much to improve the combustion, and the smoke had been abolished; the flame, too, had become much brighter and clearer, and the snuffing of the wick had become less necessary, for the combustion, being more perfect, the wick, whose only duty is to conduct the oil to the flame, was more nearly consumed. A little attention to the making or wicks soon banished the snuffers and the snuff tray to the curiosity shops of the antiquaries.

The old-fashioned wicks were simply twisted. Cambaceres conceived the plan of plaiting them, with one strand tighter than the others. In the candle the wick is kept straight by the hardened fat, but, when released by the flame, the tightened strand draws the end of the wick over to one side so that it is brought in contact with the outer envelope of the flame, where the combustion is most perfect because of the liberal supply of oxygen received from the air, and thus the wick is continuously consumed.

Bullet-Proof Shields.....A. Goodrich.....Pearson's

Major Boynton, of the British army, has devised a bullet-proof shield large enough to protect the head and shoulders of the holder when crossing the zone of fire, and sufficiently light to enable it to be suspended to the rifle.

The first shield constructed under Major Boynton's directions was much too heavy. After a series of experiments its thickness was reduced to a quarter of an inch, and again to one-fifth of an inch. But Major Boynton, knowing what the infantryman has to carry on the march in the way of ammunition, to say nothing of his kit, thought it should be still lighter, so fresh experiments were instituted till a plate has been produced which, although only three millimetres, i. e., less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, is absolutely bullet-proof at less than 300 yards against the Lee-Metford and Mauser rifles firing service ammunition. The musketry fire which would riddle any shield made of ordinary $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mild steel makes no impression on this shield.

The contrivance which fixes the Boynton shield to the rifle is so simple that it can be almost instantaneously attached and as rapidly detached. The attachment, moreover, admits of the rifle moving freely, both laterally and vertically, consequently giving an extensive arc of range.

Another attachment is contrived, by means of which a rifle can be fixed firmly in position (that is, without the aid of the soldier being required to hold it in place), the butt end of the rifle resting on the ground. Thus the rifle may be aimed with precision at any definite point and secured in that position for subsequent firing.

Although designed principally for the protection of the soldier in a prone position, in this way also serving as a rifle rest, the shields are so constructed that when desirable they can be interlocked, any one shield fitting any other shield. The mechanism employed for this purpose is of the simplest description. Major Boynton, knowing that anything intricate would soon come to grief in the rough work of campaigning, spent many months in devising clips which permitted of two tiers of shields being raised to afford quick and efficient protection for a section of men.

But the anxiety of Major Boynton to provide a soldier with a good method of putting the shields together was not only because of the rapidity with which mounted Boer frontal attacks could be met, but to insure protection against a fire resulting from sudden flank movements. In fact, were a force of men carrying these shields surrounded, they could form a square, and, if no artillery were used, could make things tolerably warm for their assailants.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

A Song of Empire.....W. E. Henley.....The Sphere

Storm along, John! Though you faltered at first,
Caught in an ambush, and held to the worst,
All the old Counties were hard on the spot,
For they hadn't a son but rejoiced in his lot.
You had only to cart 'em some thousands of miles;
So you fell to your work with the calmest of smiles,
And, each with her battles, your ships you sent on,
Till you beggared the record—Hi! Storm along,
John!

Storm along, John; Storm along, John!
Frenchman and Russian and Dutchman and Don
Know the sea's yours from the Coast to Canton!
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!

Storm along, John! There was work to be done
With a foe in full blast ere you sighted a gun!
Came, the news came, that you reeled in the brunt,
And at home, by the Lord, it was "Who's for the
front?"

And your whelps overseas, John—the whelps that
you knew
For the native, original, pattern true blue—
O, your whelps wanted blooding, they cried to
come on,
And—Hark to them chorusing: "Storm along,
John!"

Storm along, John! Storm along, John!
Half the world's yours, and the rest may look on,
Mum, at the rip from Quebec to Ceylon...
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!

Storm along, John! All your Britons are out:
Melbourne and Sydney got up with a shout;
Wellington, Ottawa, Brisbane, their best
Send, with Cape Town, and the fighting Northwest.
Horses, men, guns for you! India's a-flame!
How the lads of Natal have been playing the game!
From Gib, to Vancouver, from Thames to Yukon,
The live air is loud with you—Storm along, John!

Storm along, John! Storm along, John!
Not in the best of the years that are gone
Has the star which is yours thus tremendously
shone!
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!

Legacies From 'Nodder River..... London Daily Chronicle

The dog is yours; and so's the photo frames,
Them pictures wot I cut, and my new box.
The pack of cards, the dominoes an' games,
The knittin' needles, an' the knitted socks,
An' all, except the letters and the ring—
You'll find them all together tied with string.

My public clothin'—that goes back to stores—
My kit'll sell by auction on the square;
An' other fellers will be "formin' fours"
An' "markin' time" in boots I used to wear.
They're welcome, but you won't forget to send
The ring an' all the letters to my—friend?

The pain ain't near so bad as wot it were
The day they dragged me from the limber wheels;

Ain't I a wreck! for God's sake don't tell 'er;
Say it was fever—peaceful—in the 'ills,
An' write about the wreaths, the "jack" and
band,
An'—send a bit of hair—you understand?

The ring—oh no, the doctor lets me talk,
I ain't a-tirin' 'cept a funny light,
An' just a feelin' that I'd like to walk
To where it seems to flicker in the night.
Better for me to go with aching 'ead
Than go in trouble with my say unsaid.

The ring—it ain't long since she sent it back;
I never meant no 'arm, God only knows,
But things—I can't tell now—looked very black,
And she believed the others, I suppose.
I'm sorry for 'er now—that cursed wheel!—
You see she is a woman, an' she'll feel.

* * * * *
The dog is yours, I told you that before.
The spurs—you'll find them in my private kit.
The letters an' the ring, an' nothin' more—
An' hair—it's foolish—but a little bit.

* * * * *
"Our Father"—Lord, how strange! It's—all—ri'
—sir.

* * * * *
The letter—an'—th'—ring—an'—hair—for—'er!

The Arm-Chair Warrior..... London Punch

Ye amateurs of England
Who keep your native seats
And criticize so bravely
The fighting man's defeats;
Ye turkey-carpet warriors
Who ventilate your view
Of what could be accomplished
If things were left to you:

My paper-map civilians!
One cannot but admire
With how sublime a courage
You face the clubroom fire;
With what prophetic wisdom
You speak the warning word,
Choosing the happy moment
When things have just occurred!

There runs an ancient proverb,
Good for the swollen head,
How fools rush in serenely
Where angels fear to tread;
But here the common mortal,
The stroller down the street,
Knows better than to follow
Your rash, intruding feet.

Is not our task enough, Sirs,
To bear the present hurt,
That you on wounded honor
Must dump your little dirt?
You, from your padded armchair,
Safe in a sea-locked land,
While those you smirch are holding
Their lives within their hand.

When we are short of critics
 To sum the final blame,
 We'll ask a fighter's verdict
 Upon a fighter's game;
 But you who pass opinions
 On work but half begun,
 Please give us your credentials,
 Show something you have done!

The Woman with the Broom....Edwin W. Sanborn....New York Sun
 (Written after seeing a farmer's wife cleaning house.)

Bowed by the cares of cleaning house, she leans
 Upon her broom and gazes through the dust,
 A wilderness of wrinkles on her face
 And on her head a knob of wispy hair.
 Who made her slave to sweeping and to soap,
 A thing that smiles not and that never rests,
 Stanchioned in stall, a sister to the cow?
 Who loosened and made shrill this angled jaw?
 Who dowered this narrowed chest for blowing up
 Of sluggish men-folks and their morning fire?

Is this the thing you made a bride and brought
 To have dominion over hearth and home;
 To scour the stairs and search the bin for flour,
 To bear the burden of maternity?
 Is this the wife they wove who framed our law
 And pillared a bright land on smiling homes?
 Down all the stretch of street to the last house
 There is no shape more angular than hers,
 More tongued with gabble of her neighbors' deeds,
 More filled with nerve-ache and rheumatic twinge,
 More fraught with menace of the frying-pan.

Oh, lords and masters in our happy land!
 How with this woman will you make account;
 How answer her shrill question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of such women shake the polls,
 Heedless of every precedent and creed,
 Straight in hysteric haste to right all wrongs?
 How will it be with cant of politics,
 With king or trade and legislative boss,
 With cobwebs of hypocrisy and greed,
 When she shall take the ballot for her broom
 And sweep away the dust of centuries?

Kokomo and Others.....Chicago Times-Herald

We should not have stopped off in Chicago only I
 had to go down to Kokomo—funny name. I
 wouldn't have believed there was such a place until
 I found some of the best automobiles made come
 from there.—Extract from an interview with Earl
 Russell.

Oh, when you're through with Kokomo,
 Most noble Earl, perchance
 You'd like to fare to Kickapoo
 Or go and have a glance
 At Ogemaw or Hackensack,
 And pass through Chickopee,
 And then from there you might come back
 By way of Kankakee
 To Oshkosh and Menominee
 And journey on to Muscogee
 And Keokuk and Oskaloosa,
 Muscatine and Tallapoosa,
 Chickasaw
 And Haverstraw
 And thence to Walla Walla,

And pass along to Shakopee
 And stop for lunch at Albert Lea
 And dine at Pumpkin Hollow.
 Moreover, there is Waukesha
 And fair Oconomowoc,
 Winnebago, Wichita,
 Red Dog and Manitowoc,
 Sheboygan, Sauk and Bariboo,
 Pensaukee, Peshtigo,
 Oconto, Ox Bow, Kalamazoo,
 Bad Axe and Romeo,
 Where man and beast
 May rest or feast.
 So promise, Earl, old chap,
 That when you go back home, you know,
 You'll not tell people Kokomo
 Is the only town that shows up so
 Blamed funny on the map.

Time Flies.....Life

Time Flies are well-known insects. Sages claim
 That Tempus Fugit is their rightful name.
 When we're on idleness or pleasure bent,
 They sting our conscience and our fun prevent
 We hear them winter mornings ere we rise.
 And oft in fly-time we observe Time Flies.

The Old Daguerreotype.....Saturday Evening Post

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar
 chest,
 Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once
 were brave as the best;
 And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats
 gay with stripes,
 They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguer-
 reotypes

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook.
 Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and
 look;
 Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of
 gold,
 Circling the faded faces brought from the days of
 old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
 Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a
 show;
 Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby
 hands
 Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering
 gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starched and stiff
 array,
 Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so
 wrinkled and gray.
 Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sit-
 ting here
 Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is
 half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it
 was, in truth,
 To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a van-
 ished youth.
 Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and
 your lavender,
 And dream, 'mid their bygone graces, of the won-
 derful days that were.

One-Eye Pete Neaffie's Parrot*

One time, des' 'bout de time de wah done bean on its las' laigs, One-Eye Pete Neaffie he kim in to Mahs' McKeevuh's, an' he say:

"Whah Cunnel McKeevuh?"

Somebody show him whah mahsuh bean, an' Pete he say:

"Cunnel McKeevuh, I done do muhduh, suh! I'se a 'sassinatuh, Cunnel, an' duh ain' nuffin' to do but des' teck me out an' hang me, suh!"

Jicketty! Dat des' meck all de eyes on dat plahntation belge out lack dey bean de butt end o' hen's aigs, suh, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he say:

"Wa'—wa'—wa' yo' mean, Petuh?"

"I done kill Nicodemus, suh!" One-Eye Pete he say. "Dat's who I done kill, an' yo' des' tell 'em to teck me out an' hang me!"

Den Mahs' McKeevuh he git ovuh de flummix Pete done from him in when he say he bean doin' muhduh, an' 'gin to grin, an' de eyes on dat plahntation dey quit belgin', 'kaze we all know who Nicodemus bean, but Pete he stick to it, an' declah he mus' be hung.

"I done bean de deff o' Nicodemus!" he declah. "If dat ain' muhduh, den I reckon duh ain' no setch a t'ing as muhduh!"

Co'se, Nicodemus bein' a—but I reckon I bet-tuh tell yo' 'bout dat, suh. One-Eye Pete Neaffie he bean des' about de streakiest man w'at evuh live 'long de Cape Fair. Jicketty! w'at streaks dat man de take! El Mahs' McKeevuh evuh t'ink o' doin' t'ings One-Eye Pete Neaffie do, folks dey done sot him down as ravin' crazy. But dey doan' t'ink Pete bean crazy. Des' streaky, dat's all. Streakiest kyine, suh. Long time 'fo' de wah Pete he run a sloop on de Cape Fair, an' meck money. He own niggus, an' he own a little plahntation. One time one o' he niggus he done skin out in de night time an' doan' come back no mo'. Dat nigguh he leave a wife, an' she b'long to Pete, too. Pete he say to dat nigguh's wife:

"Suse, whah dat wuffless nigguh o' yo'n?"

"I reckon he done scrimmage up No'th, Mahs' Neaffie," Suse she say.

"Yo' know whah he bean?"

"Yes, I know whah he bean," Suse she say.

"Den yo' des' pick up yo' bundle an' go dah, too!" One-Eye Pete say, an' Suse she have to go.

Dat de kyine o' streaky man One-Eye Pete Neaffie bean, an' when folks dey joggle him fo'

settin' one nigguh free 'kaze 'nudduh one run away, he brestle up an' say:

"Nobody doan' 'bleege me to set my niggus free," he say. "But look-a hyuh! Duh's a time comin' when all yo' own niggus dey done bean sot free."

Dat dah bean monst'us hot hayin' fo' de Cape Fair plahntations des' 'bout dat time, an' if Mahs' McKeevuh done say it folks dey say he crazy, sho's yo' bo'n. But One-Eye Pete—"he des' streaky, dat's all; des' streaky," dey say.

Des' a little time 'fo' de wah kim along Pete; he go 'way wiv he sloop, an' he git 'way down to Cha'lston, whah he tie up, an' one day he bean gwan 'long de street an' he heah some un holluh:

"Damn fool!"

Pete he stop quick an' tu'n roun', but he di'n see who dat kin be what holluh. He staht on, w'en dat same holluh kim ag'in. Pete he stop, an' den he see an ol' wooman wiv a parrot, an' de parrot holluh:

"Damn fool!"

"Jicketty!" he say. "Dat parrot he know me, sho' enough, but I swah I nevuh know him!"

Den de parrot it begin to swah an' swah at Pete till Pete he des' mighty neah laugh heseff to deff, an' he buy dat parrot an' fotch him home. Pete so tickle wiv him dat he doan' do nuffin' but visit wiv him all de time.

"Ise gwan to quit boatin'," Pete he say. "Me an' Nicodemus hain' got no time fo' boatin'."

An' he quit boatin', sho's yo' bo'n, suh, an' des' put all his time in wiv dat parrot. Den de wah it begin to push along, an' he say:

"Dah's gwan to be hell to pay 'roun hyuh, an' me an' Nicodemus is gwan to teck to de woods!"

And wa't yo' tink! He done sell he plahntation an' he niggus, an' scrimmage 'way up in de wildes' kentry he kin fine, an' Nicodemus go 'long wiv him. Jicketty! W'at a streaky man dat One-Eye Pete Neaffie done bean! Um-m-n-um! but he bean streaky!

Pete an' Nicodemus dey done go 'way up dah an' rise a cabin in de woods. Duh bean heaps o' game up dah—oodles of it; wile tucky, bah, deeu, 'possum, coon, wile ducks, wile geeses, dey all des natch'ly bean plenty as gum berries. An' de t'ings Nicodemus done git de hang of in dem woods! De wile tucky cain't meck he own call nigh so natch'l as Nicodemus kin, an' de way he quack like a duck, an' cackle like a geese, an' blat like a fawn—why, it des monst'us! All

*From the Black Homer of Jimtown, by Ed. Mott. Crosset & Dunlap. \$1.25.

One-Eye Pete he have to do bean to des' teck he gun an' go out in de woods an' hide heseff, ef he pinin' fo' tucky or deeah. Nicodemus he des' set on a limb an' holluh 'em in, an' Pete he pick out de ones he keeuh fo' an' knock 'em ovuh. Ef Pete he pinin' fo' geese an' duck, den he des' hide by de creeks, an' Nicodemus he meck de po' fowls t'ink, when dey bean flyin' ovuh, dat duh beari flocks an' flocks o' geese an' ducks feedin' on de fat o' de lan' down dah, de way he kin cackle an' quack, so dey wheel an' drop down in dat creek to see w'at all dem fowls done fine dah so pow'ful good. Den Pete he whang 'em, an' Nicodemus he laugh an' holluh lack he des' tickle to deff de way he fool dem geese an' ducks. But ef Pete he evuh miss a tucky w'en Nicodemus call it up to de gun, um-m-m-um! How dat parrot done cut loose wiv he tongue at Pete! Swah? Why, jicketty! Pete he cain't help gittin' mighty skeeuh many time w'en Nicodemus bean cutin' loose dat-a-way, an' he say he des' natch'ly set down an' wait fo' de showuh o' fiah an' brimstone he feel mighty sahtin mus' sho'ly tumble on him fo' dat parrot's monst'us weekedness! An' Nicodemus he done swush at Pete, an' yank he haih out, an' swabble he face, an' joggle him despr'it. Pete he des' lay low an' teck it all till Nicodemus git froo. 'Kaze he say any man w'at cain't hit a tucky w'en it done been fotch to he gun, des' ought to be joggled till he cain't see.

Des' see w'at a monst'us crittuh dat Nicodemus done bean, suh. W'en One-Eye Pete teck down he gun to go in de woods attuh game dat parrot he des' cock he eye up an' say:

"Tucky, Pete?"

Mebbe Pete he say no. Den Nicodemus he say:

"Duck?"

Mebbe Pete he say no ag'in. Den Nicodemus say:

"Geese?"

Ef Pete he say no, den Nicodemus say:

"Deeah?"

Den ef Pete say no, Nicodemus he scramble heseff an' swah, an' holluh:

"Bah! Damn bah!"

'Kaze Nicodemus he doan' keeuh fo' bah hunt-in', fo' he cain't call bah; but he always go 'long des' to swah at Pete. One time Pete done chase a bah all day long, an' he cain't git nigh him. Nicodemus he swah an' swah an' swah, an' tell Pete he bean so many monst'us t'ings dat bahmby Pete he git skeeuh, an' t'ink sho'ly dat ol' Satan done gobble him fo' he git outen dem woods. Den de bah scootle into a swamp so deep dat Pete he des' natch'ly give up, an' say he gwan

home. Den yo' ottuh heah Nicodemus! He shy setch monst'us talk at Pete dat Pete's haih rise up, an' he p'int he gun at Nicodemus an' declah dat if dat parrot doan' shet he mouf he git de bullet w'at bean in dat gun fo' de bah. Do yo' t'ink Nicodemus shet he mouf? No, suh! He des' swush at One-Eye Pete an' swah-a-a-t him—um-m-m-m! how he do swat dat man! Den he holluh dat he gwan to git dat bah he ownseff, an' away he swushes in de swamp. Bahmby Pete he heah mos' onrighiteous goin's on in dah. Nicodemus a yellin' an' swah'n an' callin' names wussuh dan he evuh do befo', an' de bah a howlin' an' gnashin' he teef.

"I declah," Pete he say, "ef it doan' peah lack dat fowl o' de aiuh des' natch'ly done gone an' gobble dat wile beas' o' de wilderness!"

Den Pete he heah de bah comin' outen de swamp, swishy-swashy! crishy-crashy! He comin' squah right dah whah Pete bean standin', an' Pete know dat parrot bean fotchin' him out, 'kaze he heah Nicodemus swah'n dat he is. Pete he doan' feah dat bah, but he pow'ful distressed ovuh de talk Nicodemus bean shyin' at de bah, an' he know ef he doan' kill dat bah w'en it scramble outen dat swamp he mowt des' well jump in de creek an' drownd heseff. De bah pop out, an' Pete cotch it wiv he rifle ball, an' down it go an' doan' git up no mo'. An' des' ahind de ol' bah kim two tenny cubs, wiv Nicodemus joggin' 'em despr'it. W'en Nicodemus see de ol' bah layin' dah daid, he cool down an' roost on he bah's cahcuss. But w'en he fine dat Pete he gwan to teck dem two cubs to de cabin, Nicodemus he swush Pete all de way home, an' call him monst'us t'ings squah in his face. But Pete he boun' to have dem cubs.

Pete he done git pow'ful fond o' dem dah cubs, an' Nicodemus he git pow'ful jealous of 'em, an' make up he mind about 'em. Pete he keep de cubs in de cabin, an' one night he weck up and heah Nicodemus swah'n lack a pirate, an' de cubs whinin' lack dey ain' easy in dey mine. Pete he lay low, an' bahmby he heah de cabin do' push open, an' de moonshine it pop in' an' den he see dat it bean Nicodemus push de do' open. Pete he keep layin' low, an' wonduh w'at dat onrighiteous parrot gwan do. An' wat-a yo' tink he done do, suh? He des' natch'ly drive dem cubs outen dat cabin' peckin' 'em wiv he hook bill, an' swah'n! Jicketty! How he been swah'n! An' he run dem po' little bahs 'way off in de woods, an' dey know dey bettuh nevuh come back dah agin, suh. Den Nicodemus he kim back to de cabin, an' he chuckle an' chuckle, an' git up on Pete's bunk an' holluh in he eauh:

"Damn fool!"

Den Nicodemus chuckle some mo' an' go to sleep. Dis hyah tickle Pete so pow'ful dat he tink mo' o' dat weeked parrot dan he evuh tink he kin. Nex' day Pete he boun' to tease Nicodemus, an' he took down he gun.

"Tucky, Pete?" Nicodemus he say.

"No," Pete he say. "Bah."

Nicodemus he swah he woan' go attuh bah, but Pete he declah dat he go attuh bah or he doan' go attuh nuffin, so Nicodemus he git up an' go, but he mighty gruffy 'bout it, an' when Pete he stop to look fo' bah signs, Nicodemus he move on, lack he doan' keeuh fo' nuffin. He ain' go but little ways, w'en Pete heah a swush, an' den Nicodemus yellin' an' swah'n. Pete he look dat a-way, an' des' tu'n col' as ice. A big hawk it done swup down an' gobble Nicodemus, an' 'way it go wiv him, an' Pete doan' see him no mo'. Den Pete he des' lop down an' tah he haih.

Dat bean de time w'en Pete he kim in to Mahs' McKeevuh's plahntation, down yon 'long de Cape Fair, an' tell mahsuh he done do muhduh, an' he mus' hang. Mahs' McKeevuh he say:

"Dey wantin' sojuh men pow'ful bad up yon in V'ginny, Pete," he say. "Dis hyuh wah lookin' ferocious. Dem Yanks dey pushin' de knife 'way up to de helt, an' we des' achin' fo' sojuh men. Bes' t'ing yo' kin do, Petuh," Mahsuh say, "been to go up dah an' jine de ahmy. Yo' git killed, des' lack as not, an' dat sight bettuh'n hangin'."

Pete he t'ink dat bean des' 'bout de t'ing, too, an' 'way he go to jine de ahmy, dat man bean so pow'ful streaky! He jine de ahmy, an' he fight and fight and fight. He fight mo'n six months 'fo' he git a scratch, an' den a Yankee bullet clip him, an' dey tote him in to die. Dey tote him to a big tent whah duh bean heaps mo' sojuh men wiv Yankee bullets in 'em, an' dey des' layin' Pete on he cot, w'en he heah some un holluh:

"Halleluyuh, Petuh! Let us pray!"

Pete he ope he one eye an' look up skeeuh wiv it, an' dah, on a stool in the tent, who yo' done spec' he see? Nicodemus! Yes, suh! Big as life, suh, an' solemn as a unduhtakuh!

How Nicodemus done git dah? Dat bean so sing'luh, suh, dat I doan' spec' yo' gwan to b'lieve it. Des' on udduh side dem woods whah de hawk snatch Nicodemus up dat day an' tote him off cussin' an' swah'n top o' he lungs, bean de Craigie plahntation. De Craigie folks dey bean de piouses' folks in all dat kentry, an' Mahs' Craigie he done preach many times, heah an' dah. Hawks bean totin' away de Craigie chickens, des' de same, an' Mahs' Craigie bean layin' fo' hawks wiv he gun, des' w'en de hawk w'at gobble Nicodemus kim floatin' ovuh dat a-way. He up pow'ful high, but Mahs' Craigie he bean a des'prit

man wiv a rifle, an' he sen' a bullet up to meet dat hawk, an' the bullet done meet it, sho'ly. De hawk kim tumblin' down, an' drop daid in a co'n shock. W'en Mahs' Craigie go to pick de hawk up he mighty sot back to see a parrot shet in its claws. Dat bean Nicodemus. Co'se Mahs' Craigie doan' know dat. He t'ink de parrot bean daid, an' he teck it to de house. De fambly dey all lookin' at it, w'en bahmby Nicodemus he 'gin to kick. Den dey know he ain' daid, an' dey wait. Bahmby Nicodemus he ope he eyes an' look roun' dah. Den he rise up an' teck a bettuh look. Den he 'gin to give his 'pinion o' t'ings. Nicodemus he ain' hahdly staht in yit, w'en dat fambly 'gin to scattuh, an' dey ain' nobody lef' wiv Nicodemus but Mahs' Craigie, an' he have he finguh stuff 'way in he eahs, an' he eyes dey belgin'. Bahmby Nicodemus he quit. Mahs' Craigie's fambly dey declah dat he mus' teck de parrot out in de woods an' shoot it, but he say no. But he done tote Nicodemus up to a cabin he have in de woods, an' dah he labuh an' rassle wiv dat onrighteous fowl weeks an' weeks, day in an' day out, p'intin' out to Nicodemus de evil of his ways. An' w'at yo' spec' done happen? Bahmby on day Mahs' Craigie he kim in an' Nicodemus bean wiv him. De fambly dey staht to quit de house as fas' as dey laigs kin tote 'em, but Nicodemus he holluh:

"Hallyluyuh! Let us pray!"

Den de fambly kim back. Yes, suh. Mahs' Craigie he done labuh wiv dat weeked Nicodemus till he tu'n him in de straight an' narrow path, suh, an' duh ain' bean none o' dat fambly no mo' piousuh dan Nicodemus! An' w'en Mahs' Craigie he t'ink he mus' go an' jine de ahmy, he done teck Nicodemus wiv him, an' Mahs' Craigie an' him dey done bean in dat tent w'en dey tote One-Eye Pete Neaffie in.

Well, suh, Pete he doan' die, an' he mighty tickle to fine dat Nicodemus ain' daid, but he cain't git de hang o' all dat piousness. One day Pete he feelin' streaky, an' he say to Nicodemus: "We gwan out attuh bah to-day."

Nicodemus he shuffle he fedduhs up an' glare he eye, an' holluh:

"Dam——"

But he done cotch heseff right dah, an' say:

"Hallyluyuh, Petuh! Let's us pray!"

Dat des' sot Pete to t'inkin', an' he t'ink so hahd an' deep ovuh Nicodemus' change o' haht dat when he bean ready to jine de ahmy ag'in he des' as pious as Nicodemus, an' w'at yo' spec' Pete done do? Attuh de wah bean done he des' natch'ly go to preachin', and de Cape Fair kentry ain' nevuh see setch a pow'ful preachuh as One-Eye Pete Neaffie, befo' no' sence de wah, suh.

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

The Guard *London Academy*

The station luncheon-bar was crowded with soldiers. There were twelve of them, their khaki uniforms were stained and torn, their faces were brown and thin, their cheeks were hollow.

"Is the war over, then?" I said.

He laughed. "Not much. We're going back by the next boat."

"Why did you come home?"

"We was a guard."

"A guard!"

His lips tightened. "To twelve of our men," he said.

"What was the offence?"

"Sleeping on duty. They'll get five years apiece."

Somebody shouted a jovial command and the guard trooped from the bar.

Five years! An impetuous moment—and Glory. A nodding of the head—and Disgrace. O chance!

Mr. John Takes His Bath *Chicago Chronicle*

In the olden days, when Rome was as beautiful as she was brilliant and as brilliant as she was base, the bath was an institution. It was not an accessory to the toilet as it is at the present time. It was a place where profound statesman and polished patrician and perfumed epicurean met to lounge and visit and discuss affairs of state and social importance. They went there with much ceremony and pomp, attended by their slaves and arrayed in gorgeous attire. They reclined indolently under awnings of burning crimson and royal purple and they feasted and drank and spoke of the beauties and the sonorous cadences of Homeric verse. And they watched the sunlight glint and glitter on the perfumed waters, turning them to limpid azure at their feet, while the low, plaintive voice of some bronze-skinned harpist rose and fell in musical monotone, sweet as love and sad as death, lulling their epicurean senses to somnolent content. It was all lovely with the loveliness of art and the poetry of unshackled paganism. It had all the dignity of an age that was sublime in its sensuousness and superb in its sin. It was a scene that had all the color and fire and barbaric splendor beloved of the Cæsars. It has filled the dreaming eyes of centuries of painters and been the inspiration and the despair of brain and chisel.

It was all this. But to-day there is change. Paterfamilias still takes his bath. It is a weekly necessity, not a ceremony. It is preceded and

followed by a tri-weekly or daily "sponges," but it is a duty to self and community, like paying the taxes and going to church. And he observes it in the same manner and catalogues it on his mental engagement list under the same heading. He regards it as an unavoidable but regrettable waste of time, instead of in the Romanesque light of sensuous pleasure and social enjoyment. The perfumed waters are to him not languorous with the incense of Araby, but redolent with bath soap and ammonia. The marble steps and waves of limpid azure have gone glimmering, whither he wots not nor cares as he lifts the soiled clothes basket, the baby's rocker, a dress-suit case and a preserve kettle out of the tile bathtub and turns on both taps.

The purple and crimson and gold of fringe and canopy have faded, as fade the sunset's wondrous glory, and he falls over his wife's sewing table as he enters the three-cornered bathroom to light the gas. There is no bronze-skinned slave with plaintive song, heavy with its burden of far-off Egypt and soft-limbed maiden, broken-hearted and sleeping a wakeless sleep in its golden sands. He hears instead his \$6-per-week empress of the kitchen making remarks down the "lift" to the grocery man as she makes the blocks and tackle swing—remarks that refer to some overripe eggs and that are lurid in color and not suitable for publication in a family newspaper.

And, to begin at the beginning, the *modus operandi* of paterfamilias on bath night is as follows: His wife commences by mentioning at dinner that this is his bath night. He does not answer with much enthusiasm and the matter drops. Then he rises from the table, lights a cigar, sits down by the study-lamp and hides himself behind the paper. His better half suggests that he take his bath early to-night and he murmurs:

"Eh? Oh, yes. The British certainly bit a bigger mouthful than they can comfortably masticate. Serves 'em right, drat 'em! Turn the lamp higher, will you?"

He reads steadily for some time and his wife finishes some darning, puts her sewing materials neatly away and remarks cheerfully:

"Don't forget your bath, dear."

"Bath? Nope. Say, that was a bad smashup on the X. & Q. Now, why in blazes they can't manage this train business better beats me. They've got their signal system, with all sorts of frills on it, and yet they can't stop at a crossroad or water tank but what the next train has to

plump into 'em and send everybody to kingdom come. Now, if I were running a road——"

"Are these Billy's cuffs, John?"

"No; mine. Say, if that boy don't leave my linen alone there's goin' to be trouble. I never wore my father's clothes. If I had I'd have been taken for some calisthenic exercises in the woodshed. And his father's no better than—I mean, he's as good as—say, Billy's aching for a lickin' and he'll get it one of these days. You'll see."

He turns another page and there is a long pause.

Presently his wife looks at the clock. "My! It's after 10. Sha'n't I turn on the water in the bath, John?"

Some inarticulate grunts issue unmusically from behind the paper and Mrs. John rocks back and forth gently. Soon she yawns a little and rubs her eyes sleepily. Then she studies the top of John's head doubtfully.

"John, dear, it's growing late. Won't you take your bath now?"

John dear jerks another page over and remarks amiably that he'll take it in a minute, but why in the name of all the gods they want to run that duffer for re-election is beyond comprehension. It is just such skates that don't know enough to come in when it rains real hard that seem to get in office somehow. They and blacklegs. Now, if he had been in office he would have shown the party what was what. In the first place, he would——

Mrs. John thinks she hears the baby stir and disappears in the bedroom. When she returns her husband has slid down in his chair, with his head close to the lamp, and is dead to the world in the stock quotations. She tidies up the room, then hesitates and says finally:

"John, dear, if you don't mind, I think I will go to bed. Will you take your bath soon?"

Something like "Awri—gw'on—finish s'article" floats from the depths of the newspaper and Mrs. John thankfully departs.

"The towels are in the bathroom, dear. And your robe is hanging on the door," she says from the bedroom.

"M'hm. Lemme lone 'n goterbed," rumbles from the stock quotations.

"Oh! and that new soap is in the medicine chest, John!"

"Da—awri—awri! Jus'so," and silence reigns.

Mrs. John is just dozing off comfortably as she is suddenly startled into wakefulness with:

"Mary, where in thunder are my bath towels?"

She tells him they are in the bathroom and he wants to know why on earth she had not said so instead of letting him hunt the flat for half an

hour for towels when he was worn out and so sleepy he could hardly keep his eyes open.

She says nothing, but sinks back on the pillows and has just closed her eyes, as he dances in in a condition of extreme bad temper and distinctly immodest attire and demands to know if she has used his bath robe for a door mat or sold it to the junk man, as it certainly is not in the flat. She tells him it is hanging on the back of the bathroom door and he dances out, reminding her that if he dies of quick consumption it will be her fault.

As she turns her pillow over to the cool side he puts his head around the portière and asks, with intense mildness, if she has given his flesh brush away as a prize at some of her cinch parties. He knows he used to own one, but cannot find it, which is not at all strange in that house, anyway. She reminds him that he gave it to the baby to play hobby-horse with that morning. He stalks off, stumbles over the furniture, lights all the gas in the flat, with the aid of several matches and a good deal of eloquence, and Mrs. John finally creeps wearily out of bed and finds the brush on the bathroom floor. Then she retires to her bed.

In two minutes exactly her lord calls her in tones that cause her to run to the bathroom. And she finds him garbed airily in a moderate-sized bath towel and a liberal supply of what looks like brown paint. His face is quite purple and his language profane.

"Iodine! Iodine!" he sputters. "Look at me, will ye? Keepin yer dashed soap in yer dashed medicine chest as though it was some cure for the measles. How was I to know that dashed stopper would come out, eh? Look at me! I'm a sight. And the dashed stuff has to wear off—nothing but time and prayer and sand paper will move it. And I found everything in there but soap—soap and receipted bills, by gad! Everything—from cure for cramps to your marriage certificate. Wipe me off, will ye? That is, what will come off. I know my back looks like a British war map of Africa. I'll go into a museum, by gad! as the only genuine tattooed man. Of all the places to say you keep soap, and all the time I suppose it is behind your Venus di Medici in the parlor, with a 10-cent cup and saucer standing on it. That's called artistic furnishing nowadays. Don't take all the skin off my spine! There, that'll do. G'wan to bed and maybe I can take my bath in peace. Have you got any washing powder or lye, seeing there is no soap?"

Mrs. John hands down two cakes of soap from the third shelf of the medicine chest and her husband snorts as he grabs a cake and steps into

the bathtub. She goes back to bed and this time falls sound asleep. It seems to her that she has slept about five minutes when she is aroused by the gas flaring vividly in her face. Shading her eyes, she raises herself on one elbow and sees her lord and master turning the bureau drawers upside down on the floor.

"What are you looking for, John?"

Her husband sits back on his heels and grips the bathrobe around him with both hands.

"Looking for?" he remarks. "Looking for? At this time of night? What would any sane person be looking for, do yer suppose? For one of my dress-suit shirts, maybe, or a pair of silk socks with sunflowers embroidered on 'em. Have I got a nightshirt to my name or haven't I? Or have you cut 'em all down for Billy? Have I any rights in this house, anyway? I used to have some clothes before I had a family, but I'll be blamed if I have anything any more."

"My dear, your nightshirt is airing over the back of that chair beside you," says Mrs. John.

"Air—is it? Well, why in thunder didn't you say so? Here I've gone through all the furniture from the chiffonier to your writing-desk looking for that shirt rather than wake you up. But I'm the only one that seems to have any consideration for other people in this family."

Mrs. John yawns a little and turns over as her lord struggles into the nightshirt. He buttons the shirt at the neck, then steps over the chaos of underclothes that he has deposited on the carpet, shoves a pile of laces and gloves that he has emptied from the bureau drawers aside with one foot and winds his watch. Then he shakes his sleeping wife by the shoulder and asks her where the keys of the buffet are, as he knows he is in for a good cold unless he can take something to ward it off. He is drowsily informed that the keys are in full view on her comb tray on the dressing table and he departs for the dining-room, remarking that if people would only leave his clothes and things where he could find them without the aid of a microscope he would be grateful. Later on she is aroused with a request for her manicure scissors, but she objects mildly and gives him her penknife. Five minutes later she is startled by a fervent declaration that he would like to see her knife in another country farther south, and she gets up to hunt court plaster.

Mrs. John feels rather tired by this time and the next morning she has a headache, but when she reads his letters from New York, in which he says he is so enjoying his Turkish baths, which he is taking regularly, she thinks of bath night at home and sighs retrospectively and wonders much.

Uncle Isaac's Hard Luck.....*Detroit Free Press*

"Is there any profit in the pawnbroking business?"

The second-hand dealer, a man of the typical sort, shrugged his shoulders in a deprecatory way, and lengthened his face into a world-weary expression, as he observed:

"Don'd ye see how der beebles go by der door? Eh? Mein crashus, I haf nodt hadt a gusdomer in a quvoter of an hour. Peezness is badt—very badt. I dond know vhat I shell do—close oop der blace, I guess."

A disconsolate-looking chap dressed in soiled blue jeans entered at this juncture and asked what he could get on the suit of clothes that he carried bundled under his arm.

"Uh," said the shrewd old uncle, as he critically examined the clothing from every standpoint; "dhey are very sheap goods. Dодt suit, I'll bet you, did nodt cost you ofer \$5."

"I paid \$10 for the suit," protested the needy young man, "and I bought it right over here at —'s," naming a well-known store. "They're as good as new, too, for I wore them only once. Got drunk and blew in my money," he explained, "and now I'm strapped."

"Vhell, I can't hellup idt. I haf got to lief some vhay, und der best I can do py dодt suidt is a toller und a quvorter."

The young man groaned.

"Make it \$2," he pleaded.

"No, siree," was the emphatic reply. "Dond you t'ink a poor man has got to lief? Peezness is peeze—ness—a toller und a quvorter. Eef you vaste much more of my time, I'll gief you only a toller."

In desperation the young man accepted the princely sum, and went out to get something to eat.

"Oh, yaas, I haf lots of gusdomers like heem," said Uncle Isaac, confidentially. "Some beebles alvhays vphant to cut down der brofits of a poor man. See dодt suidt of clothes in der vhindow, marked "Sheap To-day"? Vhell, I haf bought dодt suidt seven times already, an' all I made on idt vhas fifteen tollars. Dose shoes I haf hadt four times, und dey haf been bought by deir original owner t'ree times. He drinks und gits proke und den he sells his shoes to puy more liquor. Dодt bair of bants were bought on Voodvard avenoo in der forenoon feer \$9, und soldt to me in der afternoon feer seventy-five cents. He vphant t'ree tollars—vphant to take avhay all der brofit. No, der's no money in dis peeze-ness."

The visitor left the pawnshop firmly convinced that Uncle Isaac was telling the whole solemn truth.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

Our Presidents and How We Make Them. By A. K. McClure. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

In our American politics, the one event that is of transcending interest, both from the point of view of the citizen of the United States, and that of the foreign spectator, is the quadrennial election of a President. Whatever political events may come between the great struggles for supremacy every four years, are determined largely by the result of these elections. The President is the focus of American political life. However his power may be abridged by the Constitution, he is at once the Chief Executive and the Prime Minister. He frames policies, makes and un-makes parties. The history of the nation is, therefore, largely a history of its presidential campaigns. The narrative of the origin of parties and their recurrent struggles for supremacy presents in large the outlines of our national development. It has remained for Colonel A. K. McClure, the veteran Philadelphia editor, to present such a narrative, for which he is by taste, training and special knowledge eminently fitted. Beside this work Lalor's *Cyclopædia of Politics* and Cooper's *American Politics* are antiquated and unserviceable. It is a story of *Our Presidents and How We Make Them*, and as such is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to our political literature. . . . It is doubtful whether any other American is so well fitted as Colonel McClure to write the story of these campaigns. As editor of a paper, although then not of age, he attended the Whig National Convention of 1848 in Philadelphia, and saw General Taylor nominated for the Presidency. Since then he has been personally familiar with the workings of every national campaign, and has actively participated in one-half of the political conventions held from that time to the present year. In the Republican National Convention of 1860 he bore a leading part, with Governor Curtin being a potential influence in leading the break from Cameron to Lincoln and promoting the nomination of the latter. Through the trying four years of civil strife he enjoyed intimate relations with President Lincoln. He became one of the leading spirits in the revolt of 1872 which led to the Greeley movement. For twenty-five years he has ranked as one of the leading journalists of the United States. "Standing between both parties, bound by neither, but in the counsels of each," as Charles Emory Smith writes in the introduction to this volume of political history, "he has

been exceptionally informed on all the currents of political activity. No one has had a broader acquaintance with the public men of his time, or has been more thoroughly behind the scenes in the shifting transformations of public action." With these peculiar qualifications for the great task which he has completed, Colonel McClure has not only presented the history of presidential contests in a broad manner, but he throws illuminating side lights on the political conventions which he has witnessed. Treating the organization and inspiration of political parties, great and small, in a concise manner, he has written with ample knowledge, and in a style of singular force and charm, an account which is infused with the very spirit and life of political action. Absolute accuracy in the accounts of some of the earlier conflicts for the Presidency cannot be secured, as data are lacking, and returns are incomplete. This, however, does not militate against the value of the work as a whole. Some of the personal and political reminiscences are an elaboration of a series of articles which originally appeared in a Philadelphia weekly. But there is such a mass of interesting matter that it surprises the reader by its extent and richness. And everywhere is apparent the evidence of possession of a judicial mind and a breadth of view which sees events in their entirety, and as parts of a great whole. . . . It is perhaps not too much to say that such a work as has just come from Colonel McClure's facile and tireless pen will long remain as one of the most valuable modern contributions to American political history.—Boston Transcript.

Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

About Mr. Crockett there is a certain light-heartedness which in these days of self-conscious art is extremely refreshing. We have just laid aside his latest story and with it we must admit certain sections of our intelligence. Romance this is and not realism. Now in romance, time, place and season are matters of small moment; probability, the ordinary conduct of ordinary men and women, are not in the scheme; nor is an essential rightness of epithet and expression of vast import so long as the illusion is achieved, so long as the romanticist carry you along in the wake of his heroine, his hero and their attendant train of villains, swordsmen, faithful henchmen, and other properties of the fictionist. What matters it if in reading *Joan of the Sword*

Hand we doubt alike the author's history and his geography, we smile over the levity that makes the discovery of printing and the uses of the tobacco-plant synchronous, or the faulty German that makes his Junkers say "Narrenpossen," instead of "Narrenspößen," or the princess who masquerades as secretary aver that she must not comport herself like "a puking fool," or the occasional lapse into such pleasant hybrid as "He grows dotty with anxiety"? After all, these trifles are for the philologist and the precisian. "The play's the thing," and Mr. Crockett gives us a good play and a right merry one. The action is unflagging, the dialogue is of the liveliest, and here and there are sayings which combine true wisdom with a happy gift of expression. The story of an adventurous princess whose domains adjoin a neighboring principality, and it is the dying wish of the princess' father that she should marry the neighboring prince, thereby uniting their two heritages and crowns. Attired as the aforementioned secretary, she secretly visits the land and castle of her prospective husband, thereby laying the foundation of as pretty a comedy of errors as we have lately lit upon. . . . To outline the complex and engrossing plot of this piece of invention is hardly our purpose. We can but say that it does credit to Mr. Crockett's fertility, dexterity and resource; that so sustained and well-planned a maze as the one we thread in company with Joan of the Sword Hand and her following betrays the hand of the master-architect in all its windings, and suggests a gift for exciting narrative as inexhaustible as it is ready. . . . Nowhere so successfully has Mr. Crockett set out the romantic aspects of past conditions as in Joan of the Sword Hand. —The London Outlook.

Municipal Government. By Bird S. Coler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

The author of this timely little volume is the present Comptroller of the City of New York. No graver problems, he holds, exist in civilized government than those developed during the last quarter of the nineteenth century in the management of the affairs of American cities. Great principles of finance, education, charity, public health and politics are involved in the government of large municipalities, and these questions are presented on so large a scale as to command the attention of all students of public affairs. Mr. Coler discusses such questions as city charters, the regulation of public charity, income and expenses, water supply, transportation, city development, the church in politics and political machines. He discusses these subjects from a very practical

standpoint, and his book is an interesting addition to the literature of municipal government. The corrupt political machine of to-day, controlled by a boss, Mr. Coler regards as contrary to the American system of government. It is rule of the people by the individual for the boss, his relatives and his friends. "It is," Mr. Coler says, "the most complete political despotism ever known, and yet the political machine on which the boss rises as dictator and despot is based on the fundamental principle of democracy—that system wherein all men are supposed to be equal and every voter a sovereign." When civic pride and public spirit are withdrawn from the party organization the modern political machine stands. "It stands before the public disguised as a committee," Mr. Coler explains, "but every member is there for business, and his first thought is to get all he can out of the party before he is succeeded by someone more unscrupulous." All political machines become engines for the destruction of good government when left to the control of unscrupulous professional politicians. "To overthrow a boss successfully," Mr. Coler is convinced that he must be defeated by his own party.—Baltimore Sun.

The Slave. A Romance. By Robert Hichens. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

A book that in its conception might have been worthy of Balzac or Poe ends on the plane of the ephemeral novel of the day. This invites reflection on a curious point in contemporary fiction. Mr. Hichens is a clever writer, unusually clever. He had the wit to think of an interesting character, and while there is a morbid element in his book there is also much human nature. He has, too, a certain facility in the writing of narrative. But with him, as with so many novelists of the day, the line beyond which his imagination cannot go is clearly fixed. There is something almost pathetic in the thought of what either of the masters we have just mentioned might have done with Lady Carryl Knox. Poe would have given her immortality in twenty or thirty pages, concentrating a world of emotion within his narrow space. Balzac, devoting to her a whole volume, would have made her portrait fascinating. In the cameo and in the full length Lady Carryl would have been intensely human and intensely tragic. In *The Slave* she just misses being one thing or the other. The difference is the difference between the great writer and the clever one, and Mr. Hichens is wonderfully typical. There are so many men who can write novels more or less like *The Slave*, facile, interesting—and easy to forget. They often have ideas of which, as in this case, great books could be made. But in the

absence of the master we get only one more readable "novel of the season."—New York Tribune.

The Evolution of the English Novel. By Francis Hovey Stoddard. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Rather more than the average interest attaches to this book. Not only does the author present a logical line of descent for the novel of the present, but he follows the growth beside the novel of other forms of literary expression, including in the idea of growth also the idea of decay. Though it is not his intention, it seems manifest from the reading of his book that, as in so many other fields of human endeavor, there is a certain literary economy which does not permit one form of literary expression to flourish except at the expense of another. But there is an absence of accurate statement in respect of modern verse which demands rectification. It is true that, as Mr. Stoddard says, "the novel seems to have surpassed poetry." It is also true, in a sense, as he says, that "the great poets of a generation ago have passed and have left few successors." But it is only true of America that "the novel has supplanted poetry," and then only in the popular sense. The body of English verse shows no signs of diminution, though it is no longer referable to a few singers of the first rank. More are singing acceptably to-day in English than ever before in the history of the language. In every English-speaking country except America more poetry is being read than ever before, and the reason lies largely in the "nil admirari" attitude of American educated men who, in the face of culture, read for recreation and not for profit, intellectual or æsthetic. The book is a sympathetic one, thorough in its treatment and generally sound in its conclusions.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

Dr. van Dyke occupies himself with moral lessons and with the beauty of nature in his book of poems. The little sermons are ingeniously developed. The descriptive lines are clear and sometimes vivid. The rhythm, on the other hand, is wanting in ease and music. The Toiling of Felix is acceptable merely as a narrative, but it has no poetic charm, and the absence of that precious gift is even more noticeable in Vera, a poem admirable enough in conception to merit better execution. The slender value of the book is the more regrettable in that the author's fishing sketches and other prose writings so fre-

quently possess the delicate qualities which would serve to enrich his verse. His prose is spontaneous. These poems fail to deserve the epithet.—New York Tribune.

The Farringtons. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is a good representative of the newest "school" in fiction. It may be described as the epigrammatic school, and on the surface it might seem to illustrate nothing more than a recrudescence of the Meredithian ideal. It is hardly possible, however, that the author of *The Egoist* would recognize any influence of his in the numerous stories that are now told in would-be "smart conversation." His epigrams are eloquent of thought. The epigrams of the school to which we refer seem more the product of purely mechanical processes. We meet this sort of thing on every page. Accordingly, it is not surprising that whatever elements of reality may have resided in Miss Fowler's material when she started to mold it into a novel have been withered out of existence. The artificial tone of the epigrams is communicated to everything in the story. . . . The Farringtons is one of those tales which seem nowadays to be getting themselves written out of a kind of Ollendorffian formula. You sketch a tolerably ingenious plot and then develop it with the aid of intolerably ingenious epigrams. The breath of life is missing from novels of this class.—New York Tribune.

Much as we were amused by Miss Fowler's previous novels, it was impossible not to recognize that in some points they were ridiculous. They were books which required a certain mood if they were not to produce a blend of irritation and amusement. Far from taking herself too seriously, Miss Fowler, having an abundance of wit, was too generous of her store. She had no restraint and little sense of proportion. But in *The Farringtons* she has changed all that. Those who like brilliant dialogue, however unnatural, and the witty answers of some one to the ridiculous questions of another, will possibly be disappointed with *The Farringtons*. What, however, is of infinitely more importance than this is that Miss Fowler is leaving off being smart for the mere sake of smartness, and has in her latest novel produced a really interesting character sketch. Occasionally, it is true, she falls back into her old habit of flippancy; but, generally speaking, the wit in this book hits the mark. . . . The tale, if simple in plot, is amusingly and well told, and it contains the surprise to

which we are growing accustomed in Miss Fowler's novels. . . . But The Farringdons holds so much that is in advance of anything Miss Fowler has yet done that it is ungenerous to quibble at mere details.—London Vanity Fair.

Harper's Guide to Paris: The Exposition of 1900. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

This is about the best book that we have so far seen on the subject. In the first place, it is coherent and comprehensive, containing much valuable and heretofore omitted information, not only concerning Paris, but New York as well. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate its various features, but the highest praise is intimated when it is said that, while the most helpless and inexperienced traveler will find a sure and trustworthy guide therein, experienced globe trotters may be surprised to discover much that will be of actual service to them. The Adviser: Indispensable Book for Visitors to the Paris Exposition, written by A. E. Cavalier of the Cavalier School of Languages, is also an extremely suggestive book for American tourists, particularly those who do not understand French. It contains matter of conversation in French, with French pronunciation and English translation likely to be needed in hotels, restaurants, post-office, stores, theatres, and with shopkeepers, cabmen, etc. There are also several pages devoted to directions, following which the inexperienced traveler cannot possibly go astray.—New York Times.

The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

The publication of this translation of M. Camille Flammarion's "L'Inconnu," which created a sensation in France last year, is sure to arouse interest in this country, for it is an eminent scientist's study of the phenomena of the so-called "spirit world." In order to make his volume as complete as possible, M. Flammarion, on March 26, 1899, appealed to the readers of the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, and a few months later to those of the *Petit Marseillais* and *Revue des Revues*, asking them to tell him of any facts which had fallen under their own observation or had been reported to them on good authority by those connected with them. He received 4,280 answers, out of which he picked "786 important ones, which have been classified, copied as to their principal facts, and the information they contained is added to my stock of knowledge. What struck me in all these narratives was the loyalty, good faith, frankness and delicacy of their writers, who were careful to tell only what they knew

and how they came to know it, without adding to or subtracting anything from the subject. Each correspondent affirms upon his honor that he is reporting facts exactly as he has known them." These 786 letters, when copied and numbered, contained 1,130 different facts, and were classified thus:

"Manifestations from and apparitions of the dying, manifestations from and apparitions of living persons not ill, manifestations and apparitions of the dead, sight of things taking place far off, premonitory dreams, foresight of the future, dreams showing the dead, meetings foreseen by some inspiration, presentiments realized, doubles of persons living, movement of inanimate things without apparent cause, communication of thought at a distance, impressions felt by animals, cries heard from a great distance, bolted doors opening of themselves, haunted houses and experiments in spiritualism." The first fifteen cases given in the volume were reported to M. Flammarion by people with whom he was personally acquainted and whose word he finds it impossible to doubt.

Space will not permit quotations, but those interested in the matter will find much material for consideration in the varied assortment. From this mass of evidence M. Flammarion claims to have proved that there really are manifestations from the dying, psychic action from a distance, mental communications and a knowledge of things by the mind without the intervention of the senses. We may see without eyes and hear without ears, not by unnatural excitement of our sense of vision or of hearing, for these accounts prove the contrary, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental. The soul, by its interior vision, may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Weyman seems to have arrived at a manner midway between his first work, *The New Rector*, and his studies after Dumas. He was interesting, but not popular, when he dealt with England as we know it; he caught the public taste with his romances of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; he has, we believe, found his true home in Georgian England. *Sophia* is such a successful story of intrigue and adventure, there is so much vigor in the telling of it, that we only realize by an after thought the very great merit of the book. It is a prose counterpart of Mr. Dobson's *Ballad of*

Beau Brocade. There is no advertisement of learning, and yet as we look back on its pages, we see that every touch is true and that the author must have an extraordinary acquaintance with the times of Walpole. This is not a political novel; no historic personages are called up to make its pages more real. But in them we can see Vauxhall and the gamblers in St. James' and the tedious perilous roads in Sussex, and marvel at the chatter of a set whose doings would be invaluable to a modern "society journal." The heroine, Sophia, grows under our eyes from a silly girl full of romantic fancies to a very real woman, and passes unscathed through many risks. Further, Mr. Weyman has learned to draw more than one kind of woman, and this skill is perhaps the romancer's hardest-won power. Sophia is set off by a pretty feather-headed flirt, and by an adventuress whose likeness is touched in with a few clever strokes. Sir Hervey Coke is perhaps an improbable blend of a viveur, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, a prig, but after all we who read have lost the grand manner and those who wore it naturally puzzle us when we meet them in books. There is a Thackerayan malice about Hawkesworth and his Irish Register. Indeed we may pay Sophia the high tribute of saying that its characters remind us at times of some of the most successful portraits drawn by great writers and yet that they never cease to be the product of Mr. Weyman's own imagination. If in one sense the book is an epitome of several masters of romance, it is at the same time a piece of very original work.—London Saturday Review.

The Touchstone. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

There is art enough in *The Touchstone*; indeed, the effort is only too apparent. Mrs. Wharton is unquestionably clever; but why does she endeavor with such painful insistence to imitate Mr. James? It is idle to say that the imitation is casual. The whole story, motive, characters, conversation, development, is he to the life. Just what significance the title has we have been unable to discover. The gist of the situation is the publication by a man of the letters written to him by a woman, now dead, who won an immense reputation as a novelist. The temptation to sell these letters comes with the knowledge that the public would devour them eagerly and with the fact that he needs money badly to marry the girl he loves. After the deed is done he begins to suffer for it. His wife tortures him unconsciously before she knows the truth, as well as after, and he feels to the full the humiliation

of his position. The analysis of the situation is admirable. But the wish to deal in epigram interferes with the reader's comfort. There is hardly a sentence in the whole book that does not have an artificial ring in consequence; for a metaphor lurks in every corner. The worst thing about imitation is that the imitator copies the faults rather than the virtues of the model. If Mrs. Wharton could only forget her master she might do good work. As it is, *The Touchstone* is a rather melancholy example of cleverness misapplied.—Providence Journal.

Kate Wetherill. By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25.

This is a book of absolute realism in form. The power of its author puts her on a par with Morrison or Crane in fiction, or with Jacob Riis in truth-telling of sordid detail. The life of toilers for bread is exposed in its naked squalor, the barbarism of manners, the callousness of mind, impress themselves as it were on the senses of the reader. There are novel, agreeable touches in the sketches of the young parson and the school teacher, and especially in those of the deacon and his wife, perpetually and cosily contradicting and quarreling. But Kate Wetherill's home life is an awful picture, the long, dragging bondage of unloved moil and toil in a marriage with a common man and in the care of their children after a short boy-and-girl love and an early marriage. The touch of idealism in the story which makes its strongest appeal is, however, the one false note from a critical point of view. There is a merciful numbness which necessarily accompanies and is induced by drudgery and monotony. To continue pinning up scraps of Emerson and Marcus Aurelius over the kitchen sink, to maintain a delicate sensibility and to warm in the heart a constant aspiration for freedom and truth in such a life as Kate Wetherill's would be impossible. The fire cannot burn unless the air reaches it. The tragedy of this tale consists in the investment. The fire cannot burn unless the air reaches it. The tragedy of this tale consists in the investment with the highest sensibility and sensitiveness of a woman who suffers hardship, neglect, jealousy and bereavement acutely, while leading an existence of solid toil, making and mending, sweeping and dusting, washing and cooking. We are wrought up to the highest pitch of sympathy. Yet as we close the volume there is an instantaneous revulsion as we feel that we have been trifled with. The real pathos of hard living is not its mental or moral suffering, but that it has lost the capacity for it. All the same Kate Wetherill is a fine piece of work, full of observation, keenness

and descriptive ability, and it is very easy to surrender to it and accept the intense emotional appeal of the lofty, free, aspiring soul held in such cruel bondage.—Boston Transcript.

Library of South Africa: History, Heroes and Wars. By Professor W. Douglas Mackenzie and Alfred Stead. Chicago and Philadelphia: Monarch Book Company.

South Africa: Its History, Heroes and Wars—here are four books in one; a pictorial history of South Africa, a life of Paul Kruger, a life of Cecil Rhodes and an explanation of the British-Boer war. But the chief purpose is to make clear and intelligible the general situation, the causes which produced the war and the real interests of civilization that are at stake in this "new world" of South Africa. . . . The volume, profusely and admirably illustrated, is especially rich in its portraits of individuals who have had or are having part in the great dramatic complication. And the author's characterization of the various actors, both Boer and British, is meant to be fair. There is a long chapter on Paul Kruger, which must be read with many, many grains of allowance. And as for Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Mackenzie appreciates the unique fascination of his genius and the singular power of his personality, but he is not blinded to the character of his shifty schemes or the ruthless quality of his ambition. His judgment on the whole and his warm sympathies are decidedly with the British, but he is no apologist for Joseph Chamberlain. The author's conclusion is that Great Britain is fighting not really for a matter of internal legislation at Pretoria, "but for her own colonies, her own life, against an alleged (and imaginary, in our opinion) gigantic and an almost successful conspiracy headed by President Kruger, Mr. Reitz, Dr. Leyds, President Steyn—and some others." The point at issue was, therefore, simply this: whether the British power was to be "driven into the sea" and the dream of "Africa for Africans," according to the Boer meaning of that term, was to be consummated. We do not agree with the author's conclusions, but statements and reasoning cannot fail to command interest. His main argument is strong, not in its logic or adjectives, but in its facts.—Chicago Evening Post.

Songs from the Glens of Antrim. By Moira O'Neill. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.

We greatly doubt if the glensfolk read Burns, but surely Burns himself could hardly have improved on the Song of Glen Dun, which stands

first in this little volume. Musicians are always complaining of the lack of good words for musical setting; we sincerely hope that when these beautiful lines—which almost sing themselves—are set to music, as they are sure to be sooner or later, the melody may not fall short of their haunting charm. . . . Though the plaintive or tender note prevails, there is no lack of humor in this little volume—witness the poem in which the girl recounts her experiences in endeavoring to carry out her lover's request that she should forget him, with its quaint ending:

"Meself began the night ye went
An' hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?—
An' the memory's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget."

with other pieces of the same fresh, artless and poignant charm. The little book will hardly take twenty minutes to read, but it will take as many months to forget some of the verses in it. You learn them by heart without intending to, which is after all not a bad test of poetic quality.—London Spectator.

When We Dead Awaken. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Wm. Archer. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.

Rubek, an elderly sculptor who has lost his inspiration; Irene, his late model, who is now mad; Ulfhjem, a coarse-minded bear-hunter; Fru Maja, Rubek's wife, who finds in Ulfhjem a congenial comrade; the manager of an hotel and a deaconess, Irene's keeper—such are the characters in Ibsen's new play. Yet out of this unpromising material Ibsen has fashioned a love story of great beauty and pathos. It is undoubtedly of the hot-house order; there is nothing spontaneous about it, so that in all probability it will not add to the number of Ibsen's admirers, for only those who have confidence in his methods are likely to have the patience necessary to appreciate it, but to them it will be a fresh example of his genius and versatility. For however the play may be interpreted there is, at any rate, no shadow of a problem or suggestion of an allegory about it. If it fails to awaken our pity, if, as an English critic has already stated, Irene's "sordid story" makes it impossible for us to pity her, why then the play is a failure, and there is nothing more to be said for it. But, whatever may be its imperfections, it is safe to say that the story of Irene—of her love, her sorrow, her madness and her final triumph—is destined to live and be "a joy forever. When We Dead Awaken is, as the title states, a dramatic epilogue.—London Speaker.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—The Master Christian is the title given by Marie Corelli to her forthcoming novel.

—The Cambridge edition of Sir Walter Scott's complete poetical works has been added to their series by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The price of Harper's Monthly Magazine is to be raised to \$4.00 a year, beginning with the December number.

—A uniform edition of the works of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is in active preparation by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Kipling's long-expected novel will be entitled *Kim of the Rishti*. It will first make its appearance in McClure's Magazine.

—Eden Phillpotts has been compelled by ill health to lay aside the new novel on which he has been some time at work.

—The Oxford University Press will publish shortly the Two Versions Bible, showing at a glance every change made in the revised version.

—A new edition of the works of the late William Hamilton Gibson, including his more elaborately illustrated nature books, is being published by Harper & Brothers.

—Stephen Phillips, the English poet, has completed the first rough sketch of the metrical play he is writing for Richard Mansfield, but he has not yet found a name for it.

—A series of reprints of various literary miscellany connected with the life and work of Robert Louis Stevenson will be issued by M. F. Mansfield, under the title of *Stevensoniana*.

—The wife of the Icelandic scholar, Professor Eric Magnusson, of the University of Cambridge, England, is in this country on behalf of the interests of education in Iceland, particularly of girls.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once A. R. Spofford's new work, *A Book for All Readers*, designed as an aid to the collection, use, and preservation of public and private libraries.

—A library edition and an edition de luxe containing the entire works of Oliver Goldsmith, including *Foster's Life of Goldsmith*, each of the editions in twelve volumes, will shortly appear from the press of Harper & Brothers.

—A silver tablet has been placed in the Quaker meeting-house in Amesbury, Mass., where Whittier used to worship. It was built in 1851, and the details of its construction were left by the society to the care of Mr. Whittier.

—Israel Zangwill alone among English authors opposes the much-discussed pension scheme

of the Incorporated Society of Authors. His argument is tersely put: Great authors should be supported by the public-at-large, and little authors should not be supported at all.

—Albert White Vorse has been made editor of the new *Criterion*, which is to become one of our monthly magazines. For some time past Mr. Vorse has been the literary adviser of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and he has also contributed frequently to the magazines.

—Some years ago we were promised a speedy publication of *McCauley's Journal*. The announcement was premature; but it has been repeatedly stated in English periodicals the journal would be published at an early date and we may hope to find it, this time, well founded.

—George Bird Grinnell's *The Indians of Today*, just published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, contains a notably large number of portraits of living Indians. More than fifty full-page photographs are given—suggestive in themselves, and also suggestive of the great advances made in this form of reproduction.

—Many eminent names were attached to the petition asking for permission to place a memorial of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey. The Dean immediately gave his consent, and provisionally selected a site for the proposed memorial. A committee has been named to carry out the necessary arrangements.

—Concerning the Congress of Librarians, which will be held at the Paris Exposition August 20 to 23, the French Government has issued a neat leaflet containing all requisite information on the subject. These may be obtained by addressing M. J. Couraye du Parc, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, 58 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

—It has taken a year to sift the manuscripts left by Johann Strauss. His executors have found complete a ballet, *Cinderella*, which will be performed next fall at the Berlin Opera House; an operetta and eight sets of waltzes, besides many pieces for former operas which he did not use.

—The spring publishing season in England has proved a comparative failure. Publishers are holding back their books until autumn, and there can be no doubt if the South African war is brought to a successful issue within the next few months the autumn and winter book trade will be unprecedentedly large.

—A Congress of Bibliography will be held at Paris in connection with the Universal Exposition, from the 16th to the 18th of August. This

Congress, according to the programme prepared by the Committee of Organization, will concern itself chiefly with plans for the preparation of the special bibliographies so urgently demanded by students and men of science the world over.

—Harper & Brothers are bringing out a uniform edition of their most popular juveniles, which will be called Harper's Young People Series. These will include many of the stories of W. L. Alden, David Ker, Lucy C. Lillie, Miss Mulock, Kirk Munroe and James Otis, besides those occasional flights into juvenile literature by authors like Edward Eggleston, William Black and Ernest Ingersoll. The series will include in all thirty-eight titles.

—The Danish author, Professor Brosball, best known as Carit Etlar, died recently at the age of eighty-four. He was the most popular of all Danish prose writers. His books were mostly national historic novels. Several of his works ran through many editions and were translated into foreign languages. At his villa near the royal summer residence of Bernstorff he was often visited by members of the Danish, English, Russian, Swedish and Greek royal houses.

—Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., has in press a volume entitled *In Nature's Realm*, by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, author of *Upland and Meadows*, etc., with a photogravure frontispiece and seventy-five drawings by Oliver Kemp. In the fourteen sketches of outdoor life which make up this work, Doctor Abbott has had free scope for his kindly yet pungent criticisms on the artificialities and affectations of daily life, and, also—to a greater degree—for his effervescing optimism, and his enthusiasm for the real and the true as he finds it in Nature's realm.

—There seems to be an agreement among the dramatic critics that *To Have and To Hold*, by Miss Johnston, will make a successful play. The Boston Journal says: It is "an unerring instinct which has led Mr. Charles Frohman to secure the dramatic rights. The story as a play is sure to be as remarkably successful as the book itself has been." The New York Evening Sun proposes Mary Mannering for the part of Jocelyn Leigh, declaring her to be the only American actress fitted for and capable of interpreting the character. A writer in the Chicago Tribune says: "I may say, without exaggeration, that whoever gets the dramatic rights of this book gets the best thing in the dramatic world at this moment. It is a great part for the right actress."

—What may be considered as a literary autobiography of William Dean Howells is now in press at Harper & Brothers, for publication in the early autumn. It is to be a handsomely printed

and appropriately illustrated volume, bearing the title of *My Acquaintance Among Authors: A Personal Retrospect of American Literature*. The story opens with Mr. Howells' first journey East to see the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, his visit to Cambridge, and his early acquaintances with the Cambridge and Boston group of *littérateurs*, his Boston sojourn and the beginning of his later residence in New York. In it are given some charming pictures of men like James T. Fields, James Russell Lowell and Dr. Holmes, together with appreciations of living authors whom it was Mr. Howells' fortune to meet and to secure as lifelong friends.

—Among early publications we are to have the diary of Gilbert White, the author of *Selborne*. He kept it for more than twenty-five years, and used, says the *Athenæum*, a form entitled *The Naturalist's Calendar*, arranged for recording on each day, in proper columns, the readings of the thermometer and barometer; the direction of the wind; the measurement of the rainfall; the weather; the appearance of leaves and flowers of plants; the appearance or disappearance of birds and insects; observations with regard to fish and other animals, and miscellaneous observations. But Gilbert White enriched his *Calendar* with much other matter. There are not only numerous disquisitions on points of national history, but notes of events of public interest and of personal or domestic concern. These are written on interleaves, or such spaces as may happen to be available. It is proposed to arrange for the publication of the diary in the manner of the original in every substantial particular.

—The last volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* has at last been completed. The history of such a vast undertaking as is this dictionary is worthy of particular presentation. Its origin and conception are due to Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co. In 1882 Mr. Smith selected a staff for the practical carrying out of the work. Mr. Leslie Stephen was appointed editor in chief and Mr. Sidney Lee assistant. Before long there were in the business of collecting the necessary data not less than 700 persons, and these included names most famous in modern English literature. The duties of the chief editor became so engrossing that after a few years Mr. Leslie Stephen was forced to give up the position. Then Mr. Sidney Lee was put in charge of the entire business. There are sixty-three volumes, and so far the total of pages is some 33,000, including 30,000 separate biographies. The length of the biographical notices depends on the greatness of the person.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

*The Every-Day Poet.....Nixon Waterman.....A Book of Verses**

I ain't very much of a poet;
I can't soar so awfully high:
I'm kind o' low-geared an' I know it,
An' have to keep out o' the sky.
An' so while my star-gazin' brother
Kin tickle the gods with his pen,
I josh along somehow er other,
And jes keep a-writin' fer men.

I know 'at he's blissfully dwellin'
With gods an' emperian springs,
While I'm down here simply a-tellin'
O' plain human bein's an' things.
Yit while he's up yender inditin'
His loftier songs, I have found
I do what I call my best writin'
With both o' my feet on the ground.

I never have tackled a sonnet;
I couldn't write one ef I tried,
An' put all the folderols on it
Without gittin' somepin' inside.
Fer I understand ef you fix it
To sell to a big magazine
You've got to so fuzzle an' mix it
'At no one kin tell what you mean.

My mind ain't forever a-strayin'
Through sorrowful caverns o' fog;
I've got a good place an' I'm stayin'
Right there like a bump on a log.
I know I'm too cheerful to "strike it;"
I ain't got no "study" ner "den;"
I live with my folks an' I like it,
An' jes keep a-writin' for men.

Mr. Josh Simpkins on Etiquette.....Harper's Bazar

I've studied up on etiquette,
Read every book that I could get,
And yet
There isn't one in all the lot
That tells a feller it is not
De rigger to eat pie
For breakfast, hence why shouldn't I?
And, furthermore, I cannot find
In all the books I call to mind
A single line
That gives a reason worth a whoop
Against a second plate of soup
When fellers dine.

And as for eating marrowfats
Without a spoon, I think that that's
A foolish
Sort of rule.
When I eat pease
I'll do as I darn please!

And what is more, till I'm a snob,
I'll eat my corn straight off the cob;
And sparrergrass I'll eat as I
Have always done in days gone by—
A sort of dangle from the sky;
A sort of gift from heaven come,
Held 'twixt my finger and my thumb.

And as for those peculiar things
Called finger-bowls, I vow, by jings!
I will not use them as they say
The bon-tons uses 'em to-day.
If my hands ain't both good and clean
The pump is where it's always been,
And far as ever I could see,
It's plenty good enough for me,
I don't stand much on etiquette.

But yet
I'm too polite to wash my paws
At table spite of social laws.

Treats You Mighty Well.....Atlanta Constitution

Talkin' 'bout de good times, en bad times, fer a
spell,
But tek de times de worl' eroun', dey treats you
mighty well!
Singin', or sighin'—only dis ter tell:
Tek de times de worl' eroun', dey treats you mighty
well!

Talkin' 'bout de bad times—dey soon'll say fare-
well;
You des can't lose on cotton ef you ain't got none
ter sell!
Ef de cyclone blow yo' house down, dar's timber in
de dell—
Tek de times de worl' eroun', dey treats you mighty
well!

Talkin' 'bout de bad times—I wants it understood
You'd be so close ter heaven ef all de times wuz
good
Dey'd be no fun in goin' dar! So, cheer up for a
spell—
Fer, tek de times de worl' eroun', dey treats you
mighty well!

My Mither-in-Law.....Glasgow Mail

When I courted wi' Maggie her mither did cry
That nane could be suited like Maggie and I:
But since we've got mairret a change is owre a';
Noo, I canna get on wi' her mither ava'.

When she tak's a rin up by the fireside she sits,
An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my buits;
She says, "Dinna learn him sic fashion ava'.
She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law.

She picks fauts wi' this, and she picks fauts wi' that;
She even picks fauts wi' oor innocent cat.
She scolds at oor wean when he greets on his maw;
She's a heidstrong auld lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks o' our neebours she rins them a'
doon,
An' she thinks there's no mony like her in the toon;
If she does ony guid turn fu' loudly she'll blaw,
She's real fond o' herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some nicht I will open my mind on her yet,
An' tell her o' something she winna forget;
I'll tell her she winna come here an' misca'
Folks wha niver hae herm'd her, my mither-in-law.

*Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago. \$1.25.

Child Verse

"We Loves Her the Best".....Pearson's Weekly

In all her gracious loveliness,
She stooped and gave a fond caress
Unto the lad with curls of gold,
Who had been gently kissed and told
This lady was to be a mother
To him and his wee baby brother.

That night, unmindful of the bride,
He stole unto his father's side,
Upon his knee he climbed and said,
With tearful eyes and low-bent head,
"Our new mamma is sweet and kind
And good, but if you wouldn't mind,

"Dear papa, me and little brother
Would rather have our other mother—
The one who went away one day—
Nurse says 'twas just a year last May"
(A sigh escaped the tiny breast),
"Coz, papa, we loves her the best."

The Moon-Baby.....Pall Mall Gazette

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
When the bats and beetles fly;
With little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-Baby's head,
So tiny and beautiful.

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep,
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king;
So, hand in hand, round his bed they stand,
And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray,
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lives by day.

That "Fellow" Who Came on Sundays...H. C. Dodge...Once a Week

Mr. Busyman Piper a family had,
Of toddlers who rarely had seen their own dad.

For he went to his work while the morning was
gray,
And left them in dreamland all sleeping away.

And when he came home, always late in the night,
The sandman had closed little eyes again tight.

Mr. Piper, of course, to the cribs often crept,
To gaze on his treasures, who blissfully slept.

But only on Sundays those tots and that dad
Could see one another, which truly was sad.

One Sunday at home Mr. Piper, so meek,
Sat quietly reading the last Once a Week,

When Johnnie disturbed him with mischievous
pranks,
And got from strange papa a few little spansks.

With a glance that showed clearly he knew not his
dad
Johnnie rushed to his mamma, boo-hooing and mad,

And hiding his tears in her sheltering lap,
He whispered, "Oh, mamma! he hit me a slap."

"Who hit you?" asked mamma. Wept Johnnie,
"Boo-hoo,
That fellow who comes here on Sundays—he do."

Unnatural History.....J. B. Hartswick.....Rochester Post-Express

"I think it is a funny thing," remarked young Will-
iam Lee,
One night when he was studying his natural history,
"How animals with plants and trees can get so
strangely mixed,
Although this book declares that in their 'kingdoms'
they are fixed."

I smiled at William's quaint conceit, but when I'd
thought a minute
I couldn't help acknowledging that there was rea-
son in it;
For in the park across the way, as plain as plain
could be,
Beside the gateway growing was a tall "horse-
chestnut" tree.

And dainty "dogwood" blossoms from the woods
we often bring,
And there's the yellow "cowslip" that we gather in
the spring;
We've hunted for the "foxglove" and the timid
"harebell" blue,
And captured spiky "cattails" and the "pussy-wil-
low," too.

In the corner of the garden is a "tiger-lily's" lair,
Last April there were "dandelions" rampant every-
where;

In fact, a whole menagerie I very quickly found
Of animals, both wild and tame, a-growing in the
ground.

The Trust.....John B. Tabb.....Child Verse*

Potato was deep in the dark underground,
Tomato above in the light,
The little tomato was ruddy and round,
The little potato was white.

And redder and redder she rounded above,
And paler and paler he grew,
And neither suspected a mutual love
Till they met in a Brunswick stew.

*Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.

Sayings of the Children*

—A little girl, whose father was the village postmaster, and had frequently heard him speak of "dead letters," picked up a mourning envelope and exclaimed, "Papa, this is a dead letter, isn't it?"†

—Amor and his little brother were kneeling side by side engaged in their usual bedtime devotions. The "Now I lay me" of the younger of the two boys had been repeated in the customary parrot-like manner, and the "Our Father" of the elder, as far as the sentence "Give us this day our daily bread," when an interruption occurred by the small boy excitedly exclaiming, "Strike Him for cake Amor! Strike Him for cake!"†

—Verne was a very small boy, and for one so young he repeated the Lord's Prayer very correctly. He used to say it every night on going to bed. One day some ladies were calling upon his mother, and after saying over several bits of poetry for their benefit, Verne was requested to let them hear how well he could say the Lord's Prayer. But the boy steadfastly refused. Nor could any amount of persuasion make him change his mind. "Whoever heard of a boy's saying his prayers in the daytime!" he exclaimed indignantly.†

—Bobby—I wonder why the tiger doesn't lie down and go to sleep once in a while? Nurse—I am sure I don't know, Bobby. Bobby—Do you suppose he's afraid he will turn into a rug if he does?

—Just ahead of me in the train the other morning sat two men who were telling the stories that are never old about the bright sayings of their children. One of them, however, had a brand-new one about his four-year-old Georgie. This youngster had been safely tucked in bed after a day of the most fatiguing play. He yawned while being undressed, and was all but asleep by the time that he found himself between the sheets. His mother none the less insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring prompting at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "take my soul." "God bless—" prompted his mother. Georgie has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them all together. "God bless the whole shooting-match!" And he was asleep at last.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

—A little Memphis boy, devoted to fine chickens, especially to game stock, saw an unusually fine fowl and exchanged \$5, his accumulated savings for months, for this highly-advertised king of the barnyard. As he deposited him in the chicken pen where his mother's commonplace hens and roosters sung and clucked in peaceful, inoffensive harmony, he chuckled with glee to think how his handsome bird would "lay out" the ponderous old Plymouth Rock. He wasn't there long till the old Plymouth Rock threw down the gauntlet to the new-comer, and battle began at once. For a while the chipper young bird held his own, but the old Plymouth Rock chicken made the best of his toughness, and when the little boy finally lost hope and took the forlorn fragment out of the fray, he called back to the triumphant old rooster, as he crowed over his fallen foe: "Oh, you shut up, you old fraud; he just ain't acquainted yet!"

—A class was being examined in spelling the other day at a school in Manchester, when the teacher questioned a little girl as follows: "Ethel, spell kitten." "K, double i, double t, e-n," replied Ethel. "Kitten has two i's then, has it?" said the teacher. "Yes, ma'am," answered Ethel, confidently; "ours has."

—A little girl of five or six years, with big blue eyes that were full of tears, came to Bellevue Hospital, New York, the other day. She carried a cat in her arms. The cat had been wounded by a street car, and one leg was badly mangled. At the gate the girl told Tom, the big policeman, that the cat was hurt. "I want a doctor to he'p it!" she said. Tom took her to the receiving ward, where there was a doctor who had nothing else to do. "Here's a case, doc," said the policeman. "I'm not a—" the doctor began. Then he saw the girl's eyes. "Let me see," he continued. "Pretty bad," was the doctor's comment. Then he got some knives, a little bottle of chloroform and some bandages. "You must help me," he said to the girl. She aided bravely, though it made her very pale to see the sharp knives amputating the leg. In a few minutes it was all over and the cat was partly recovering from the anæsthetic. "Now you can take your kitty home with you," the doctor said. "It ain't mine," the girl said. "I des found it. Now oo take care of it. Dood-bye." The policeman and the doctor made faces at each other, then sent the cat to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia*

—The number of persons included in the famine area of Central India is estimated at 50,000,000.

—It costs \$4,400,000 a year to maintain the twenty-four royal palaces of Emperor William throughout the German Empire.

—Shipping tolls at the Suez canal in January yielded \$1,364,400, against \$1,416,000 in January, 1899, and \$1,408,000 in 1898.

—The announcement is made that a line of steamers will soon commence running on the Dead Sea, the first of the fleet having already been purchased.

—The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 455 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible with the solar year.

—The deepest ocean temperatures which have been recorded were taken by the United States steamer *Nero*, which is sounding for the cable between Guam and the Midway Islands. At a depth of 30,420 feet the water had a temperature of 35.9 degrees Fahr., and at 9,060 feet it was 36 degrees Fahr.

—In Hamburg the policemen on the streets are instructed to watch the cars sharply, and if they find a car which carries a single passenger more than the number allowed by law, the conductor is fined 72 cents. It would be amusing to see the operation of such a law in this country.

—The consumption of tea in the United States was estimated at 80,000,000 pounds in 1899; Great Britain and Ireland, 184,500,000 pounds; Russia, 37,550,000 pounds, and Canada, 22,464,000 pounds. In coffee, the past year, it is estimated that the consumption in the United States was 712,224,000 pounds.

—Women physicians have established themselves all over Russia, and they have achieved a respected position. Some of them are employed by the Government, and since last year are entitled to a pension. Many of them occupy positions as country physicians, school physicians, physicians for the poor and as surgeons for the municipal ambulance system, etc.

—A century ago, in the latter part of February, 1800, a London publisher named Bell, later the founder of the well-known *Weekly Messenger*, instituted a trifling though welcome improvement in printing. He substituted the short

for the long "s" in the setting of certain works he produced. His example was generally followed a year or two later.

—Bucharest officials are conscientious. After a revision of the registration lists in that city the following notice was sent out: "Major A. Fanutza: It is hereby brought to your notice that your name is struck off the list of electors for Deputies and Senators in the First district and will not again be inserted in it. The reason for this is the fact that your death occurred some time ago."

—Amber is found in various places on the globe, but nowhere in such abundance as on the shores of the Baltic from Memel to Danzig, and there principally on the coast of the oblong piece of land jutting out into the sea between the Kurische and the Frische Haff. It is a vegetable product, a fossil gum of a coniferous tree, and from time immemorial it has been used for jewelry.

—The illiteracy of Russia exceeds that of any other country claiming to have a civilized government. In 10,000 villages of the vast empire there is not a school, and it is estimated that not 20 per cent. of the population of the empire has acquired even the rudiments of a common school education. It has been figured out that if the Czar would disband 100,000 men of the vast army he would thereby save money enough to provide a school for each of these villages. It is not surprising that the Czar should desire to reach some arrangement with the other nations which would permit him to partially disarm.

—The measures of length used in the Bible, with their equivalents in our modern use, are as follows: The great cubit was 21.888 inches, or 1.824 feet, and the less cubit 18 inches. A span (the longer), $\frac{1}{2}$ a cubit, or 10.944 inches, or .912 of a foot. A span (the less), one-third of a cubit, or 7.296 inches, or .608 of a foot. A hand's breadth, 1.6 of a cubit, or 3.684 inches, or .304 of a foot. A finger's breadth, 1.24 of a cubit, or .912 of an inch, or .076 of a foot. A fathom, 4 cubits, or 7.296 feet. Ezekiel's reed, 6 cubits, or 10.944 feet. The mile, 4,000 cubits, or 7,296 feet. The stadium, 1-10 of their mile, or 400 cubits, or 729.6 feet. The parasang, 3 of their miles, or 12,000 cubits, or 4 English miles and 580 feet. A day's journey was 33.164 miles, some say 24 miles. A Sabbath day's journey, 3,500 feet, or, as some authorities contend, 3,648 feet.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

A Good Fish Story.—A London servant girl was sent on the day of Cronje's surrender to the local fishmonger's for fresh herrings. The town rang with the news, but Mary Jane minded her business, and that only. "They've got Cronje," remarked the fishmonger, as he wrapped up her "five for threepence." Home sped the maiden, and laid her purchase before her mistress. "Here they are, ma'am," she exclaimed; "but I don't know how they'll do. The fishmonger said they'd got cronje!"

He May Call Again.—Sam Peasley was an odd character. He used to go and sleep in the graveyard—said it was "better than sleeping outdoors, anyway." Judge Sawyer once built a new tomb, and Sam took the first night after it was done to sleep in it. Meeting the owner next day, he called out: "Hello, Judge! I laid in your tomb before you did." "Did you really, Sam? Well, did you see anything?" "Nothing much. Toward morning the devil came along and looked in, but he see 'twa'n't Sawyer, so he went away agin."

Mrs. Stowe and the Monk.—One of the best stories that Dr. Wise told related to the time when Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe and he took dinner together. After dinner Mr. Beecher told Mrs. Stowe that her Uncle Tom's Cabin had been translated into Italian by a monk; that a letter full of adulation had been received from him, and he stated that if he could kiss the woman who wrote the book he could die happy. Mr. Beecher then added: "Well, I sent him a picture of you, Mrs. Stowe, and nothing has been heard of him since."

Ferguson's Turn Came.—Mr. Ferguson, back from Europe, told his adventures at the Porphyry: He had been warned against the captain of the Bulgonia, who was a fine example of the traditional old sea dog, whose brutality and profanity were considered as the efflorescence of seaman-ship. Ferguson was at first deathly sick, but he managed to stay on deck. He saw the captain coming and he hailed him: "Good-morning, sir. Isn't it pretty rough?" To which the captain answered: "Rough? Why in h— shouldn't it be rough the first day out, you blankety-blank, etc."

Ferguson went below. The next day, again on deck, he saw the captain watching him. Ferguson had learned his lesson. The captain broke the silence. "Well, sir, you are 'looking better to-day." Ferguson roared out: "Why in h— shouldn't I be better the second day out, you blankety-blank, etc." The captain put out his hand: "Come into the cabin and have a drink, and won't you sit at my table?"

Nothing Extraordinary.—Lord Russell, of Kilowen (when Sir Charles Russell), was once examining a witness. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness, honestly; "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

Delaying His Progress.—At one time, within the memory of persons now living, the Clyde was navigable near Glasgow only for very small vessels of a very light draft. A skipper stuck in the mud near Renfrew, and was not sparing in strong language at the delay to which he was subjected. While waiting for the rise of the tide he spied a young girl approaching the river with a pail to fetch some water. This was too much for the poor skipper, so, leaning over the bulwarks of his vessel, he thus addressed the lassie: "Noo, ye limmer, gin ye tak' ae drap of water oot o' here till I get afloat again, I'll crack ye heid wi' a boat-hook!"

Both Passed.—A prominent lawyer says that many years ago he went West, but as he got no clients, and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to come East again. Without any money he boarded a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of — of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker; come with me; if he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right." Before leaving the train

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

the lawyer again sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I'm not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

A Natural Conclusion.—There is a small boy in our town who has a father noted for his brilliancy, but who occasionally makes the air blue when things do not suit him. The other day, while the small youth was playing, his mother heard some words that filled her with consternation. She promptly punished the small offender in a most summary manner, and when she discovered him thinking deeply a short time afterward, she hoped her lesson was "doing him good." At night, when the father returned, his son climbed into his lap, and in a most confidential tone, he said: "Say, papa, we've got to be more careful. Mamma hears a d— sight more than we give her credit for."

Why the Battleship Veered.—An amusing story is told of Lieut. Victor Blue, the naval officer who won renown in the recent war by locating the enemy at Santiago. Last summer he announced his engagement to a very charming girl. Shortly after his engagement had been made public he served as executive officer of the Massachusetts in the practice evolutions of the North Atlantic squadron. It happened that a certain manoeuvre was being studied which required that every vessel in the squadron should keep in direct and unbroken line. The ships were bowling along when, for some reason, the Indiana, which was just ahead of the Massachusetts, slowed down. To avoid an accident Lieut. Blue hurriedly gave the order to reverse the engines and put the wheel hard-a-port. As the huge mass of steel veered out of line the flagship wigwagged: "What is the matter with the Massachusetts?" The executive translated the message, and in due turn repeated it to the captain. "Tell 'em," shouted that officer, "that our executive officer is engaged to be married."

Must Pay for Luxuries.—Some time ago a certain wealthy gentleman, well known for his extreme stinginess, drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of the celebrated Dr. S—, of Manchester, England. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear for the simple fact that at the moment a piece of fishbone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat. Dr. S—, however, speedily removed the dangerous obstacle, and the gentleman breathed freely. "Thank you, thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed,

much relieved. "I swear I will never eat salmon again, never! And with what ease you removed it—a mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—a—what is your fee?" "Half a guinea," replied Dr. S—. "Half a guinea," exclaimed the gentleman, "for half a minute's work? Impossible!" "But, consider," said Dr. S—, "a salmon bone!" "What has that got to do with it?" "Oh, a great deal," replied Dr. S—. "Had it been halibut or fresh haddock I should have charged less—perhaps 5s.; codfish or eels, 2s. 6d. would have been ample payment; mackerel, 2s.; while red herring I might even have removed free of charge; but salmon at this time of the year—well, really, Mr. B—, one has to pay for these luxuries."

He Got the Place.—Dr. McTavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner. "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so." A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgled out: "Gr-r-r-gr-h-gh! That's hot!" This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!" Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!" The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

Nothing Was Right There.—The house committee of a lunatic asylum had been visiting the institution on a certain occasion, and were afterward standing talking in the grounds, when one of their number, happening to glance at the asylum clock, cried: "Good gracious! Is that the time?" and turning to a man who was just passing he inquired; "Is that clock right?" "No," dryly replied the stranger, who turned out to be an inmate. "If it had been richt it wadna' hae been here."

Magazine Reference for June, 1900

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 American School of Sculpture: Partridge. . . Forum.
 *Art and Status of the Actor: Irving. . . Fortnight.
 Artistic Photography in Portraiture. . . Brush & P.
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 Coloring Statuary and Architecture. . . Scrib.
 Frank Laing's Etchings of Edinburgh. . . Mag. of Art.
 Leaders of American Illustration. . . Bookm.
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 New Movement in American Architecture. . . B. & P.
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 Queen Victoria as an Etcher: C. Brinton. . . Critic.
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 Col. R. W. Thompson: C. G. Bowers. . . Green B.
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Alcohol Physiology: W. O. Atwater. . . Educ. R.
 California Text-Book System: Faulkner. . . Educ. R.
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 College Philosophy: G. S. Hall. . . Forum.
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 Milton on Education: L. W. Spring. . . Education.
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Essays and Miscellanies.

America as a Field for Fiction: Winston. . . Arena.
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*Magazines starred are May numbers of English periodicals.

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 Dante's Message: C. A. Densmore. . . Atlan.
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 *Newspapers: W. Reed. . . Nine. Cent.
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 Passing of the Birds: E. S. Rolfe. . . New Eng.
 Poetry of Machine Age: G. L. Lie. . . Atlan.
 Poetry of William Blake: H. J. Smith. . . Cent.
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 Queen in Punch, 1841-1899: J. H. Schooling. . . Strand.
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 Self Knowledge: J. G. Hibben. . . S. Culture.
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 *Studies in Shakespeare's History. . . Macmillan.
 Tennyson's Relation to Common Life: Gates. . . Critic.
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 *William Cowper: A. Law. . . Fortnight.
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Historical, National and Political.

*American Affairs: A. M. Low. . . National R.
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 *Anglophobia at the Vatican: R. Bagot. . . National R.
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 Colonies and the Mother Country. . . Pop. Sci. M.
 Congress Fifty Years Ago: J. Rogers. . . S. Culture.
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 *Future of British Army: Von Sosnosky. . . Fortnight.
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 *Great Britain's Debt to Japan. . . National R.
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 *Marines and Coaling Stations: Brown..U. Service.
 National Defense, The: D. T. Timins.....Cassell.
 National Legislature Problems: Symposium..Arena.
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 *Our Relations to Westward: Frewen..National R.
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 *Promise of International Exhibitions. Fortnight.
 Right and Wrong Diplomacy.....Cent.
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 *South African Reconstruction: Dixey..Fortnight.
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 *War Between England and France....Fortnight.
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 Concept, The: E. Maeh.....Open C.
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 Naval Architecture and Sanitation: Tryon..Cassier.
 New Industry for Farmers.....G. Health.
 Panama Canal, The: H. H. Lewis.....Munsey.
 Physical Geography of the Lands.....Pop. Sci. M.
 Practical Inventing: W. H. Smyth.....Cassier.
 Prevention of Hailstone by Cannon..N. Geographic.
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 Problem of Increasing Human Energy.....Cent.
 *Problems of Railway Management....Blackwood.
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 *Study of Plant Life: T. Cooke-French....Longm.
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Telegraphy Up to Date: J. M. Bacon...Leisure H.
 *Value of the Great Rivers of India...Blackwood.
 *Woman's Brain: Alex. Sutherland....Nine. Cent.

Sociologic Questions.

Charter Needs of a Great City: Coler...No. Am. R.
 *Church and the Poor Law: Cornish...Macmillan.
 City in History, The.....Am. J. of Soc.
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 Old Age Pensions: H. H. Lusk.....Arena.
 Organized Labor in France: W. B. Scaife..Forum.
 Problem of the Small Town: Meyer....S. Culture.
 Public Peril in City Franchises.....Cent.
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 *Slum Movement in Fiction: Findlater..National R.
 Street Railway Employés in Paris....Am. J. of Soc.
 Summer Camps for Boys: Rouillion..Am. R. of R.
 Tenement House Commission: Riis...Am. R. of R.
 Women's Clubs in America: Murray...Nine. Cent.
 Working-Women's Clubs: C. C. Wilkinson..Gunton.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Abyssinian Capital: M. S. Wellby.....Harp.
 Alpine Posting-Inn, An: E. Wharton.....Atlan.
 *Among the Blackfeet: J. W. Schultz..W. World.
 Around Brittany: I. Prime-Stevenson....Chaut.
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 *By the Ionian Seas: G. Gissing.....Fortnight.
 *City of Nunneries: H. Vivian.....W. World.
 Crosses for Cyclists: C. Edwardes.....Chambers.
 *Diary of a Boer Before Ladysmith...Blackwood.
 Down the Kentucky on a Raft: J. Fox, Jr...Scrib.
 Dutch Guiana From a Gold Mining Point..Engin.
 Early Spanish Arches in Mexico: A. Butt....Cent.
 Educating the Polo Pony: O. Wister.....Outing.
 English Dorchester, The: S. J. Barrows..New Eng.
 Europe for Light Pocket-Books.....S. Culture.
 Evolution of the Trout and Fly: H. Gove..Outing.
 *Fighting and Fox Hunting: Kibbel....Macmillan.
 Golf Rules: C. B. Macdonald.....Outing.
 Heart of the Rockies, The: E. Spragge..S. Culture.
 *Holy Week Festivities in Mexico....W. World.
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 *Journey to Mount Kenya, Africa..Geographical J.
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 Jungle Duel, A: A. H. Waddell.....Outing.
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 Meeting of the Olympian Games.....No. Am. R.
 *Moose Hunting: A. P. Silver.....W. World.
 *My Mecca Bet: A. Sisevitch.....W. World.
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 *Night's Lodging in Graz, A: Brewer..W. World.
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 Russian Doukhorbsti: L. Bernard....S. Culture.
 Squalor of Rome, The.....Chambers.
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Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Bach: C. F. Williams: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 25
 Dwight L. Moody: Henry Drummond: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 00
 George Washington: Woodrow Wilson: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Life of Charlotte Bronte: Mrs. E. C. Gaskell: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 75
 Prophets of the 19th Century: Mary A. Ward: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 75
 Sir David Wilkie: Edward Pinnington: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75
 Three Score and Ten in Retrospect: J. W. Hooper: Syracuse, C. W. Bardeen. 1 00
 William Watson Andrews: Samuel J. Andrews: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50

Fiction of the Month.

- As the Light Led: James N. Basket: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 Babes in the Bush: Rolf Boldrewood: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 Bath Comedy, The: Agnes and Egerton Castle: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co. 1 50
 Boarder of Argyle Place, The: George Toile: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 25
 Booming of Acre Hill, The: John Kendrick Bangs: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25
 Bride Roses, A Scene: W. D. Howells: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50
 Cardinal's Snuff Box, The: Henry Harland: N. Y., John Lane. 1 50
 Chronic Loafer, The: Nelson Lloyd: N. Y., J. F. Taylor & Co. 1 25
 Congressman Hardy: A Born Democrat: C. Wellington: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham Co. 1 25
 Cumberland Vendetta, A: John Fox, Jr.: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25
 Currita, Countess of Alborno: Luis Coloma: Trans. by E. H. Attwell: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 1 50
 D. Dinkelspiel, His Conversationings: G. V. Hobart: N. Y., Amsterdam Book Co. 1 25
 Daniel Whyte: A. J. Dawson: N. Y., Brentano's 1 25
 Devil Unmasked, The: By the Little Deacon: Olney, Ill., Cooksey Pub. Co. 50
 Dorothy Marlow, or a Heritage of Peril: Chic., Rand, McNally & Co. 50
 Dream of a Throne, A: Charles I. Embree: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 1 50
 Dread and Fear of Kings, The: J. Breckenridge Ellis: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 25
 Elusive Hildegarde, The: H. R. Martin: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 25
 For the Queen in South Africa: Caryl Davis Haskins: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 1 00
 Friend of Cæsar: W. S. Davis: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 From Door to Door: Bernard Capes: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co. 1 50
 From Sand Hill to Pine: Bret Harte: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 25
 Garden of Eden, The: Blanche Willis Howard: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50

- Girl of the North: Helen Milecete: London, Greening & Co., Limited. 1 00
 Gramma: The Autobiography of a Cat: John S. Owen: Detroit, American Pub. Co. 1 00
 Green Flag, The: Conan Doyle: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 50
 Head of Pasht, The: Willis Boyd Allen: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co. 1 50
 His Lordship's Leopard: D. D. Wells: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co. 1 25
 Hiwa: A Tale of Ancient Hawaii: Edmund P. Dole: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 00
 Jimmyjohn Boss, The: Owen Wister: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25
 Knights of the Cross: Henry Sienkiewicz: Bost., Little Brown & Co., 2 v. 2 00
 Love in a Cloud: Arlo Bates: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Love's Equality: Anna E. H. Satterlee: Cinn., Editor Pub. Co. 1 50
 Madame Rosely: Mlle. V. Nolloit: Trans. by E. Quintero: N. Y., Wilbur B. Ketcham. 25
 Margaret Moncrieffe: Charles Burdett: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 25
 Matthew Doyle: Will Garland: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham Co. 1 25
 Mickey Finn: Ernest Jarrold: Introd. by C. A. Dana: Chic., Jamieson Higgins Co. 50
 Monsieur Beaucaire: Booth Tarkington: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 25
 My Smoking Room Companions: William H. King: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker. 1 00
 Oh, What a Plague is Love: Katharine Tynan: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 75
 Opera and Lady Grasmere: An: Albert Kinross: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co. 1 25
 Passing of Thomas, The; and Other Stories: T. A. Janvier: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25
 Room Forty-five: A Farce: W. D. Howells: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50
 Second Coming, A: Richard Marsh: N. Y., John Lane. 1 50
 Seafarers: Mary Gray Morrison: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50
 Seafarers, The: A Modern Romance: John Bloudelle-Burton: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 00
 Stanford Stories: C. K. Field and W. H. Irwin: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 25
 Sunbeam in the Night: Carolus Balder: N. Y., Wright & Co. 1 50
 Tales from Town Topics: Blanche Cerf: N. Y., Town Topics Financial Bureau. 50
 To Pay the Price: Silas K. Hocking: Chic., Advance Pub. Co. 75
 Transgressors, The: Francis A. Adams: Phil., Independence Pub. Co. 1 00
 Triple Flirtation, A: L. M. Elshemus: N. Y., The Abbey Press. 1 00
 Things that Count, The: Elizabeth K. Tompkins: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 00
 Unleavened Bread: Robert Grant: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Vengeance is Mine: Andrew Balfour: N. Y., New Amsterdam Book Co. 1 50
 Voice of the People, The: Ellen Glasgow: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50

- Voices in the Night: Flora Annie Steel: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 West End, The: Percy White: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Wildfell Hall: Anne Bronte: Haworth Edition: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 75
 White Butterflies and Other Stories: Kate Upson Clark: N. Y., J. F. Taylor & Co. 1 25

Historical, National and Political.

- Coin, Currency and Commerce: Philip A. Robinson: Wash., The Neale Co. 1 25
 History of Public Franchises in New York City: Gustavus Meyers: N. Y., Reform Club.
 History of South Africa: W. B. Worsford: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.
 History of the University of Pennsylvania: T. H. Montgomery: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co. 5 00
 Hôtel de Rambouillet: Leon H. Vincent: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 00
 Jury Trial of 1900: J. R. McLaughlin: Chic., Laird & Lee. 75
 Leading Points in South African History: E. A. Pratt: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co.
 London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria: Winston S. Churchill: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 1 50
 Our Presidents and How We Make Them: Col. A. K. McClure: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 2 00
 An Outline of Political Growth in the 19th Century: E. H. Sears: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 3 00
 Transvaal from Within, The: J. P. Fitzpatrick: London, William Heinemann.
 United States History As the Yankee Makes It: Glen Allen, Va., Cassons, May & Co. 25

Out-of-Doors.

- Bird Homes: A. R. Dugmore: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure & Co. 2 00
 Bird Notes Afield: Charles A. Keeler: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard. 1 50
 Bird Studies with a Camera: Frank M. Chapman: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 75
 Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers: Maud Going: N. Y., Baker & Taylor Co. 1 50
 Nature's Calendar: Ernest Ingersoll: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Our Native Trees: Harriet L. Keeler: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 00

Poetry of the Month.

- Advent of Empire: Morrison I. Swift: Los Angeles, Ronbroke Press. 1 00
 Book of Verses, A: Nixon Waterman: Bost., Forbes & Co. 1 25
 Lady of the Lake: Walter Scott: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 25
 Odds and Ends in Verse: Alton B. Carty: Wash., Published by the Author. 75
 Path of Dreams, The: Leigh Gordon Giltner: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co. 1 25
 Philo-Sophia: Anita Trueman: N. Y., Alliance Pub. Co. 1 00
 Songs of All the Colleges, Including Many New Songs: N. Y., Hinds & Noble. 1 00
 Sonnets of Jose Maria de Heredia: Englished by E. R. Taylor: San Francisco, W. Doxey. 1 50
 Taking of the Hag and Other Recitations: Mackenzie Bell: London, Thomas Burleigh.
 War and Mammon: George Horton: Wausau, Wis., Philosopher Press. 50

Religious and Philosophic.

- Apostles' Creed, The: Archibald Hopkins: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 25
 Back to Christ: Walter Spence: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 00
 Bible and Its Interpreter, The: Rev. P. H. Casey: Phil., J. J. McVey.
 Biblical Treasury of the Catechism: Rev. T. E. Cox: N. Y., W. H. Young Co. 1 25
 Christ Myth, The: Elizabeth E. Evans: N. Y., The Truth Seeker Co. 25
 Ethics of Judaism, The: M. Lazarus: Phil., The Jewish Pub. Soc. 75
 Evolution and Theology and Other Essays: Otto Pfeiderer: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 2 00
 From the Book Beautiful: Being Some Old Lights Relit: London, Greening & Co.
 History of the English Bible: Rev. W. Burnet Thomson: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 20
 Integrity of Christian Science: Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 00
 Light of Day: Religious Discussions and Criticisms: John Burroughs: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Man and His Divine Father: J. C. C. Clarke, D.D.: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 50
 Magna Charta of the Kingdom of God: F. Genung: Phil., American Baptist Pub. Soc. 60
 Morals of Suicide, The: Rev. J. Gurnhill: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 1 75
 Popular Misconceptions as to Christian Faith and Life: Rev. Frank T. Lee: Bost., The Pilgrim Press. 1 25

Scientific and Industrial.

- Care of the Child in Health, The: Nathan Oppenheim: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. ...
 Conquest of Arid America, The: W. E. Smythe: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Genesis of Worlds: J. B. Hobart Bennett: Springfield, Ill., H. W. Rokker. 1 50
 Lee's American Automobile Annual, 1900: Chic., Laird & Lee. 1 50
 Mother Tongue, The: Sarah L. Arnold and G. L. Kittredge: Bost., Ginn & Co., 2 v. 1 00
 On the Theory and Practice of Art Enameling upon Metals: Henry Cunynghame, M.A.: Westminster, Archibald, Constable & Co. ...

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

- American Tourist in France, The: Phil., Tourist Pub. Co. 50
 Highways and Byways in Normandy: Percy Dreamer: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 2 00
 Innermost Asia: Ralph H. Cabbold: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons, il. 5 00
 My Mother's Journal: Ed. by Katharine Hillard: Bost., George H. Ellis. 2 00
 On the Eve of the War: Evelyn Cecil, M. P.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Paris As It Is: Katherine De Forest: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 25
 Sailing Alone Around the World: Capt. Joshua Slocum: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 00
 Things I Have Seen in the War: Irving Montagu: N. Y., A. Wessels Co. 1 50
 Travels in England: Richard La Gallienne: N. Y., John Lane. 1 50
 Woman's Paris, A: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 1 25

The Ballad of John Paul Jones*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

For Captain Paul Jones ever loved close fighting—Benjamin Franklin.

He hath masted the flag of the crimson bars
To dance in a gladdened sky.
He hath claimed a salute for the Thirteen Stars
And the cannon of France reply.

He hath harried the barks of the Narrow Seas,
He hath trodden the Scottish ling,
He hath flaunted his Rebel blazonries
In the face of the British King.

From the Frith of Forth through the startled North
The panic rumor runs,
And the coast guards south unto Humber Mouth
Know the blare of the Yankee guns.

He hath cruised that coast for a week, I wis—
And mickle the woe and loss—
When he was aware of the Serapis
That floated St. George's Cross.

And her sailors laughed: "Ho! merchant craft,
What cargo have ye got?"
"Have back your jape! We carry grape
And round and double shot."

Then the thundering broadsides flashed and roared
And the musketry sped its rain;
But the second round that the Richard poured
Her great guns burst amain.

There was slaughter and wreck to her quarterdeck,
And the foemen knew her plight;
"Have you struck?" they sang; his answer rang:
"I have not begun to fight."

He veered around till his counter ground
On the bows of the British craft.
He grappled her fast to his mizzenmast—
He grappled her fore and aft.

Their yards were locked as the horns of stags
That war on the trampled step.
They strove in night as the dragons fight
In the darks of the churning deep.

And gun kissed gun with the kiss of hate
And the ban of the blazing lip;
And the gunners leant till the rammers went
Through the ports of the hostile ship.

And shot rent through and splinters flew;
It was fire and flood and wrack,
Red flame a-shine on hissing brine
And red blood curdling black.

But ever the Richard's topmen swept
The decks of the shrinking foe;
They won their way with the musket play
While the Briton raged below.

The topmen clung to the dizzy shrouds
And spars that bent and swayed;
Through the open keeps to the powder heaps
They hurled the loud grenade.

A roar went up from the Serapis,
A roar and a cry of bale;
The smoke cloud rolled from her shattered hold
And she leaped like a wounded whale.

A shout went up from the Richard's crew
As they swarmed o'er the side to strike;
And the moonlight played on the cutlass blade
And the flame on the boarding pike.

A sullen hail from her quarterdeck—
A cheer from the Yankee tars;
St. George's Cross hath bowed perforce,
To the steel of the Thirteen Stars.

* * * * *

He hath taken his prize to the Texel roads
Where none should work him wrong,
But the British wrath is about his path
And the British arm is strong.

And the Land of the Fen is scant of men;
Though her people speak him fair
He must bend his mast ere a week be past,
For he may not harbor there.

"We know not your stripes and your dancing stars,
So choose yet, stout John Paul:
Will ye leave your prize where moored she lies,
Or away 'neath the flag of Gaul?"

"'Tis an evil chance that I leave to France
What we bought with the blood so red,
But away we'll slip in a weaker ship
With the free stars tossed o'erhead."

It was black as the maw of a witch's cat
And the wind was a shrieking gale.
'Twas a murk, murk night and the waves threshed
white
'Neath the strokes of the Norther's sail.

"Oh, it's reef your sail to the sweeping gale
And the threat of the wintry skies,
For we're up and away from the churlish bay
'Neath the bonniest flag that flies!"

There are twoscore ships of the Channel Fleet
All alert for the Rover dread;
And the King hath told a wealth in gold
As the price of the pirate's head.

But the fleet may rest from a bootless quest
And the King tell his guineas o'er;
He is running free on the open sea
And home to the Western shore.

* * * * *

Though he struck for the right and in open fight,
And he kept his honor clear,
They affront his fame with their lying blame
And the taunt of "the Buccaneer."

So we'll drink: "Paul Jones!"—and the world may
hark!—
While the clashing beakers peal,
For he took his prize in a sinking bark
By the sweep of the moonlit steel.

*New York Times.

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

615. *Life*: Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the author of a short poem entitled *Life*, beginning "Low has Life's taper burned." I first saw it three years ago in a Texas paper. No doubt some of your Texas readers may assist us, if you do not recognize who wrote it.—Julia N. Lewis, Dallas, Texas.

616. *Western History and Travel*: Could you give me any information as to what books have been published that would be of interest historically and otherwise in United States travel to California and throughout the West.—Marion E. Soege, New York City.

[C. F. Lummis' *Tramp Across the Continent*, Scribner, \$1.25; Gen. G. A. Custer's *My Life on the Plains*, Sheldon, \$2; Isabella Bird Bishop's *Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, Putnam, \$1.75; Washington Irving's *Astoria: an Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains*; S. A. Drake's *Making of the Great West*, Scribner, \$1.75; and Theodore Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*, Putnam, \$5, are among the many interesting works on the subject of Western history and travel.]

617. *Garnaut Hall*: Can you furnish me information as to the poem *Garnaut Hall*? Some of the lines are:

Here or hereafter—in the body here
Or in the soul hereafter do we writhe,
Atoning for the malice of our lives.

It used to be in an old school reader—Independent Sixth, I believe.—Mrs. M. L. Hood, Elko, Nevada.

618. *The Siege of Belgrade*: Will you allow me to inquire through your friendly columns if any one can tell me where to obtain a poem I read many years ago. It was alphabetically arranged. The first verse ran thus:

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.

The lines beginning with N and O were:

Now noisy noxious numbers notice naught
Of outward obstacles opposing ought.

It ran through the entire alphabet. Information would be gladly received.—Mrs. C. H., Nashville, N. H.

[Another request for this alliterative curiosity has been received from John J. Donovan, New York City. The anthology in which we find the

verses gives them as by an "author unknown." They were printed in *Wheeler's Magazine*, Winchester, England, in 1828. We take pleasure in reproducing them below:

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for freedom fight fierce furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march midst mounds, motes, mountains, murderous mines;
Now noxious, noisy numbers notice naught
Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought,
Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!
Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter! Quarter!" quest.
Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds!
Truce to thee, Turkey! terror to thy train!
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vile vengeance! vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome won
Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon!
Yield, yield, ye young Yaghier! yeomen, yield your yell,
Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal,
Again attract; arts against arms appeal.
All, all ambitious aims, avant, away!
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.]

619. Have any collected works of Gustavo A. Becquer ever been published? I am anxious to find the complete legend by him entitled *The Miserere*.—C. L. H., Parker, Col.

620. I would like to see complete the verses of which I can remember only the following lines:
If every man's cares were written on his brow,
How many would their pity share who only envy us now.

Another:

Give me a man that's all a man,
Who stands up straight and strong;
Who loves the plain and simple truth and scorns to do a wrong.

Still another, the old song, Would I were a Boy Again.—S. D. P., Syracuse, N. Y.

[Of the last of these only can we give you any information. Mark Lemon, the English dramatist, was its author, and only one verse of the song remains in memory:

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears!

Doubtless some one of the many English anthol-

ogies contains it, or perhaps some reader of Current Literature will supply you with a copy and aid in the identification of the other quotations.]

621. *The Hidden Brook* and *Der Muml See*: Please inform me through Open Questions who is the author of a poem—a sonnet, I think—called *The Hidden Brook*, commencing:

What is this melody beneath the grass?
Come hither, stoop and listen—

Also who is the author of the German legend called *Der Muml See*?—(Miss) Mary A. Woods, Denver, Col.

622. *Salad for the Solitary*: When and by whom was *Salad for the Solitary* written?—Henry C. Russell, Pottsville, Pa.

[*Salad for the Solitary* was written by Frederic Saunders, and published in New York in 1854, 5,000 copies selling in one month. The book had great popularity; several subsequent editions were issued, both here and in London, one as late as 1883, by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York City. Mr. Saunders, who is still living, was appointed assistant librarian of the Astor Library in 1859, later becoming its chief librarian, in which position he continued until quite recently.]

623. Will you kindly give me some information about the author of children's stories, Marguerite Bouvet?—J. Rogers, Ishpeming, Mich.

[Miss Bouvet was for a number of years teacher of French at St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill. We do not know her present residence or occupation other than writer of juvenile literature. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are her publishers.]

624. Can you inform me where I can procure a book of poems which has in it a poem, the last line of each stanza being: "The mill will never grind with the water that is past"?—U. E. Kanavel, Zanesville, Ohio.

[The poem in question is *The Watermill*, by Sarah Dowdney Clark, and may be found in Slason Thompson's collection of newspaper and periodical verse, entitled *The Humbler Poets*. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.]

625. I wish very much to learn the source of the following quotations, and if possible where the poems from which they are taken can be found:

(1)

Man is his own star. . . .
Our acts our angels are; or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

(2)

Such various services do trees perform
Whom once they screened from heat,
They now keep warm.

(3)

If life's to be filled with drudgery,
What need of a human soul?

(4)

All noble deeds make the soul's stature great,
All kindly thoughts bestow an added grace;
No worthy hope but gives some lovely trait,
Whate'er he dreams or plans will leave its trace.

(5)

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted wrong
would triumph:
Held, we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better:
Sleep to wake.

(6)

When my final farewell to the world I have said
And I gladly lie down to my rest:
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands on my breast;
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of that city I see;
Will any one there at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

(7)

Worry not over the future; present is all thou hast;
For the future will soon be present, and the present
will soon be past.

(8)

The pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
The dewdrop on the tiny plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Will you kindly publish them in the Open Question department? I shall be very grateful for any help.—K. A., Bloomington, Ill.

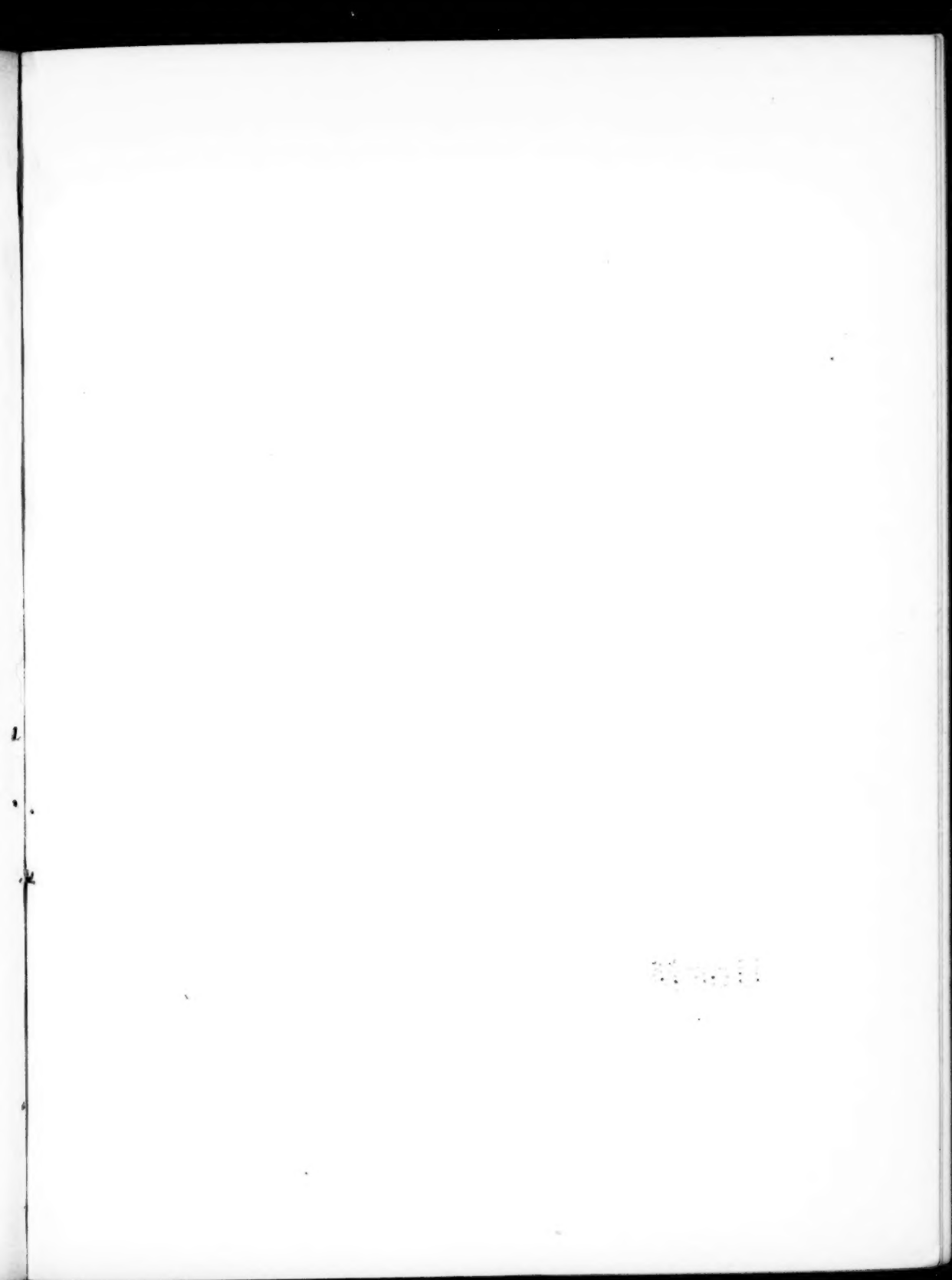
[Your first quotation is from *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*, by the old English dramatist, John Fletcher; your fifth is the third stanza of the epilogue in *Asolando*, Robert Browning's last volume of poems. We regret that we cannot place the others. Perhaps the readers of Open Questions will lend their aid.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

578. *Your First Sweetheart*: In Current Literature for April, Roy Farrell Greene, Arkansas City, Kan., asks for the enclosed poem. I find it in a scrapbook I made in 1875.—Mrs. E. B. McClure, Mattoon, Ill.

[The enclosure is held for Mr. Greene, with thanks to Mrs. McClure for her kindly courtesy in making the copy of so long a set of verses.]

607. *The Indian Hunter*: Answering question in the June issue 607, *The Indian Hunter*.—This poem is by Longfellow, and will be found, I think, in almost any volume of his complete poetical works. I find it in an edition of his poems bought in England twenty years ago and published by Routledge & Sons, London. If S. H. A., Cincinnati, cannot find it I will be pleased to send him a copy of the poem.—J. Y. Kennedy, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.





EDMUND GOSSE

(See Living English Poets, page 140)